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where with antique lace and worn sashed, then loosely bloused.
Sizes, P, S, M, \$430. Park Avenue Room.

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Thank you for the excellent health articles in Vogue.

Please do more articles on contraceptives and abortion. Because of the efforts of an active minority, women may lose their constitutional right to safe, legal abortion.

Magazines such as Vogue can help prevent this by keeping women informed.

Jean J. Merritt
Lock Haven, PA

Getting stuck in New Mexico

Your article "Can Acupuncture Help You Lose Weight" in the March issue was informative, and personal motivation is the key factor in weight reduction.

I would like to correct one error, however; the Attorney General of New Mexico has ruled that *chiropractors*, properly trained and certified, can utilize this weight-control treatment discipline as adjunctive therapy.

Thomas E. Speer, D.C.
Albuquerque, NM

What you know can help you

I am writing about your article in the April issue, "Yogurt: Good for You."

Ever since grade school I would almost always wake up with cramps in my stomach. Last year it really hit me, I woke up, ran to the bathroom, the stomach cramps were terrible and it seemed like I would never stop vomiting. The doctors put me in one hospital and then into another. Needless to say they never found anything wrong with me.

Last month I was reading through your April issue about yogurt and came upon the fact that people suffer cramps and diarrhea from drinking milk, that certain people are deficient in an enzyme lactase that is needed to digest milk. . . . Well, I stopped drinking milk, won't eat ice cream; I'm 25 and never felt better. If I hadn't picked up your magazine, read your article on yogurt, I would have never known and probably spent more money trying to find out. Thank you so much for helping.

Mario Montanelli
Spokane, WA

(Continued on page 54)

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What drives a movie critic crazy... women who tee off—and win—\$3 million... reading the next “Upstairs, Downstairs”... what’s worth forging... a TV sparkler for the Fourth of July

Movies

By Rex Reed

Summer, bloody summer

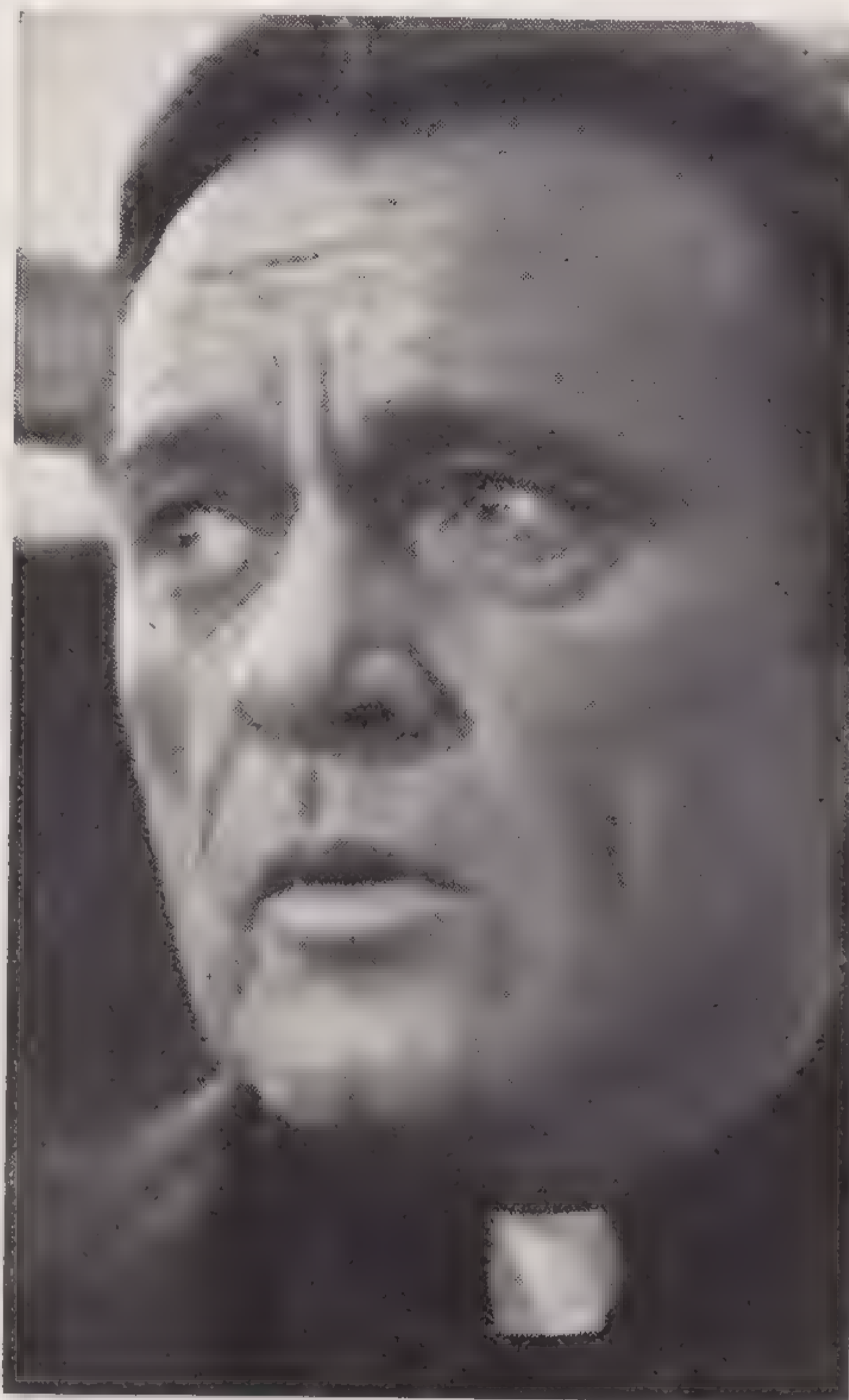
Henry James once wrote that “the public at large is very good-natured and very ignorant.” I have always believed that, too; but now I’m getting less certain about the good-natured part. In its insatiable lust for violence, horror, and bloodshed, the American public has recently thrilled to the screams of teenagers being hacked to death by maniacs in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and giggled gleefully while Laurence Olivier performed his Nazi tooth tortures in *Marathon Man*. In this summer’s movie *The House by the Lake*, that spirited actress Brenda Vaccaro is attacked by drug-crazed thugs before the script forces her to slash their throats, douse them with gasoline and set them ablaze, crush their bones into the concrete with automobile tires, and shove their heads under quicksand. In Andy Warhol’s *Bad*, luscious Carroll Baker plays a middle-class housewife in Queens who operates an electrolysis business in her kitchen as a front for a crime syndicate of sexy hit women who slash a dog’s throat, toss a live baby from a high-rise apartment building so it splatters on the sidewalk below, and burn down a movie house with seventy-three people inside because it was showing a Spanish movie without subtitles. Is the world going mad, or is it just me?

One of the odder aspects of the new taste and styles in film horror is the epidemic of gastric upsets. Vomiting, which might be thought one of the more displeasing irregularities of the human body, has been all the rage since *The Exorcist*, and more is promised this summer in the movie’s sequel. Five of the new films I’ve seen that will be polluting the nation’s screens this summer have, in fact, lovingly detailed vomit scenes. Actors are especially fond of using the toilet before the camera. Rape is a common entertainment, available for all.

The trend is spreading to Europe. In the new German film *Tenderness of the Wolves*, a homosexual vampire murders twenty-five boys. He seduces them, chokes them to death, then takes a mouthful of blood out of their jugular veins before turning their flesh into sausage meat and other edibles for the inflation-struck Weimar Republic. This is not a cheap exploitation film; it’s an art film, produced by and starring the much-admired German director R. W. Fassbinder.

In *Cross of Iron*, Sam Peckinpah’s revolting homage to the retreating Germans on the Russian front in 1943, a soldier gets his penis bitten off, quite deservedly, by a Soviet lady prisoner. Where will it all end?

If films continue beyond the summer in this direction, you’ll have to sort them out among yourselves. Most of us critics will retire to psychiatric wards, where we can do some vomiting of our own.



Richard Burton, above, in summer-scarifier “*Exorcist II: The Heretic*”

Books

By Allene Talmey

Lupe

By Gene Thompson (Random House)

Literate, supernatural schlock, *Lupe* is instant horror, its core witchcraft in San Francisco these days. Within the core, terror, murder, rape, a voice calling “Lady” in an empty room. In telling his story, Thompson has as many curves as Arabic calligraphy or a spit-ball artiste, bringing in as witnesses to belief in three-nippled witches, demons, sensitives, and elementals such authorities as Jung, St. Thomas Aquinas, Pope Clement I, and the present Pope Paul VI.

The point is quite simple: A young woman who looks like a Vermeer goes on trial for murdering her husband’s mistress, a beauty who was red-haired, big-busted, and had a “nice ass,” but who was found charred in a chair. The Vermeer’s alibi: she was nowhere near the murder place. Her only witness to innocence is a dead eleven-year-old boy, Lupe, thin, street-poor, with a harelip and a “haunted child’s face from an El Greco.” (At one point the El Greco rapes the Vermeer in a cemetery.)

Besides her husband, the accused witch has an extraordinary friend, a woman slob, loyal, always on hand when frightful things happen. To confuse matters more, Lupe teaches the accused a curious antique melody, the Ninth Gregorian Chant, the profane, unholy Invocation to the Devil sealed in the Archives of the Vatican almost 1500 years ago by Pope Gregory the Great. And never copied.

David Hockney

By David Hockney (Abrams)

In this bountiful, handsome, intelligent book, Abrams gives a sweep of almost all David Hockney’s work, along with an edited-down conversation with this notable English artist on his work and his life, plus an introduction by Henry Geldzahler, curator of twentieth-century art at The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Formidable.

Hockney and Nikos Stangos taped Hockney talking for twenty-five hours in the summer of 1975, pulling out a fascinating view of his family, early school life, art school, and his later wanderings in London, Europe, North Africa, and the United States, painting, drawing, talking. He gathers up friends like a carpet sweeper. Some of the fascination and some of the boredom lie in the completeness of the account. Fortunately, Hockney has no pretensions, no art-magazine criticism carved in fog. Nothing that sounds as though he had ever read Herbert Read, Hilton Kramer, or even Henry Geldzahler trying to put into words what an artist paints.

Quite simply Hockney tells what he is doing, who his influences have been, why he printed in his “The Fourth Love Painting,” 1961, this line: “I will love you at 8pm next Wednesday.” He also explains why he thinks Cézanne wrong on portraits, why he jumped out of the closet with his homosexuality, why and how he drew or etched or painted specific pictures, including portraits of his parents or of himself.

Hockney’s recent self-portraits show a round-faced man of forty, his former blond bangs brushed sideways, his eyes ringed with big tortoiseshell glasses—a gentle, good-looking, open face. Quite different are his eight or so portraits of Henry Geldzahler, whose introduction to the book is part hype, part junk-art profile, and part deep insight into a friend’s work. Of course, Geldzahler’s opening sentence contradicts the message of Hockney’s talk, for H.G. says that Hockney’s “art has been lively from the first because he has conducted his education in public with a charming and endearing innocence.” That education has been eccentric and brilliant; Hockney learned from Dubuffet, Francis Bacon, Reg Butler, Larry Rivers, De Kooning, Jasper Johns, and others, but innocent? Geldzahler seems to believe that innocence is virtuous, when it is actually ignorance with pink cheeks.

The Ivankiad, or The Tale of the Writer Voinovich’s Installation in His New Apartment

By Vladimir Voinovich (Farrar, Straus and Giroux)

Absurd, true, funny, touching, laced with greed, *The Ivankiad* is the story of the struggle against the members of the Moscow Writers’ Housing Cooperative in which Voinovich lived. He wanted to move from his one-room apartment, where he had lived with his wife and daughters for five years, to a promised two-room apartment. He didn’t want a car, caviar, fur-lined coat. Just a room of his own. Ivanko opposed

(Continued on page 30)

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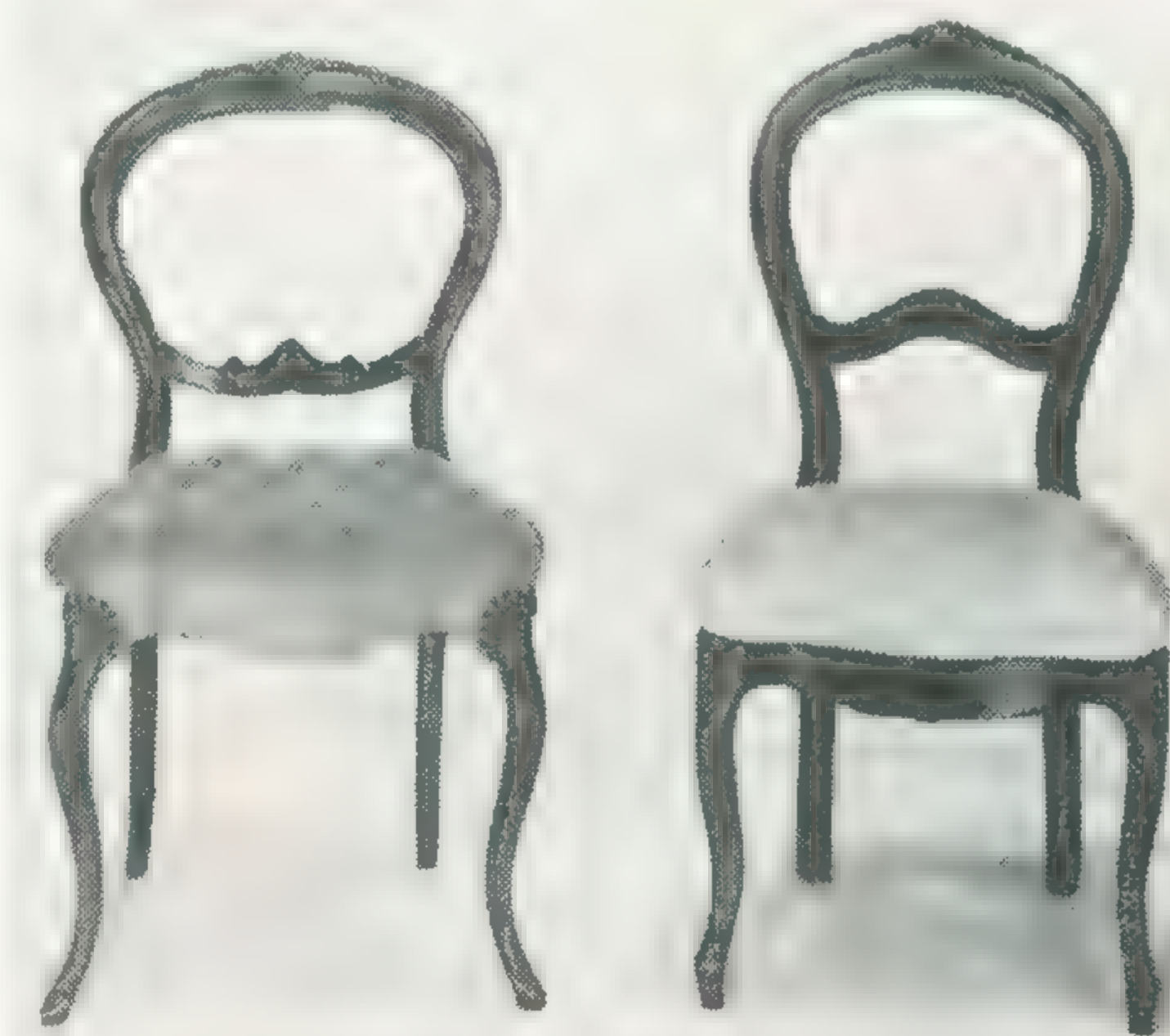


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The Eye of the Beholder: Fakes, Replicas, and Alterations in American Art
Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven, Connecticut; through July 10

As interest in American art mounts, so does the number of fake American art objects. Forgers who used to confine themselves to the more lucrative fields of European and antique art are suddenly turning out copies of Chippendale chairs, Paul Revere silver, and Hudson River School landscapes. To help sharpen the eye of the connoisseur, the Yale University Art Gallery has assembled a fascinating and instructive exhibition called *The Eye of the Beholder: Fakes, Replicas, and Alterations in American Art*. By matching pairs of objects—one the real thing, the other a copy, replica, revival, reproduction, or restoration—the show means to train the viewer to recognize an original and to distinguish among the various categories of imitations. Some sample contrasts: a seventeenth-century wainscot chair vs. a twentieth-century copy; before and after photographs of restored paintings; a late colonial “sunflower” cupboard vs. a modern cupboard inspired by its design. Not only out-and-out fakery but also alterations of antiques made (Continued)



Which chair is the phony? Contemporary Victorian revival chair (above, left) can be distinguished from real Victorian side chair (right) because it is too squat, distorting the proportions of the antique. For further lessons in discriminating fakes from genuine works, take a trip to the Yale University Art Gallery in New Haven, Connecticut.

WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

him for that one more room—Ivanko spread out in luxury in three rooms with wife and child. When someone asked Ivanko if the unfairness of taking Voinovich's extra room wouldn't make him uncomfortable, he said: “Well, I'd manage to get over it.” A powerful man in Soviet publishing, Ivanko “not only can shoot down a book but without great difficulty can be the death of the author as well.”

Happy ending: Voinovich, the successful author of *The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin*, now has his two-room apartment.

Make Way for Lucia: The Complete Lucia, including Queen Lucia, Miss Mapp, Mapp and Lucia, Lucia in London, Trouble for Lucia, The Worshipful Lucia, and The Male Impersonator

By E. F. Benson (Crowell)

Romantic and pragmatic, a delicious snob who lived, she thought, two inches above base reality, Lucia, the chief of these seven novels, was the love of Nancy Mitford, Noël Coward, Wystan Auden, Anne Parrish, and millions of other readers. Within a year or so *Masterpiece Theater* plans to show on Public Broadcasting its Lucia series: it will make Lucia and her friends as familiar to Americans as Hudson, Lord and Lady Bellamy, Rose, and Mrs. Bridges.

In this buoyant and abundant volume, Lucia is always the leader by divine right in two English villages in the 1920's. Lucia is an absurdity, her pretensions among the aristocracy adorable, stupid, predictable, mysterious. Her garden, her tea parties, her social bickers, her piano duets (only the first movement of the “Moonlight Sonata”), her Italian phrases form a life of more or less delight. Holding the lamp of culture, its light shining on her changing circle of friends, Lucia loves people, most of them more or less nutty in a genteel way, but all equipped handsomely with malice.

Edward Frederick Benson, the creator of Lucia, Georgie, Miss Mapp, and their friends, was both a master craftsman and a gossip, naturally mean: he kept out of these pleasures children and sex. Together these seven novels shape into a large loaf. It would be piggish to gulp.

Where to eat now: Old Drovers Inn

When is a country inn genuinely a country inn? When it offers the amenities of country living (and none of the rigors) in deeply comfortable surroundings. If the inn is an ancient structure, lovingly preserved, that helps. And if, in the inn, you can eat gloriously, you are, indeed, holidaying. Which is precisely what happens to fortunates who find Old Drovers Inn: a three-bedroomed but amply dining-roomed and altogether elegantly cozy, 1750-ish manse, in Dover Plains, New York, midway between New York City and the Berkshires. You can vacation in the charming bedrooms, each with its own fireplace; but most people come to eat Old Drovers' delicious food in a dimly lit, low-ceilinged dining room that

has a kind of smugglers-counting-gold hush-and-gleam to it.

The menu is a highly individual mix of what's delectable New England, Old England—but there's an unexpected Continental twist to it. We've feasted on steak and kidney pie—each ingredient smoothly itself, but the whole the best this side of London's Connaught Grill; an iced lemon soup à la Grecque—subtly tart, creamy coolness; browned turkey hash (if this is concocted from leftovers, they are the best in the world) with a mustard sauce that blithely sharpens itself on your tongue. And the popovers—crusty, crunchy addictive. For reservations: Telephone (914) 832-9311.

LEO LERMAN

VOGUE, July, 1977



GOLO, 717 FIFTH AVENUE,
 NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-8200

ABOUT \$100



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through the years are exhibited, along with objects misattributed in the past.

Klee at the Guggenheim Museum, *The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York; through September 5*

Rarely on exhibit, The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum's rich holdings of the work of Paul Klee are on view at the Museum throughout the summer. The selection, which contains sixty-seven oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, spans the entire career of the prolific Swiss master: from an 1895 sketchbook to a painting done in 1940, the year Klee died, an internationally celebrated giant of modern art. Although most of Klee's works are small and intimate, the range of his fantasy and innovation was great; and his beautifully crafted and profoundly imaginative works are always a joy to see. (The Klee show tours in 1978 to the Milwaukee Art Center; University of California at Berkeley, The University Art Museum; and The Cleveland Museum of Art.) More top-quality modern art makes up the exhibition of *Forty Modern Masters*—paintings and sculptures drawn from Guggenheim Museum reserves to celebrate its fortieth anniversary—that will run concurrently with the Klee exhibition during summer months.

200 Years of American Architectural Drawing

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, New York; through July 17

Although their drawings have not received the same amount of attention as have those done by painters and sculptors, architects, too, have made distinguished drawings that have esthetic value independent of their function as building plans. This month, the first comprehensive exhibition of *200 Years of American Architectural Drawing* is on view at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum in New York. Found in libraries, historical societies, and museums across the country, these drawings by more than eighty American architects—from Thomas Jefferson to Frank Lloyd Wright, Louis Kahn, and Philip Johnson—document the history of American architecture as it initially was visualized in sketches, working drawings, and formal presentations for buildings both built and unbuilt. A blockbuster 304-page catalogue by David Gebhard and Deborah Nevins is available for \$13.50 (paperback edition). From the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, the show travels to the Jacksonville (Florida) Art Museum and the Art Institute of Chicago.

MORE ART:

Forms in Focus: Public sculpture, a major new development in the 'seventies, is given a showcase in the largest outdoor sculpture exhibition ever assembled in New York City. Until the end of August, twenty-seven large-scale sculptures by well-known and upcoming American sculptors can be seen at Co-op City in the Bronx. (For travel directions by subway, bus, or car, call 212/671-7777.)

Giorgio Cavallon: Paintings 1937-1977 is a highly satisfying retrospective of forty years of abstract painting by a New York School pioneer whose quiet lyrical works combine sensitivity with intelligence. At The Neuberger Museum, State University of New York at Purchase; on view now through September 5.

Sounds

By David Sargent

Honest folk . . . funk variations



Above, Anna and Kate McGarrigle:
Making "music that can make you cry"

Kate and Anna McGarrigle have two albums out now on Warner Bros.: *Kate & Anna McGarrigle* and *Dancer with Bruised Knees*. Both records contain music that is simply magical: if you have the slightest inclination for music that can make you cry, these records are for you. The McGarrigles represent folk music that is honest and pure, free from the slick stylizations of the 1960's folk-music revival at its most plastic. As such, they may bode well for the future; but in the meantime, the McGarrigles are delightful. . . .

Pierre Boulez's performances of Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust* in May marked the end of his tenure as music director of the New York Philharmonic. It was a curious reign; one that began with a lot of hopeful rhetoric about how Boulez was going to drag American concert-goers kicking and screaming into the twentieth century but soon settled into a more prosaic routine.

Pierre Boulez may not have brought about a total revolution in our symphonic repertory, but he did indeed make it possible for symphony subscribers to accept Stravinsky, Bartók, Berg, Schoenberg, and some even more recent composers. He did this not only through his sheer persistence in programming such music but in his self-effacing, superbly lucid performances. His accounts of more standard repertory—not only of his specialties but of many of the German warhorses, as well—were rarely less than interesting and often revelatory.

Above all, Boulez stood as a model of musical rectitude in a classical-music world often prone to bombast, phony glamour, and intellectual fuzziness. He may have been self-righteous and intolerant—some-

times of creation too fresh or foreign for him—but often enough he was right, and for that we should be genuinely grateful. . . .

George Clinton is different. Black bands that appeal primarily to Black audiences have tended to espouse a rather formalized funk of late; the records of groups like Earth, Wind and Fire or War or the Jacksons or Rufus may sound fresh, but in concert they generally crank out a faceless kind of party music. Clinton, as leader of two-bands-in-one Parliament/Funkadelic (really the same, although they have separate record contracts and supposedly slightly different styles) and godfather of several offshoots—above all, Bootsy's Rubber Band—has developed a clever variant on standard funk patterns that consists of a Zappaesque distortion of the expected, complete with funny sound effects, bizarre musical twists, and—in the amusing live show—outrageous costumes and special effects. Audiences (even white audiences) are beginning to catch on to what Clinton is up to, and his musical humor and inventiveness are being heard by more and more people.

Taxes

By Julian Block

Divorce, IRS style

A divorce may make you feel better, but the cost of a divorce is not deductible as a medical expense. That's what the IRS and the Tax Court told a Chicago taxpayer.

The breakup of Joel Jacob's first marriage left him with a feeling of anxiety and uncertainty about another go at marriage. Another source of anxiety for Joel was the woman he chose to be his second wife. As Joel later told the Tax Court, she "always expressed a great deal of hostility toward other people, especially men." So Joel thought it prudent to check with a psychiatrist about his plan to remarry. Despite a warning from the doctor, Joel remarried.

Unfortunately for Joel, marriage only made things worse. In fact, several weeks with his new wife were enough to make him fall into severe depression and develop an urge to commit suicide, prompting the psychiatrist to advise Joel to get a divorce fast.

To end the agony, Joel did just that. Joel also let his wife browbeat him into an overly generous divorce settlement even though he had a fairly good case against her since she had physically attacked him on at least nine occasions over an eight-month period. In all, Joel laid out over \$17,000 in legal fees and divorce settlement payments.

When filing time came, Joel tried to write off the \$17,000 as a medical expense. But the IRS computer went bananas and Joel had to take his case to the Tax Court. He testified that marriage made him sick and that his health showed marked improvement after he obtained a divorce on doctor's orders. But the judge said that made no difference taxwise because Joel was unable to show that treatment of his illness was the only reason for his divorce and that he wouldn't otherwise have incurred the expense. In fact, the judge reasoned that any sane man would have gotten a divorce.

(Continued)



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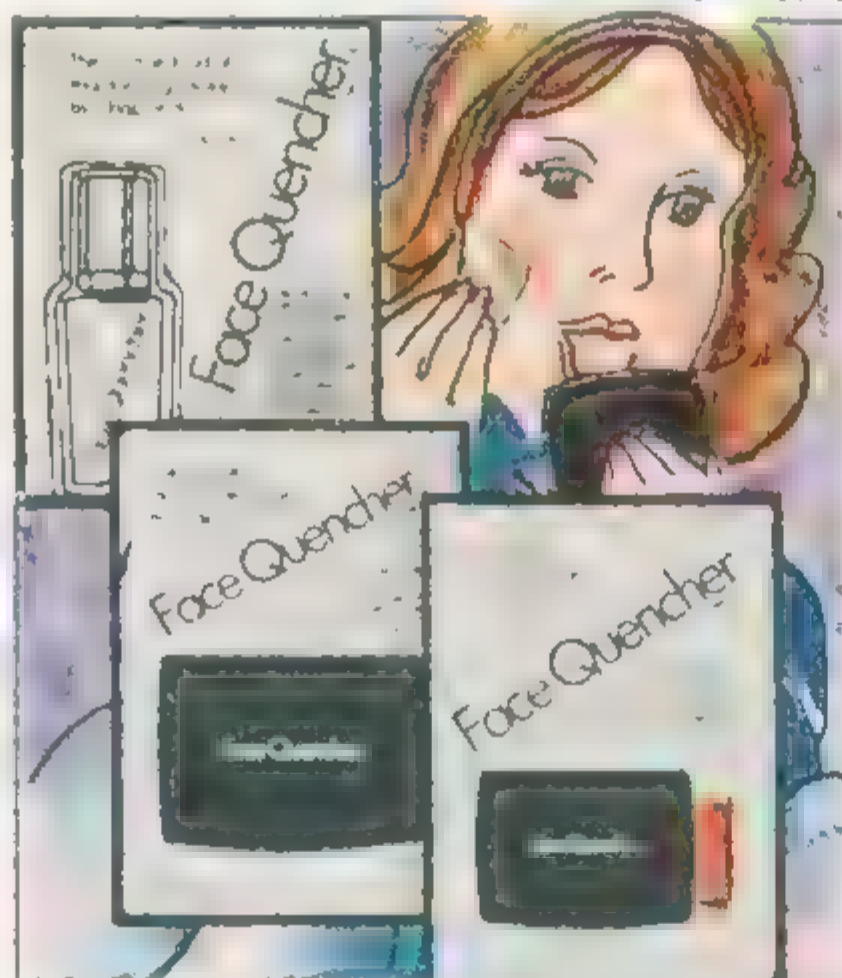
Dollar's Worth from Mary Willis



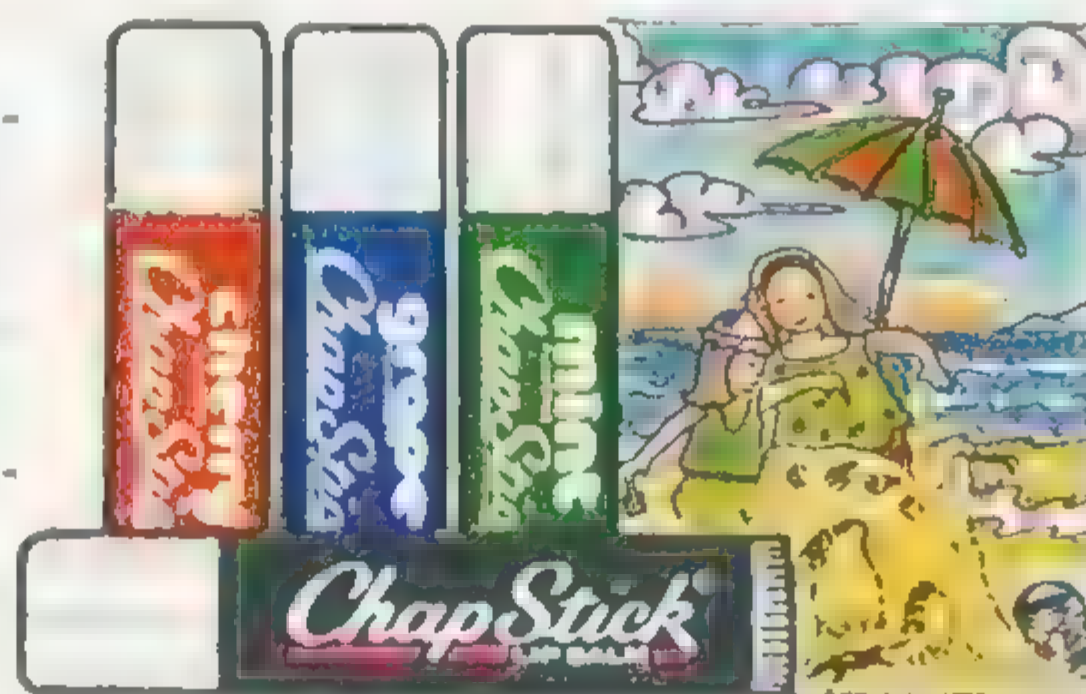
If you ever worry about your dog bringing fleas and ticks into your home—especially now, when they're really active—you should know about **Sentry® IV Collars** from **Sergeant's®**. They contain an important ingredient, **Sengard®**, that helps protect not only your pet, but your family as well as your home from what the people at Sergeant's call **Fleafestation™** and **Tickfestation™**. Sentry IV Collars give long lasting protection from these problems. Available in three sizes for dogs and a special collar just for cats—from Sergeant's, the people who've spent over 100 years making products to help you care for your pets.



When you use **Face Quencher®**, the moisturizing makeup from **Chap Stick®**, you know how its moisturizers and creamy emollients give your face a smooth, soft, moist look. Well, now there are two brand new **Face Quencher** products. New **Face Quencher Creme Blusher** which will give your face a soft, smooth accent of color. And new **Face Quencher Moisturized Powder**—a sheer, transparent powder—to give your face a soft, smooth, velvety finish. All three products are available in a variety of shades to blend with light to dark complexions, and you'll find them in stores everywhere.



Because of a special money-saving offer from **Chap Stick® Lip Balm**, you can help protect your family from the drying rays of the sun this summer and save \$1 at the same time. All you have to do is purchase two different flavors of **Chap Stick Lip Balm** and mail in proof of purchase for your \$1.00 cash refund (plus a 10¢ coupon towards your next purchase). Exact details are available on displays where you buy **Chap Stick**. This summer, save money on **Chap Stick Lip Balm** while you protect your lips. And don't let your family go out in the sun without it.



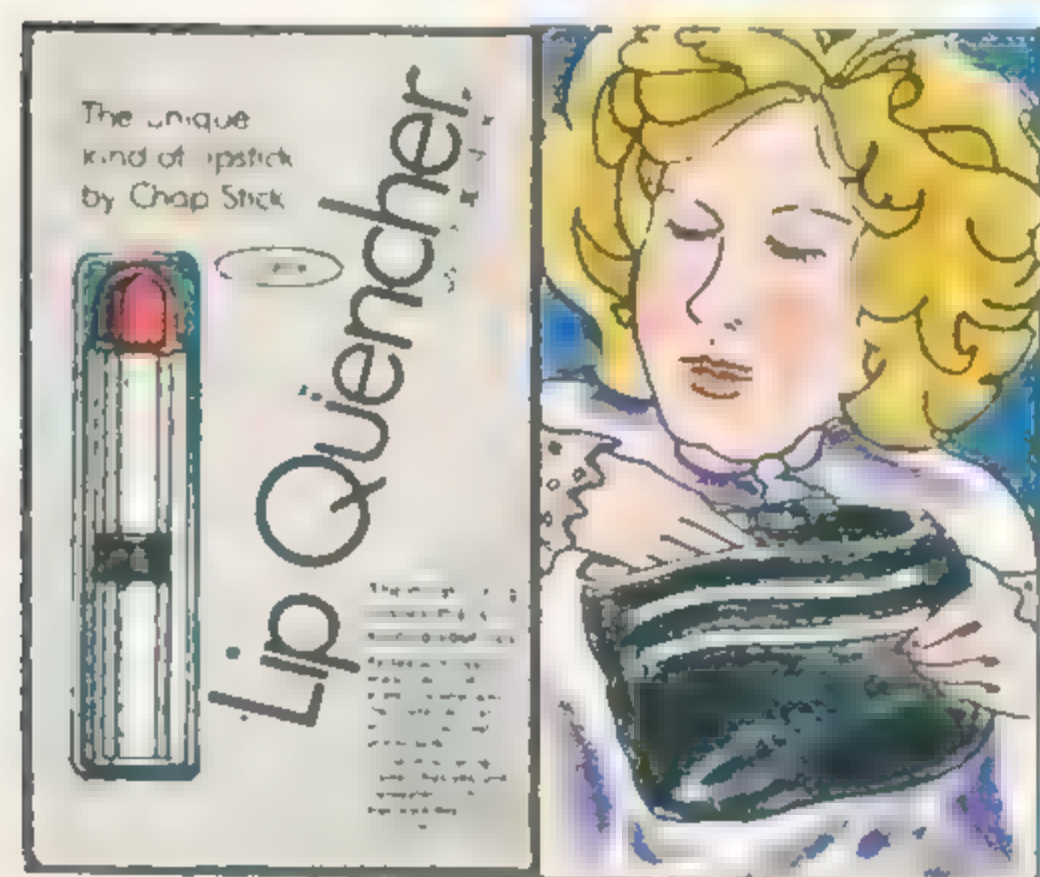
Warmer weather often encourages a persistent and unpleasant problem—the spread of worms. Left untreated, they can make even the healthiest dog look and feel bad. But here's good news: worms can be treated easily, at home, with a

variety of specific products from **Sergeant's®** (be sure to follow directions). For instance, **Worm-Away® Capsules**, mixed with your pet's food, eliminate roundworms. You can use **Sure Shot® Capsules** or **Puppy Capsules** to eliminate dangerous hookworms. And **Tapeworm Medicine** to get rid of tapeworms. For the worm problems most often encountered, Sergeant's has a specific product that can help. After all, they've been taking care of pets for more than 100 years.

If you've been looking for a quality shampoo to clean your dog properly and help make him more comfortable in the warm weather, here's something that can help: **Sergeant's®** makes a whole line of excellent products, one of which is just right for your pet. If your dog roams the countryside, you'll want **Sergeant's Skip-Flea® Shampoo** which kills fleas as it cleans. If your dog's coat tends to look dull, try **Creme Shampoo**. It will help. Its rich, luxurious formula adds lustre. If your dog's coat is thick, **Anti-Tangle Shampoo** is surely the product that you're looking for. It helps eliminate tangling and matting. They're all quality products from Sergeant's, the pet care people.



The next time you buy **Lip Quencher®**, the moisturizing lipstick from **Chap Stick®**, you should buy two "Quencher" products at the same time. Because you can get **The Face Case™**, a nifty cosmetic case, free by mail, for proof of purchase (the net weight statement from each package card) of any two of the following products: **Lip Quencher® Lipstick**, **Face Quencher® Makeup**, **Creme Blusher**, or **Moisturized Powder**. The **Face Case** is black vinyl, soft as leather, lined and waterproof. To help organize your cosmetics, there are three compartments, each with a zipper closure. You can get details where **Lip Quencher** and **Face Quencher** are sold. At stores everywhere. This offer expires December 31, 1977.



Sports

By Kay Gilman

Big-money swingers

Women's professional golf is moving onward and upward—briskly. Not so long ago, striking out on the **LPGA tour** involved a commitment to the life of the itinerant athlete under the scraggiest of circumstances and concurrent vows of poverty. No more. Today the women stride fairways of the world's finest golf courses for purse money that in 1977 approaches \$3 million.

Some meteoric young stars whose careers are skyrocketing right now are bringing a new flash into women's golf. Perhaps the Number One eyecatcher is twenty-five-year-old Australian **Jan Stephenson**, who won everything in sight Down Under, then journeyed to the States to become Rookie of the Year in 1974. Last year, Jan not only won two tournaments but captivated galleries and media alike with her deft putting stroke, breezy Aussie manner and grin.

Another outlander-made good is South Africa's blond star, twenty-five-year-old **Sally Little**, who astounded television viewers by sinking a seventy-five-foot bunker shot to win the Women's International in 1976. In 1977, Sally is charging to the top rungs on the **LPGA money-earnings ladder**, abetted by a second-place finish in the super-rich \$305,000 **Colgate-Dinah Shore Winners Circle Golf Championship** in April.

Don't think that America's top golfers are being swamped by overseas talent: Perhaps the most potent threat to emerge in years is third-year player **Pat Bradley**, a Yankee out of Westford, Massachusetts, who won \$84,288 in 1976, hits the ball a mile, and plays nothing less than great. Now twenty-six, Ms. Bradley might well be our next **Babe Zaharias**.

Another U.S. standard bearer is dark-haired, dark-eyed **Amy Alcott**, a Californian who won every amateur title in the West, shattered the women's record at **Pebble Beach** set by **Babe Zaharias**, won a tournament in her rookie year, 1975—almost unheard of—and took two more titles in 1976. Crowd-pleaser Amy turned twenty-one in February, with a gritty birthday wish to be "best there is"—not an impossible dream. (Continued)



Jan Stephenson, above: "Perhaps the Number One eyecatcher" on the **LPGA tour**



GAROLINI FOR *Garolini*

ni Shoes Fr

MORE SPORTS:

U.S. Women's Open: These up-and-comers and other stars of the LPGA will be competing in the prestigious \$75,000 U.S. Women's Open in Chaska, Minnesota, July 21-24. ABC-TV has final rounds.

World Team Tennis All-Star Matches:

Features top players from all teams—including, this year, a Russian team. Will be telecast from San Diego on July 9, NBC.

TV

By Diane English

The song is U.S.

If you're within distance of a television set on July 4, tune in **They Said It with Music: Yankee Doodle to Ragtime** (CBS, 9-11 P.M. EDT): a musical review of American history where the American songwriter is the show's brightest star. This is not your ordinary red, white, and blue song-and-dance salute; *They Said It with Music* is done with style, brilliant innovation.

The script is woven entirely from the melodies and lyrics of witty, wry, touching, and stirring American songs: travel, leisure, work, romance, war songs, both familiar and obscure. Everyone knows "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," but does anyone remember "You May Be the World to Your Mother, But You're Only an Oilcan to Me?"

Bernadette Peters, Tony Randall, Jason Robards, Jean Stapleton, and Flip Wilson are the star performers: hardly a collection of the world's greatest voices, but their performances are charming and personal. Picture Flip Wilson as a tattered hobo perched on a barrel "singing" defiantly to an imaginary date: "Forget your champagne appetite/The best you'll get is beer tonight/My name is Morgan but it ain't J.P.!"*

Perhaps *They Said It with Music's* greatest asset is its executive producer, the late Goddard Lieberson: musician, author, composer, and a past president of CBS Records. Mr. Lieberson's own contribution to the world of American music was monumental. The arm's-length list of his achievements includes pioneering of the LP record and producing the original cast albums of *My Fair Lady*, *West Side Story*, and *South Pacific*. On this, his only television venture, he was assisted by Emmy Award-winning director Bob Henry and music historian Fred Karlin. But don't view the show as a history lesson. Lean back and tap into the rich variety of the American experience.

MORE TV:

Something Personal: (PBS, July 16). Producer Nancy Porter has assembled nine independently produced portraits of women as seen through the lens of the woman filmmaker. The series offers up the many varied and shared experiences of womanhood from adolescence and old age to divorce and widowhood. Aired first as a local series in Boston, "Something Personal," on its national outing, should again generate tremendous viewer response.

*"My Name Is Morgan But It Ain't J.P." by Mahoney, Mohr, Grean. TRO—Copyright © 1952 Hollis Music, Inc., N.Y.C. Used by permission.



Above, Bernadette Peters and Jason Robards: "They Said It with Music"—charmingly

Collecting

By Judith Goldman

Power to the postcard

Illustrator Edward Gorey collects them, so does Andreas Brown of New York's Gotham Book Mart. Art collector Leonard Lauder has one hundred thousand. Unlike people collect **postcards**. Photographer Walker Evans's collection concentrates on American small towns. Producer and director Joshua Logan has a stash of Victorian postcards with sentimental greetings like "I love you Mother"; but Mr. Logan does not save postcards, he sends them to friends.

Others hoard postcards. Grace Glueck of *The New York Times* accumulates out-of-scale objects (especially overgrown fruit); while English art dealer John Kasmin's organized his cards into precise, quixotic categories: among them, "at play," "torture," "hotels," "cafés," and "pataphysics." The last is the science of finding impossible solutions to impossible problems, and, after hotels and cafés, Mr. Kasmin's favorite cards are unlikely images of mermaids, giants, and large fish; whereas California artist Ken Price prefers hand-tinted cards of alligators, ostriches, and oranges. An inexplicably large number of people acquire oranges.

Most of these people insist they are not serious collectors; they describe themselves as social historians, hoarders, image junkies, romantics, and tourists. A picture postcard shows them how others lived. Postcards also are an inexpensive remedy for the acquisitive urge.

Serious collectors, according to non-serious collectors, seldom collect cards after 1915, never after 1940. In Paris, they attend meetings at the George V Hotel. In New York, the Metropolitan Postcard Club

meets the first Friday of every month in a downtown union building. "Serious collectors know postcards aren't art. Collecting them is not about money but subjects—cats, trolleys, trains, hometowns, and world fairs," says Alan Wright, the proprietor of Hobbyville, a New York City specialty shop of paper ephemera. Mr. Wright is disturbed by the postcards' high prices; he says English and French collectors will pay \$60 for an Art Nouveau card.

Art Nouveau cards, which reproduced Mucha and Toulouse-Lautrec posters, are hard to find; but the latest taste in postcards, new **art cards**, are not. Many are reproductions, gallery announcements. Others are created as postcards: such as photographer Stephen Shore's humdrum American landscapes or Real Britain cards, which depict the English life tourists don't see. Among the best are photographic reproductions: André Kertész's famous "Satiric Dancer" costs 35¢; the original print is \$425. Postcard addicts mourn the penny postcard, lament the advent of art cards, but photography collectors—faced with high and manipulated prices—are finding solace in them.

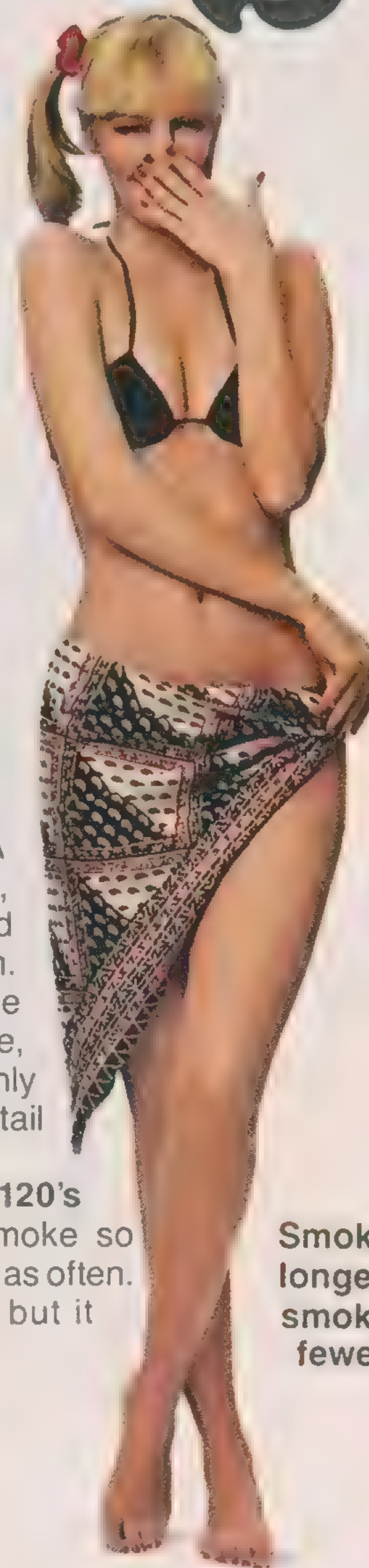
MORE COLLECTING:

Postcard buys: In New York, *Untitled on Prince Street* has a large selection of art cards. New York's Witkin Gallery and Light Gallery publish photographic reproductions; so do the Vision Gallery in Boston and Agathe Gaillard in Paris. In London, the Photographer's Gallery on Great Newport Street sells them.

Postcard books: New York's Gotham Book Mart lists fifty. Among the best: Ado Kyrou's "L'Age d'or de la carte postale" and George and Dorothy Miller's "Picture Postcards in the United States 1893-1918."

Postcard trade: One hundred dealers will meet at the November Postcard Show at New York's Prince George Hotel; and some time in December Manhattan's Truman Gallery will exhibit "Mail I've Received from Artists." Mr. Truman collects only cards he's received, and, for a yet undetermined price, visitors will be able to order cards sent from artists who correspond with Mr. Truman.

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It's wacky, but it works — as a dress, a skirt, a shawl, a sash, a halter. Designed exclusively for Max by Leo Narducci. A patterned geometric, boldly bordered, printed on sheer, clingy cotton. 60" x 45." Tucks into purse or beach bag. Washable, wonderful. Priced at only \$19.95 from Max. (Retail value \$40.)

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**Smoke
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Every body should have one!

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FTC Report Dec. 1976.

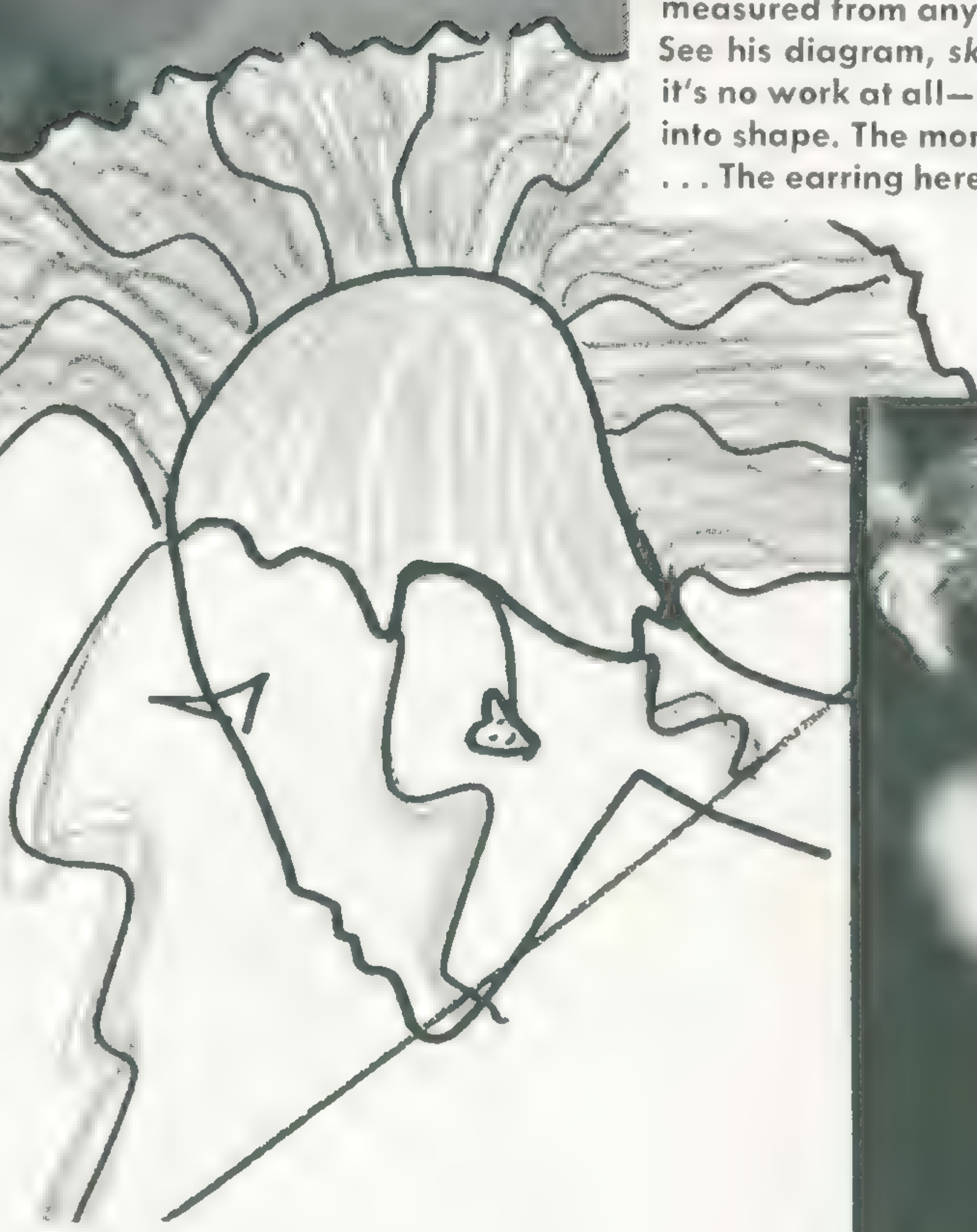




Hair Now

Get a good cut now... it's what takes hair—prettily, easily!—through summer

Our idea of the kind of hair that makes sense this summer: well cut and a bit unruly. What that means: if the wind blows through your hair, you *don't* have to comb it! It always looks good. Case in point: Lisa Taylor's new short hair here, cut by Christiaan, left. What's great about this cut: it works for her hair (moderately coarse, wavy), gives it maximum volume. (Christiaan's secret: all one length, measured from anywhere on her head. See his diagram, sketched below.) And it's no work at all—just air dries naturally into shape. The more humidity, the better! ... The earring here, Kenneth Lane.



■ SALONS: WHAT'S NEWS...

If you're thinking "perm," 2 new ones to know about. Suga at Bergdorf Goodman in New York (212-PL3-9500) is using a perm designed for delicate hair—Cosmetic Perm. Very gentle, but according to Suga the curl or body really lasts. ... Didier at Jean-Louis David (10 W. 57th St., N. Y. C.) does a no-curl, no frizz perm just for fullness that works especially well on straight hair. The house rule: it's for virgin or henna'd hair *only*. If you qualify, it's a perfect summer perm—lasts 1 to 2 months. ... If you aren't sure about what kind of style to go for—check out Marraccino Hair Design (110 E. 56th St., N.Y.C.). If you live in New York, they'll take your picture, sketch several hairstyles on overlays, then do the cut you like best. If you don't live in New York, send them a photo, and they'll send you the sketches to take to your hairdresser. Write for details. ... To know about, if you're considering "the works": Cinandre's "Day of Beauty" includes shampoo, cut and blow dry, facial, manicure, pedicure, eyebrow tweezing, makeup application and lesson. The works: \$90. (Separately, it's \$147.) At 11 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. ... If you live in Boston and want to know more about your hair, John Dellaria (623 Commonwealth Ave.) sends a "Consumer Data" bulletin to his clients every two months with ideas on how to work with hair at home.

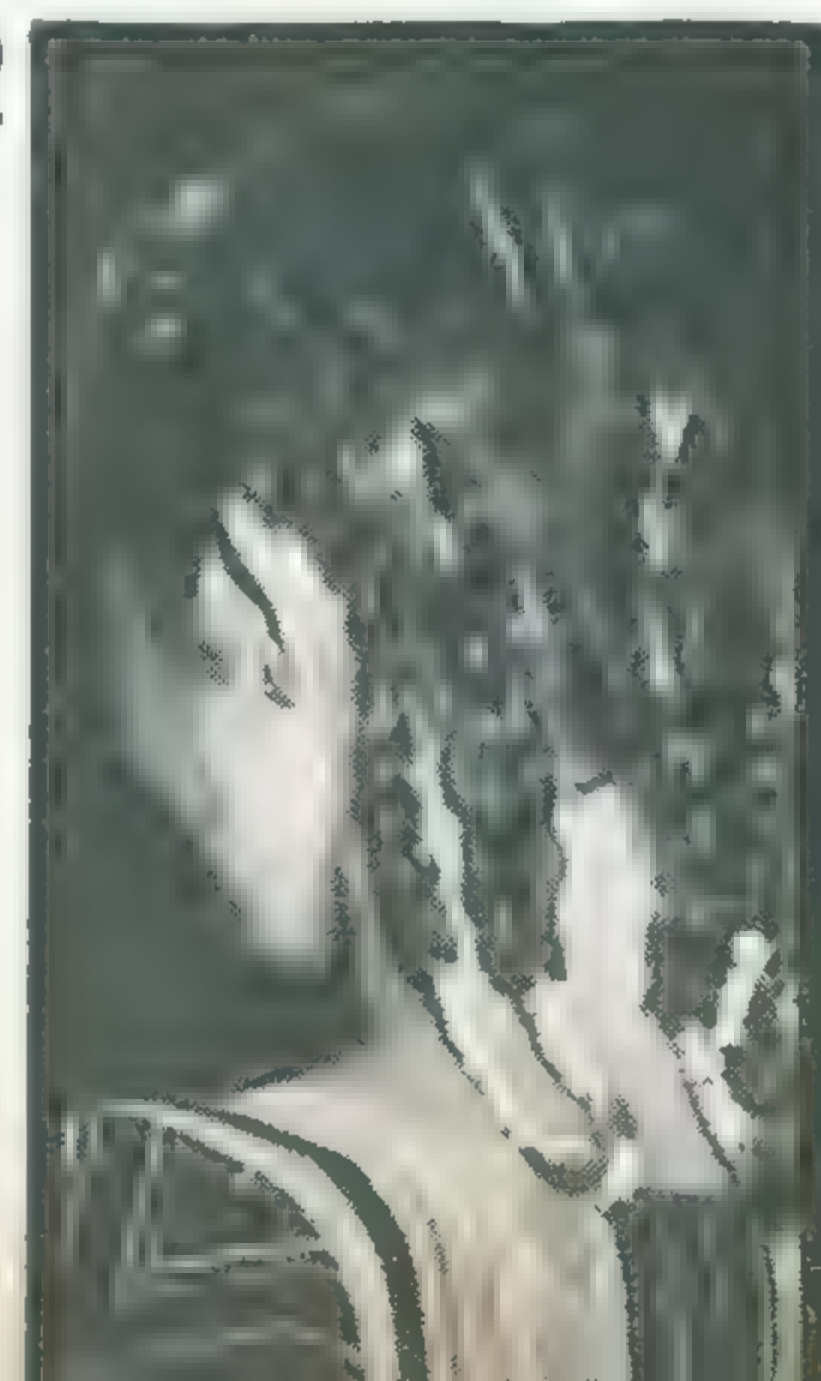
■ LONG-HAIR TRICKS:

Three of the easiest, prettiest ways to wear long hair this summer: 1. pulled into a soft knot anywhere on your head (as here, by Maury Hopson), or with—the news!—strands of hair falling softly. Every hair doesn't have to be in place ... 2. in lots of thin little braids wrapped with gold cording at the ends ... 3. caught up—adorned!—with the prettiest hair ornaments you can find—combs, cording, ribbons—own lots of them!


■ SUMMER-HAIR PROTECTION

If you spend summer on the beach, three never-to-be-without things: A big gauzy white cotton scarf, a Panama hat, and a protein-filled shampoo/conditioner combo. All three will save your hair from being sun-dried. If you're looking for a shampoo/conditioner to try: one of the best we know of is an old reliable—Revlon's Flex. There are five different shampoo-conditioners in the line, all with protein to help repair/prevent damaged hair.

2



3



Does the makeup
you're wearing
feel like a mask?

Now, from Maybelline,
a beautiful makeup that
really feels as good as it looks!

'Moisture Whip' Cream Makeup

Moisture Whip Cream Makeup is an extraordinary new makeup with a special whipped formula that feels light and sheer. Feel how smoothly, how easily, it blends into your natural skin tones. See how tiny lines and flaws go into hiding — thanks to continuous moisturizing action that smooths, softens, keeps your skin dewy-fresh. It's the makeup that feels as good as it looks...and it really looks terrific! In 6 beautifully natural looking shades.



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Maybelline
Fine Make-up / Sensibly Priced



The Gill Ferrer Salon Cares



Henna #1

Conditioning Shampoo

Creates Red Highlights in Minutes Without Peroxide

\$8.50 for 6.5 Ounces

Available at the Gil Ferrer Salon, 21 East 74th Street, N.Y. 10021, U.S.A.

For mail order add \$1.50 postage and handling. N.Y. residents add sales tax.

Photo: © Stuart, Design: B. B. B.

Hair Now

Summer color for brunettes... hair treasures to order by mail...



Summer color for brunettes that won't turn the darkest natural color brassy or orange. The trick, according to colorist George Melton at the Nardi Salon (29 West 57th Street, N.Y.C.): Ask your colorist to lighten your hair only with bleach and not to add any color-mix to the preparation. The reason: color formulas oxidize (mix with air, turn hair red). If hair is highlighted with bleach, you won't have that problem.

SUMMER TREASURES...



Little lures: A beautiful bit of whimsy for your hair, *above*: Nicholas at Kenneth's oversized trout-fishing flies, hand-tied and attached to tortoise-shell combs; especially pretty on wet hair. To order from Kenneth Salon, Dept. BHS, 19 E. 54th St., New York, NY 10022. Each \$12 postpaid.

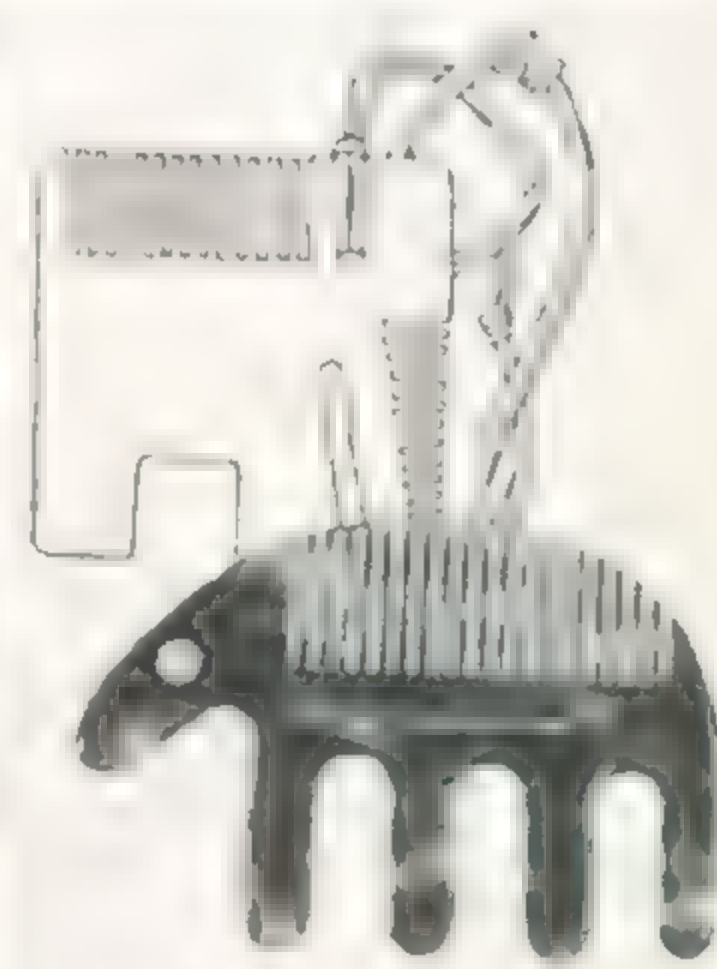
For daily shampoos: The kind of gentle treatment shampoos you can use every day, *below*, made from natural extracts and herbs that smell delicious: Cucumber / Rosemary (\$3.25), Lemon / Camomile (\$3.25), and Herbal Protein (\$3.75). To order from Anne Carpenter, Route 100, Weston, Vermont 05161.




No-hands dryer: Here's one find to keep in a beach locker or to take traveling: a small,



powerful (1200 watts) dryer, *above*, you can set on a table or shelf, and your hands are free to work with your hair. Two speeds, two heat settings, weighs 13 oz. Pro Baby from Conair, about \$20. At Bloomingdale's; Macy's.



To have on hand... when you come out of the water, on a beach, *anywhere*—a charming little elephant or anteater comb that hangs around your neck on its own thin cord. Also, a fish comb (not shown). To order: \$8 each ppd. from The Wig Shop, Charles of the Ritz, 461 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022.

A woman wearing a white jacket, a colorful striped beanie, and a red patterned scarf. She is standing with her hands in her pockets.

**COVER~UP
BY ANNE
KLEIN® & CO.**

A woman with dark curly hair wearing a blue and white swimsuit. She is holding a pink Daisy shaver in her right hand.

**UN~COVER
BY DAISY.®**



THE DAISY® SHAVER. The bare essential.

Whether you're covered from chin to shin...or barely covered at all... you need sleek, smooth underarms and legs.

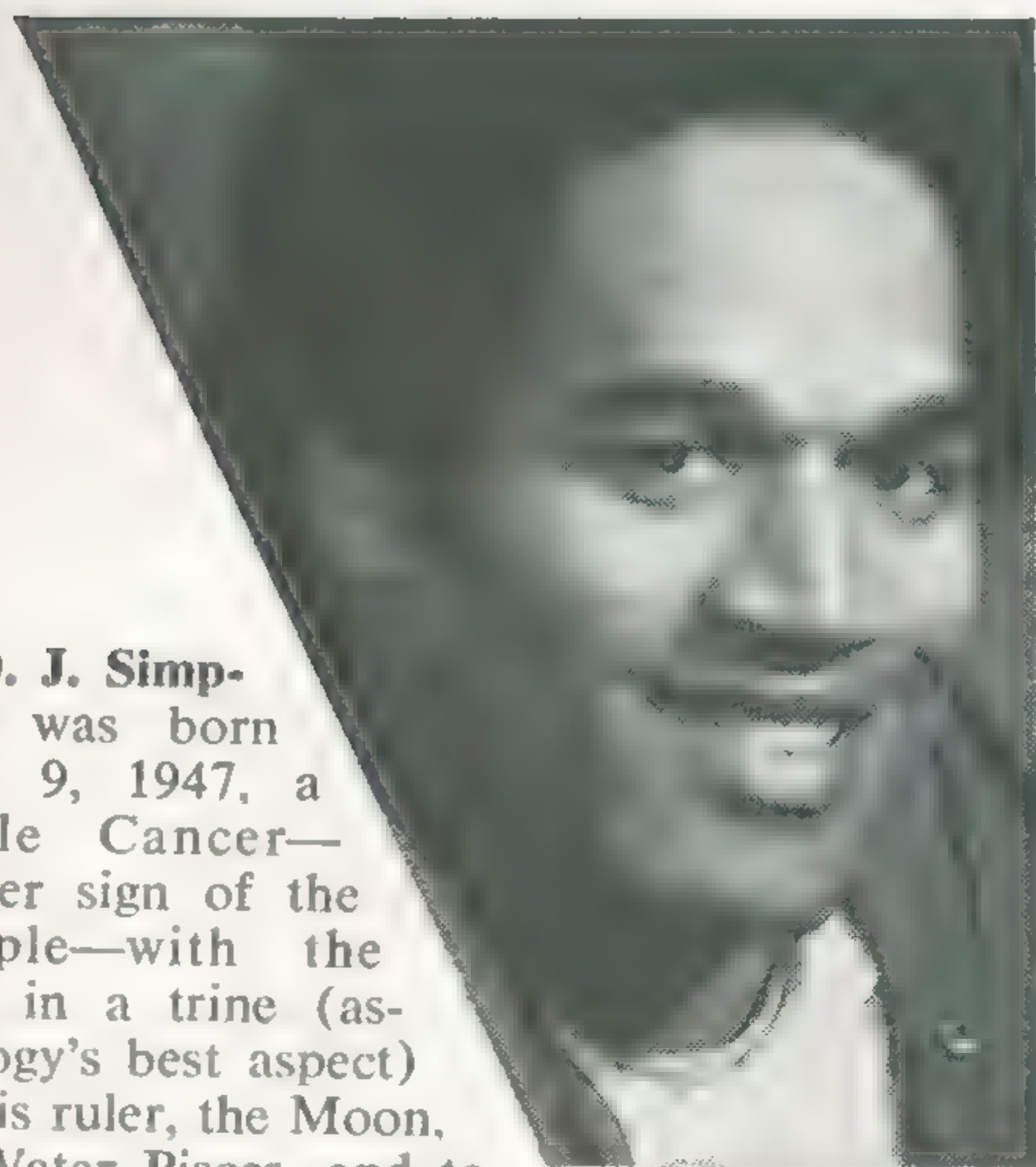
Gillette designed the Daisy® Shaver to keep you beautifully bare. Its curved handle lets you see where you're going, and its twin blades are locked in for especially close, safe shaving. And Daisy has recessed flower grips that make it easy to handle. Even for soapy hands.

For weeks and weeks of silky smooth shaving, pick a Daisy. After all, Daisy is recommended by millions of pretty smooth legs!



© The Gillette Co., Boston, Mass

JULY Horoscope



► **O. J. Simpson** was born July 9, 1947, a triple Cancer—Water sign of the people—with the Sun in a trine (astrology's best aspect) to his ruler, the Moon, in Water Pisces, and to Jupiter, in Water Scorpio. This grand Water trinity gives O.J. a harmonious personality in tune with the public. Mars, ruling action (in versatile Gemini), adds to the fame planet Uranus to bring various sources of income and immediate acceptance. His Saturn and Neptune give him class and pride to serve with generosity. At the end of August, Jupiter enters his sign, bringing O.J. new prosperity and personal happiness.

By
**Maria
Elise Crummere**

Cancer

JUNE 22–JULY 22

This is no time to be lazy; with Mercury and the Sun in your sign, you should communicate and seek power. If you have to travel, be finished by the 10th. Be ready to activate new plans on the 16th. Put shyness aside, get into a career-minded mood, press your claims, and prove that you are gifted with the ability to serve the public in a responsible way (your best trait). This is your highlighted month of the year.

Health: Strong
Money: New sources
Love: Pleasant

Leo

JULY 23–AUGUST 22

Saturn still occupies your sign, but now you have a dramatic ally: Jupiter in Air Gemini makes your fire glow. Use it! Your causes and interests should be set forth, giving your executive ability a chance to shine. If resistance holds you back, reinforce your program after the 16th. Two friends join your project to bring success after the 22nd. Rewards bring a spiritual victory that you've earned and needed.

Health: Robust
Money: New
Love: Speculative

Virgo

AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22

While your ruler is in Cancer the first ten days, everything should go your way. The full moon on the 1st made it so; but the new moon (on the 16th) makes heavy demands. Social obligations on the 20th steer you away from your regular diet; fad ideas never improve your mind or health. Distractions should be avoided until the 28th; then you gain full control. Partners in power are waiting to hear your ideas for expansion within the scope of your expertise.

Health: Well
Money: Sound
Love: Secure

Libra

SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 23

Your ruler, Venus, in Taurus the first week shows you are controlled by duties and the completion of an assignment. You could then be invited away; go, to gain perspective. Then seek new endeavors that lead to a higher goal. Your Sun is in tune with Jupiter in Air Gemini, pulling you upward to new horizons. The 28th and 29th give the answer to the opportunity that has been forming all month.

Health: Happy
Money: New
Love: Coming

(Continued on page 46)

Elizabeth Arden Salon
230 Post Street • 982-3755

9:30 Hairstyling - **FRED**
Manicure - Clara

Reminder!
** A+ EA Salon-*
pick up Super
Knit Suit by
E. & E. Import.
Marvelous mix of
black, beige, white!
Just the ticket
for travel! (Price
ticket \$240.!)
** Stock up on*
EA SUNCARE
for beachy
week-ends.

Aries

MARCH 21–APRIL 19

The full moon on the 1st starts the month on a high note. Finance a vacation the first half of the month with a new-found money windfall. Now is the time to invest. At new moon (the 16th), change course; improve your relationships with new contacts on the 18th to give your talents an audience. Good opportunities come your way the last five days.

Health: Beaming
Money: Fine
Love: Responsive

Taurus

APRIL 20–MAY 20

You do not like to be stirred from a peaceful scene; but with Mars in your sign, get as much done as you can while Venus (luck) stimulates any activity to prosper. You have only until the 16th to prepare for a more active future. Perhaps you could handle another field more efficiently. Weigh the potentials; you get satisfactory answers on the 28th and 29th, and their realization is surprisingly good.

Health: Easy
Money: Even
Love: Quite good

Gemini

MAY 21–JUNE 21

Jupiter, in your sign, gives you so many ideas you don't know which to implement first. Cover everything; complete the old and initiate new plans promising future prosperity. With Saturn backing up your Jupiter, anything you buy (perhaps a house?) will endure. This is truly the best time of your life; expect your talents to be accepted by all. Let no lucky chance go by.

Health: Fine
Money: Excellent
Love: Many



Looking great is what it's all about!

Elizabeth Arden Salon

NEW YORK PALM BEACH PHOENIX SAN FRANCISCO SOUTHAMPTON SURFSIDE WASHINGTON, D.C.



*Ah, high-spirited, high-stepping boots,
I must have you!*

Flawless calf in Fall's new pet color, palomino . . . and brown.
By Julianelli 150.00. Shoe Salon

Neiman-Marcus

Benandré will do for your body what a facial does for your face!

Your skin loses moisture in the normal activities of the day. Ordinarily, you replenish the moisture in your face, neck and hands with a cream or other emollient. Now you can nourish the rest of your body in the same way — with a Benandré bath.

Benandré replaces lost moisture in the skin with the most effective moisturizer known to science — protein, which is derived from collagen. For years collagen has been used in costly, effective facial treatments and Benandré is lavished with a remarkable form of collagen

called Refined Collagen Hydrolysates which brings new smoothness, new softness, new suppleness to your skin.

A Benandré bath does much more than restore moisture — it's an enriching experience. Your body responds deeply and beautifully to the perfumed air surrounding you, while Benandré's unique composition of rare oils, luxurious emollients and Refined Collagen Hydrolysates helps make every inch of you supple, pampered, protected and extraordinarily satin to the touch. Just ask the one who touches you most.



Benandré Luxury Bath Gelée — Luxuriously cleanses in three restorative ways: as a relaxing bubble bath, a foamless bath, or in an exuberant shower • Benandré Luxury Bath Oil Crystals — Softens and silkens the water, colors it a deep Mediterranean Blue and perfumes the air • Benandré Luxury Soap — Profoundly perfumed with the Benandré fragrance down to the very last luxurious savor and enriched with special ingredients to give you the creamiest lather ever • To keep the Benandré mood lingering long after the bath, lavish on new Benandré Natural Spray Cologne — an especially sensuous fragrance.

Benandré...a beauty treatment in a bath.

ben rickert, inc.
100 asia place, carlstadt, n.j. 07072

Pruning as a means to more nearly perfect wines.



To us, pruning—the cutting off of living parts of the grapevine—is the single most important practice in the entire culture of grapes.

It is a complex and highly judgmental operation that not only controls the amount of crop our vines will bear, but also controls the quality of the ultimate contribution that crop will make to our wines.

That is why, in the Gallo vineyards, we do not consider a man thoroughly experienced until he has been pruning for at least 3 years.

Why We Prune

The whole purpose of pruning is to direct our vines to grow fewer but better grapes—grapes of optimum maturity and with the full potential of their variety.

Such grapes will have acid and sugar contents in perfect balance, and their wine will be full-bodied, deep and brilliant in color, and with a bouquet that is true to the grape.

If we allow a vine to produce too many grapes—a condition called overcropping—we risk producing a thin, watery wine.

Our Unique Next Step

Sometimes, despite judicious pruning, a vine will overproduce anyway—perhaps because of exceptional vigor, or a particularly fertile soil.

In such a case, we resort to thinning.

Thinning involves the actual removal of whole grape clusters from the vine—the sacrificing of a part of our crop in order to ensure the quality of the remainder.

Sometimes this can mean removing as much as one-half the crop from an overproducing vine. Or all of it, if we wish to give the vine a rest to regain its vigor.

Gallo, we might point out, is one of the very few wineries to practice this costly technique of thinning in order to produce only the best possible wine.

How We Prune

Pruning is basically an art. And over the years we have developed techniques that we believe provide the best possible results of that art.

We began researching and establishing our pruning practices back in the 1940's.

At that time, every single variety of grape was given its own program to

determine the best method of pruning for that particular vine.

As a result of our tests, we have established some general rules.

One, is that on each spur—that part of the new wood which remains after pruning—we never leave more than two buds for future growth. This ensures optimum grape quality.

We do, however, vary the number of spurs on each vine. This depends on the variety.

For example, the Chenin Blanc and Ruby Cabernet vines are allowed up to 12 spurs, our French Colombard 14, and our Barbera 10.

In general, the vines bearing larger grapes and grape clusters are left with fewer spurs so as not to tax them beyond their capacities, and the vines bearing smaller grapes and grape clusters are left with more.

Who Prunes

Because so much depends on the judgment of our pruners—in addition to how much to cut, at what angle, and which wood—we treat their training very seriously.

At first, a beginner is only allowed to watch. Then he is permitted to work only when an experienced man is watching him. And finally, before working independently, he must work under a foreman.

That is why, as mentioned earlier, it is usually 3 years before we consider him a thoroughly experienced pruner.

Our Goal

Obviously, the reason we are so particular about pruning is the direct relationship it has on the quality of our wines.

Our personal philosophy is that excellent wines can only be made from excellent grapes, and that perfect wines require perfect grapes.

Therefore, because our only goal is to make the finest wines possible—to give you pleasure by bringing you only the fullest perfection of flavor, taste and bouquet—we are totally committed to growing and using only the best quality grapes.

That insistence on perfection, really, is the basic principle to which we have dedicated our wine-making lives.

E&J Gallo Winery, Modesto, California

HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 42)

Scorpio

OCTOBER 24–NOVEMBER 21

Resistance does not put you off. Your ruler, Mars, in opposing Taurus the first half of the month, holds you up; but this can be turned to your advantage. Use the 6th–9th to see what the planets have to offer. Your position then improves. After the 16th, choices lie in new directions. An old friend surfaces on the 22nd with a substantial offer; it has merit. Remember, though, others are just as clever as you.

Health: Anxious
Money: Speculative
Love: Hopeful

Sagittarius

NOVEMBER 22–DECEMBER 21

Your bachelor-born heart basked in singleness until your ruler, Jupiter, crossed over into Gemini, your seventh house of partners. Now, others occupy your attention. Courage from Mars and loving benefits from Venus all coordinate to make this a happy time. Respond. On the 16th, you may have to sign agreements to implement your luck in a realistic way. Whatever you decide to do, choose the 24th as decision day.

Health: Good
Money: New
Love: Several

Capricorn

DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19

At the start of the month you feel pressured, but you become easier after the 7th—enough so to get everything in control when you improve your standing with co-workers. At new moon (on the 16th), you begin to put two different plans into effect. One you consolidate; the other is a fun thing that is a splendid success. On the 20th, news is sobering; the 22nd is also an important day. If you are aware, this can be a rewarding month.

Health: Reliable
Money: Organized
Love: Steady

Aquarius

JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18

The full moon at the start of the month could put you off. After the 6th, you get your bearings. On the 14th, surprise information comes your way, sending you in a new direction on the 15th to present an idea. The last week, quietly press for answers in private conferences; your casual manner springs the correct responses.

Health: Off-key
Money: Excellent
Love: Indifferent

Pisces

FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

As the month begins, Mercury in Water Cancer brings gossip that you may not know how to handle. Ignore it. The mood passes in a week; someone is strongly supporting you. The new moon (on the 16th) changes everything. A new friend gives you information that expands your interests; you may even team up. You need new direction as Jupiter broadens goals and your circle of friends.

Health: Uncertain
Money: Tentative
Love: Seeking



While visiting her uncle in 1907, Miss Phillips assumed that her uncle would not be put out if she smoked. Her uncle was not put out.



You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS

Slimmer than the fat cigarettes men smoke.



Fashions: Bill Haire for Friedrichs Sport

16 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Beauty Now

Waterproof makeup for swimmers and hot-weather-sports buffs... more! summer beauty pleasures

If you perspire, need a better-lasting makeup in summer, some of the best waterproof/perspire-proof makeups we know: Marian Bialac's Covermark 'S' Spotstick—really hides blemishes, marks; \$5. . . . Maybelline powder eyeshadows don't wear off or crease—at \$1.50 each, own several! . . .

Rimmel's Brush-On Lash Thickener Mascara is really water resistant (meaning, it won't run). In black, dark brown, navy; \$2.25. . . . If you wouldn't be caught on the tennis court without your lashes—good news!—Andrea Mod Real Hair Lashes come with waterproof adhesive, \$1.99. . . . Mask above, Richard's Aqualing.

SUMMER-SCENT TIP

TWO SUMMER-SCENT SPRITZERS. . . . 1. POUR YOUR SCENT INTO A DIME-STORE ATOMIZER; THEN WHOOSH—ON YOU, YOUR HAIR, YOUR LINGERIE. . . . 2. USE A NATURAL SPRAY SUCH AS CARON'S INFINI PARFUM DE TOILETTE NATURAL SPRAY (2 OZ., \$10)—IT DOES THE SAME THING.

BRUSHES TO OWN



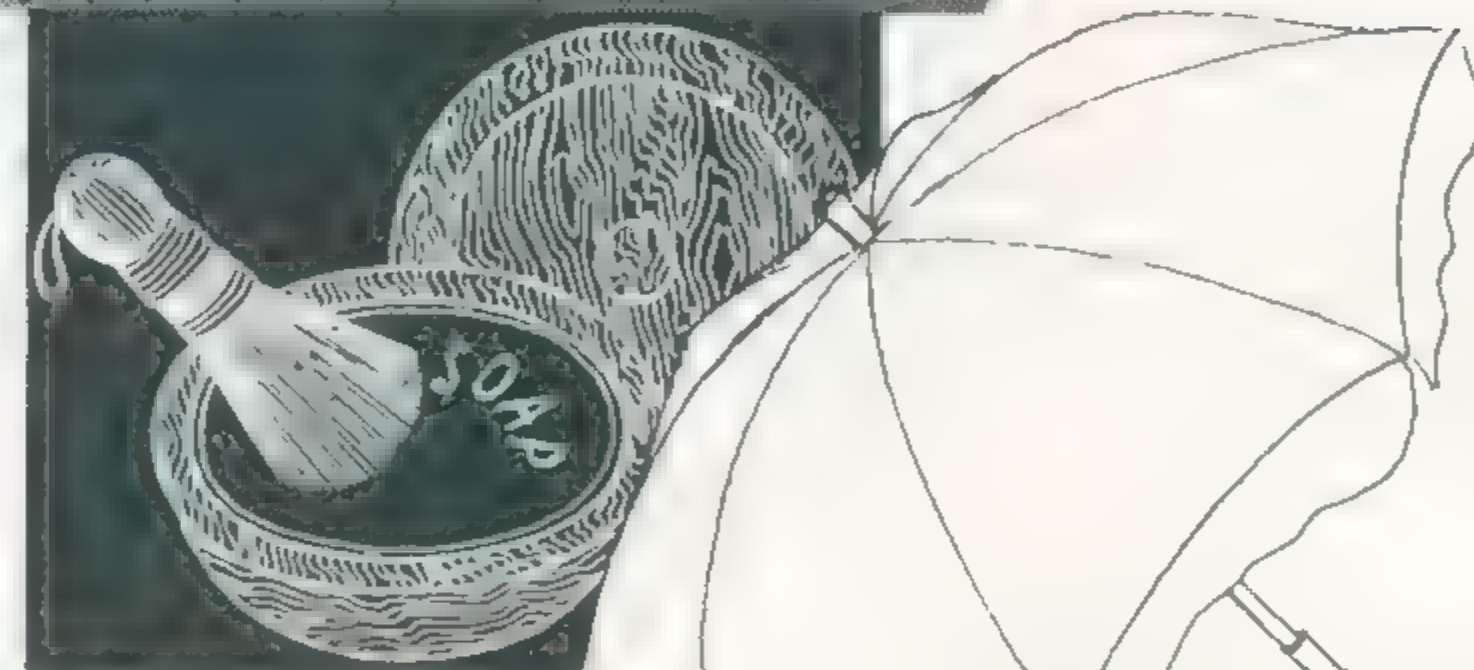
Someone's had the great sense to put together the perfect little makeup brushes, above—everything you need for putting on shadows, powders, eyeliners, blushers, lipsticks, more! Twelve in all. From Jerome Alexander, \$18.50. At Macy's; Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh.

NOT TO FORGET: PROTECTION!

With all the sheer ombréd makeup colors you're going to be seeing this year (all about them, later this issue), one thing that's essential is healthy, smooth-looking skin. Which means going out of your way this summer—every summer!—to avoid: too much sun, uneven tanning, any burn. Two skin protectors we like from New Orleans skin-care expert Lulú Buras: Ampoules A La Gelée Royale (\$17.50 for a 30-day supply)—a light-as-a-soufflé, rich moisturizer to be used every other day—and her Filtre Solaire (\$10) for both face and body. To order, from Lulú Buras, Inc. Scientific Skin-care Health and Beauty Clinic, 7818 Maple St., New Orleans, LA 70118.

SUPER SOAP

The biggest, most beautiful soap you own—a 16-inch wooden bowl-ful of Floris of London soap, whisk included, that will last two years! Leave the top off and it will scent your bathroom! Eight scents, including Verbena and Sandalwood. \$35 from Cambridge Chemists, 702 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021.



MORE THAN JUST MAKEUP . . .

When you're reconsidering a purchase—whatever it is—whether it's a new car or a skin product, to get the most mileage, you need: information/instruction. Which is precisely what you're getting when you buy a beauty product today. Case in point: The new Glemby makeup and treatment collection, located in stores near Glemby salons and put together by Holly Flor, Glemby's V.P., director of cosmetics and beauty services. Before she can purchase anything, a Glemby customer talks to a Glemby counselor about her skin, followed by how-to-cleanse-skin and treatment advice; then a complete makeup. At Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.; Neiman-Marcus, Chicago; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco.

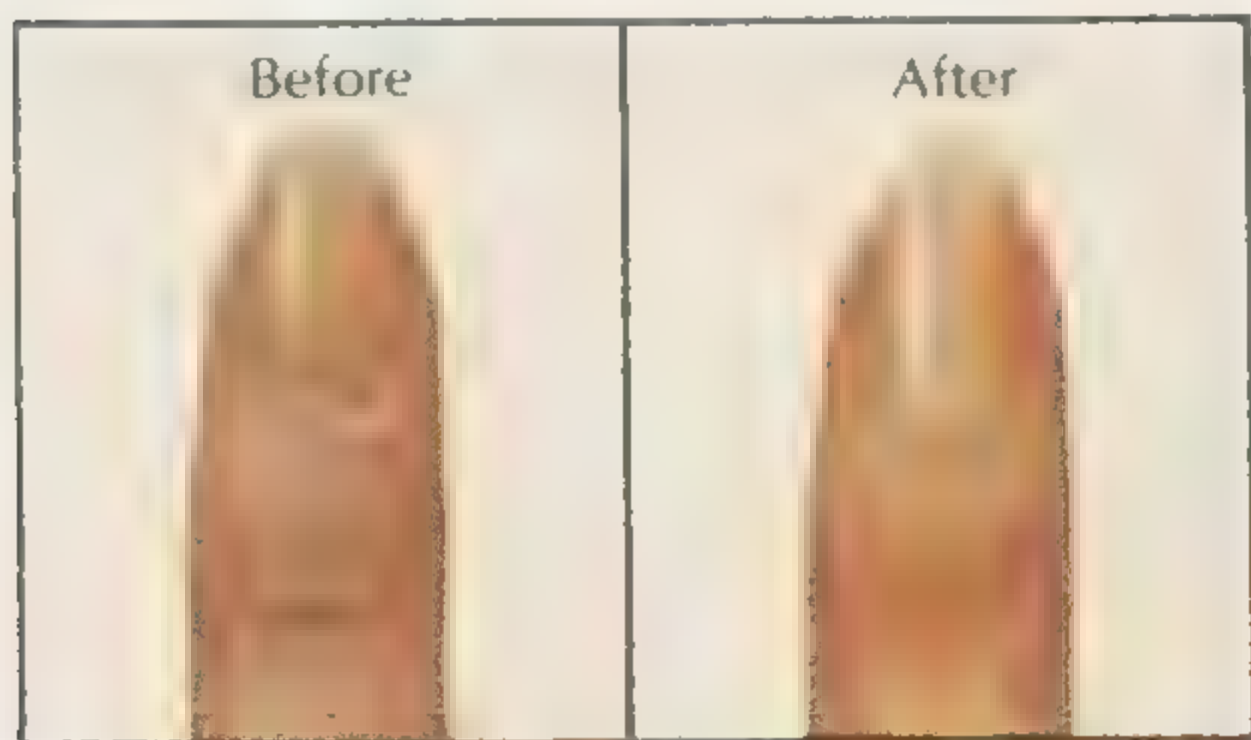
CHAIR-IN-A-BAG

Best sun protector we've seen: the canvas deck chair and umbrella that rolls into one small tote. From Jab Industries, \$50, at Bonwit Teller and Bloomingdale's.



ANNOUNCING AN AMAZING NEW NAIL DISCOVERY. THE JÖVAN NAIL CONDITIONING AND POLISHING KIT.

Take a good, close look at your nails. See the little ridges in them? Every ridge is a tiny vulnerable surface, ready to crack or nick at the slightest bump. You may not notice it until weeks later, when that nick nears the tip of the nail. But by then it's enough to start a deep crack or a long wide chip. And there goes another nail.



At last, a helping hand. The Jōvan Nail Conditioning and Polishing Kit.

Until now, about the best you could hope for was a cover-up for nail problems—a good polish or false nails. But now, you can actually improve the quality of your nails and protect them from damage right from the start. With the brand new Jovan Nail Conditioning and Polishing Kit. This remarkable kit is unlike anything you've ever used before. In just minutes, it goes to the very cause of nail problems, gently erasing the ridges that can weaken and damage nails. Then it conditions the nails, and finally it buffs them to a prettier shine than ever before.

Beautiful nails the Simple, Quick, Easy Way.

1. The Jovan Nail Smoother gently erases the surface ridges in the nail. You delicately glide it across the nail in one direction



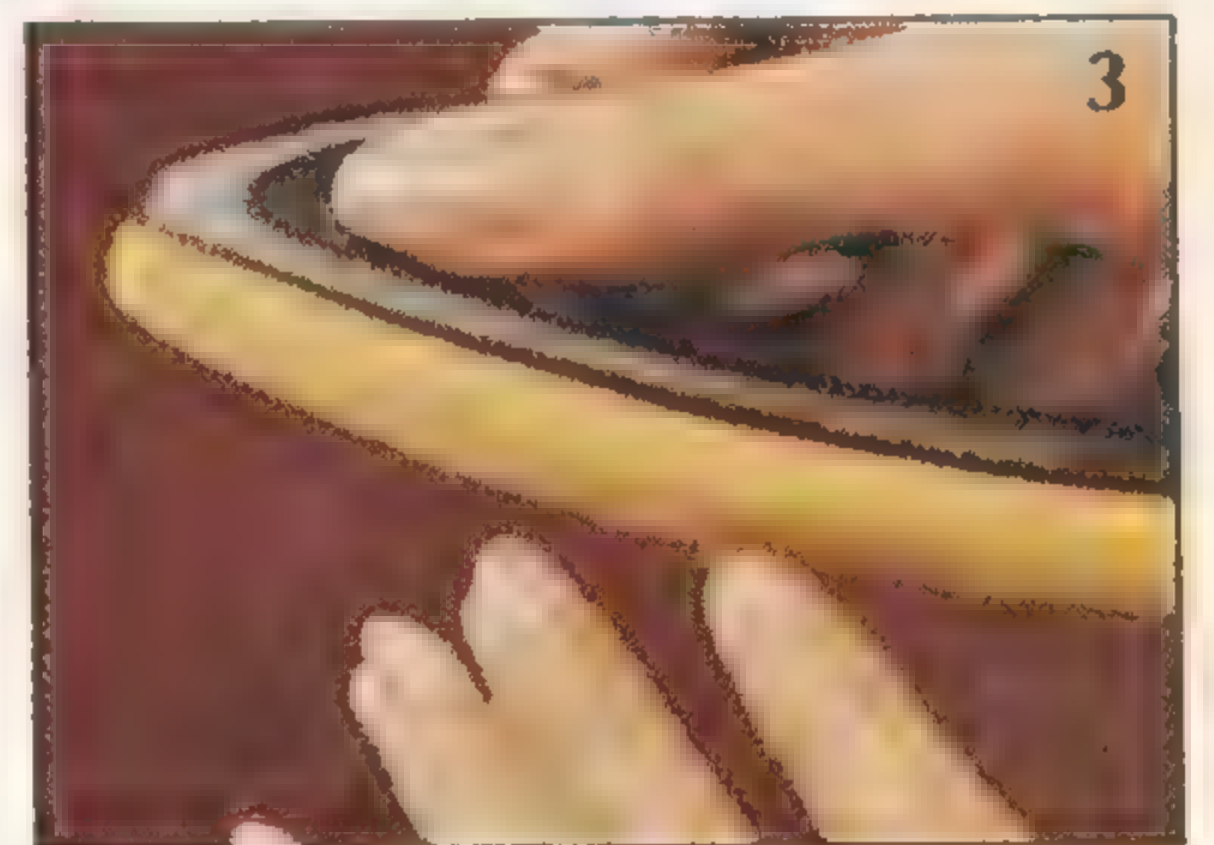
only until nail surface looks powdery white. This creates a smooth, snag-resistant surface which helps prevent flaws, helps resist cracking, chipping and ragged edges.

2. The Jovan Nail Conditioning Cream is a rich conditioning cream fortified with protein (the very substance of strong nails). It protects the nail against



brittleness and harsh drying conditions. Even protects against detergent water. And buffs up to a beautiful natural shine.

3. The Jovan Nail Buffer buffs the nails to a strong, naturally-beautiful lustre. You can see and feel the difference even after the first few strokes, but don't stop there. After a full thirty strokes you'll see an incredible difference. Nails are glossier, stronger, with a prettier shine than you've ever had with nail polish. No cracks, no ridges, no dullness. Just the rich look of naturally-beautiful nails. And beautiful nails mean beautiful hands.



Get your Jovan Nail Conditioning and Polishing Kit today. It's available at the cosmetic counters of America's finest stores. Only \$8.50.



The Jōvan Nail Conditioning And Polishing Kit.
The simple, quick, easy way to turn problem nails into beautiful nails.

Jovan, Inc., 875 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611 © 1976, Jovan, Inc.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Remarkable discovery
**STOPS FINE LINES
AROUND EYES, MOUTH!**



IRMA SHORELL'S

Youth 25
MOISTURIZING CREME

Regular \$12.50 size

\$7.00

LIMITED TIME ONLY

Now — for the first time — you can stop yourself from looking older!

When I was in my 20's no creme was available that was effective in smoothing away the dryness lines — and stopping new ones from appearing.

YOUTH 25 — this new remarkable discovery does just that! Beauty editors, stewardesses, actresses — all testify that it works! It is the world's first liquid creme that is a treatment and a moisturizer — in one . . . it imparts a healthy natural 'glowy' sheen to the skin.

The initial users — internationally famous beauties — were amazed! No more dryness lines formed around their eyes and throat. All stopped using foundations and much less makeup. And — in summer it enabled them to **TAN BEAUTIFULLY—WITHOUT PEELING.**

I know of no other product in the cosmetic world that has been as beneficial as YOUTH 25 to help the younger women eliminate the dry, taut, wrinkled feeling, protect her face against the drying, aging elements.

Irma Shorell

Write or phone

HENRI BENDEL, New York
L. L. BERGER, Buffalo
GARFINKEL'S, Washington
REGENSTEIN'S, Atlanta
JORDAN MARSH, Florida
GODCHAUX'S, New Orleans
FROST BROS., South Texas
JACOBSON'S, Michigan
HALLE'S, Cleveland
NEUSTETERS, Colorado
ROBINSON'S, California
JOSEPH MAGNIN, All Stores
MACY'S, California
NORDSTROM, Washington, Oregon, Alaska

Beauty Now

To do in summer — drink water, eat thin and cool... collect makeup minis that go!



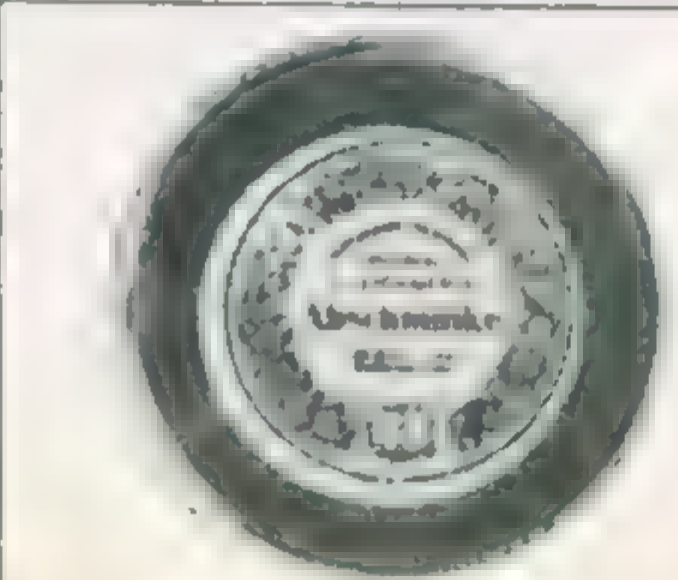
SUMMER COOLERS

A glass of Perrier water with a twist of lemon, or straight from the bottle—it's refreshing!

A nifty room-scenter, right: a colorful basket of fresh-dried flowers (roses, daisies, etc.). To order: Hope Hendler, 60 E. 80th St., New York, NY 10021. Large basket (\$21.50 ppd.) and small (\$16.50 ppd.).



For women who've had mastectomies: a new artificial breast called "Nearly Me." It feels good, has the right amount of weight, comes in sizes 30A to 42DD in right or left shapes. Very natural—you can even wear it while swimming. About \$100, depending on size. At Bonwit Teller; Bloomingdale's; Woolf Bros.; Neiman-Marcus.



SUMMER: HOW TO EAT

To show you the kind of good, *interesting* food some diet/health salons are now prescribing to clients, we borrowed this recipe from the Anushka Health and Beauty Clinic (11 E. 67th St., N.Y.C.) . . .

Fish Salad with Dill: Poach 2 pounds halibut fillets 8 minutes in water with 1 celery stalk, 1 lemon slice, 5 peppercorns, and 1½ teaspoons salt. Poach 1½ pounds of shrimp 6 minutes in equal amounts of the same ingredients. Remove any bones or skin from the halibut and break fish into small pieces. Peel and devein shrimp. Mix together 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons minced fresh dill, and ¾ cup mayonnaise. Combine with fish, tossing gently; chill, serve on Bibb lettuce. Eight servings, 225 calories each.

MAKEUP FOR BEACH CAMP/BOAT/TRAVEL

Summer finds, clockwise from far left: "i" Cosmetics travel kit—2-oz. plastic bottles of Cucumber Cleanser, Grapefruit Skin Freshener, Orange Moisturizer, Tea with Lemon Shampoo. \$8.50, from "i" Cosmetics, 595 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 10022. . . . Janet Sartin's Sun Lotion, Bronzing Oil in 2-oz. plastic jars of moisturizing sunscreens. At Bonwit Teller. . . . Face de-shiners: "Powder Pats," \$3.25 ppd., from Madeline Mono Ltd., 9 William Penn Road, Great Neck, NY 11023. . . . Suggested by our favorite makeup expert: a 1¼-oz. tin of Lechner makeup remover. \$4.50 ppd., Stagelight Cosmetics, 630 Ninth Ave., New York, NY 10036.



JOAN & DAVID

COUTURE

BLOOMINGDALE'S • LORD & TAYLOR • ANN TAYLOR • FILENE'S • NEIMAN-MARCUS • NORDSTROM • JOSEPH MAGNIN

Maybelline creates Whisper Shades that stay all day.

Who but Maybelline gives you such soft, subtle color with so much staying power? It's Automatic Cream-On Shadow — now in five soft velvet finishes. It stays all day because it's creaseproof... stays all day because it's waterproof, smudgeproof. Beautiful.

Automatic Cream-On Shadow



Fine make-up sensibly priced

Maybelline[®]

Can I drop you in a cab, he said. I mean, a really divine man
you meet at the office of your very own lawyer who is also your
very own father isn't exactly a complete stranger. Is he?
He said he'd call me. Do you think he'll keep trying?
My line is always bizzy.

SHOE BIZ®

Henri Bendel, New York • Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles • Swanson's, Kansas City • Nordstrom, Seattle
Gus Mayer, New Orleans, Memphis • Neiman-Marcus, Chicago & Bal Harbor • Bob Ellis, Charleston
The Higbee Co., Cleveland • Jacobson, Detroit



Why Do You Want to Look Younger?

Probably every woman has a slightly different reason. Are you planning to go back to work? Did your husband get that promotion, so you'll be mingling more with other company wives? Or did you catch a glimpse of yourself in a store window and wonder, just for an instant, who that older-looking person was?

Whatever your special, very personal reason, it's undoubtedly time you discovered the secret of a mysterious beauty fluid that can help you look younger by creating a moist climate for your skin. Join the women from many parts of the world who have enjoyed the beautiful benefits of this remarkable skin-cherishing liquid; known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.

Oil of Olay goes to work instantly to help you look younger. How? The beauty fluid penetrates your skin astonishingly quickly, letting pure moisture, tropical oil and precious emollients work hand-in-hand with nature to help ease away unwelcome dryness. When your skin is dry, you know, little wrinkle lines are far too noticeable, so you may easily look older than you should. Or could.

It isn't just extra birthdays that can make you look older, of course. Wind, harsh weather, even some cosmetics can dry your skin, so your look of youth can slip away unexpectedly soon.

Gentle Oil of Olay onto your face and throat. Watch your skin virtually drink in the precious liquid. Notice your skin grow softer and smoother within moments. See the renewed lustre and radiance of your complexion.

Working in its mysterious way, Oil of Olay helps maintain your skin's moisture balance, letting your complexion become glowing and younger looking. Little wrinkle lines (which are accented by dryness) can show less the very first day. It's a difference apparent to other people, though they may not say a word.

What's the best time for Oil of Olay? Most devoted users like to smooth it on both morning and night. Oil of Olay doesn't leave a greasy afterfeel or look, so it's marvelous under makeup. Or if you like to give your skin a vacation from cosmetics, Oil of Olay lets your skin live in its own misty climate. The beauty fluid gives your skin a dewy glow even without makeup.

Applied at bedtime, Oil of Olay cherishes your skin into quiet hours of sleep. Any other time your skin feels dry and you'd like to raise its moisture level is a good time for Oil of Olay.

Why do you want to look younger? Whatever your reason, won't you let Oil of Olay help?



Beauty Secrets

If you're one of those people bothered by dry lips, be sure to use Oil of Olay before you slick on lipstick or lip gloss. Feel the difference?

When you've discovered Oil of Olay, chances are you won't ever want to be without it. Carry a bottle in your purse or tote bag and certainly in your cosmetic kit when you travel, to smooth and soften your skin wherever you are.

Perhaps the sudden realization that you looked older than you realized has prompted you to plan an overall self-improvement program, complete with diet, exercise and time set aside for intensive grooming. When you're exercising, giving yourself a manicure or while you're figuring out your calorie count for the day, is a good time for an extra application of Oil of Olay.[®]

YOU WRITE US

(Continued from page 20)

Farrah fails, Sonya saves

I was so appalled by your choice of insipid, feather-headed Farrah Fawcett-Majors as both cover and copy in your April issue that I almost left it at the newsstand. After reading Sonya O'Sullivan's superb piece of fiction, "A Very Tender Love Story," I'm glad I ignored my better judgment.

I find it ironic that one issue can be so wildly erratic in the matter of good taste as opposed to what tastes good.

Ronnye Albert
Sacramento, CA

Sex, love, and age

It is regrettable that Vogue has cheapened its image by printing Erica Jong's tasteless and classless story of her sexual adventures with a younger man.

First and foremostly, what can be the possible relevance of a lover's age? One relates in any relationship to a fellow human being, not to a demarcated lifespan.

Erica Jong's story is nothing but a crude and explicit description of a typically casual sexual encounter, and as such it reflects all that is wrong with our attitude towards sex in America. As some of us know from hard experience, sex without love is meaningless and there are neither answers nor salvation in plopping from one bed to another.

Danielle Margot de Beauvoir
San Francisco, CA

You get two agreements from us.

1. Age can be irrelevant in love.
2. Sex without love is not the whole thing.

Carrying on can go too far

Being a stewardess, I understand the great need for convenience in carrying on your luggage [April Vogue]; however, at no time should you ever carry on more than one article for seat storage and one thin, not overstuffed garment bag.

This is an FAA [Federal Aviation Agency] regulation and it is a regulation only for safety. This is a stewardess's biggest hassle with passengers.

Marisa Bridge
New York, NY

We rechecked this with the FAA who state that you may carry on anything you can put under the seat in front of you. Garment bags depend on whether the plane has a closet—usually small, which fills up quickly—or the special compartment for suitcases. The overhead compartments are meant for soft things such as coats, and not luggage. Check the configuration of your plane before boarding to ascertain what you can comfortably carry on.

Let's hear it for chiropractors

Thousands of your readers were undoubtedly pleased to see an article on backache in your May issue; however, thousands were once again disappointed to find the chiropractic profession omitted as a resource for prevention and cure of this most common of ailments. . . . I see my medical doctor and dentist when their services are warranted, but I also see my chiropractor regularly for what he offers in preventive, drugless health-care and nutritional advice.

Sharon L. Fuller
Dubuque, IA

andrew geller



Between Us

Talk from, about,
and of interest
to...women

By Lorraine Davis

■ WHAT CHILDREN NEED: WORKING MOTHERS

"I'm more independent, can do more things on my own, and have a larger repertoire of snacks," said an editor's teenage daughter, when asked how she differed from friends whose mothers do not work. Though at least fourteen million American mothers have jobs, the child-care experts have been miles behind in acknowledging the good effects, or relative lack of bad ones, on the children. Even such sages as Benjamin Spock and Lee Salk suggest that a mother's working is a necessary evil at best. Now, writer Jean Curtis, after interviewing several hundred mothers with jobs, has produced a strong basic handbook: *A Guide for Working Mothers*—the first truly helpful literature on the subject.

One study cited, by Margaret and Harold Feldman, found that "All the children, whether their mother was working or not, didn't think it was so bad for their mother to work. But those whose mothers were working felt things were going better since they went to work. They were more positive about mothers working." Ms. Curtis found, in general, that all mothers who worked shared one problem—*fatigue*.

A Simon and Schuster paperback, *Guide* has mother-tested advice about the best times to return to work (immediately, while the infant is tiny, or when the children are in school, but not during the preschool years or early adolescence), how to share housework and "psychological parenting" with your husband, how to go about hiring child care. The author even explains the difference between "custodial" and "groovy" day-care centers and gives a four-type rating system for husbands.

In one candid chapter, Ms. Curtis asks "Are Working Mothers Sexier?" and answers "Yes." To charges of "castrating woman," one interviewee said, "It may seem that a man is castrated by his wife's talents, but it's not that at all. To say that assumes that a man has no say in the matter—like helpless, he stands by while his wife mows him down. That's not realistic. At least I feel that if men are castrated by working mothers, they've done the snipping themselves."

■ HOLD UP THREE FINGERS HORIZONTALLY TO FORM A LETTER "E"—THAT'S THE E.R.A. SALUTE

To focus public attention on other unfinished business on behalf of women's rights, President Carter has appointed a National Commission on the Observance of International Women's Year (the United Nations designated 1975 as International Women's Year and 1975-1985 as the U.N. Decade for Women), with former New York Congresswoman Bella S. Abzug as its head; and Congress has passed a law for funding.

Forty-two prominent Americans are serving on this commission; and fifty-six state meetings ("state" includes D.C., Puerto Rico, American Samoa, Guam, Virgin Islands, Pacific Islands), begun by one thousand Vermont women in February, will continue through the summer, making recommendations and electing delegates to the National Women's Conference, in Houston in November. Coming up in July: Alabama, Florida, Hawaii, Indiana, Kansas, Montana, New York, Washington, and, in August, Massachusetts. . . . Go.

■ IN LEAGUE WITH THE KNOW-HOWS

The young women of the Association of Junior Leagues, Inc., have a cool \$790,000 working fund for their new project that will test ways to use the skills of experienced people (over fifty-five) as volunteers to help solve a raft of community problems. The money came from the Edna McConnell Clark Foundation, will be used to establish pilots in ten cities (there are 233 Leagues in U.S., Canada, and Mexico), where one or more of the six project models will be tried out: to help people seeking services or to improve the ones received, to give paralegal aid to those who must deal with government, to improve services at health-care institutions, to survey community needs, to provide a consumer-affairs hotline, to help those with court problems involving infringement of their rights.

The thirty-year-old director of this ambitious program, called Project V.I.E. (Volunteers Intervening in Equity), is New York attorney Deborah L. Seidel. At the end of three years, the Association will report the project findings on the most effective ways to recruit, train, and use older people in helping others to get rights and services.

Women are better at selling real estate than men; that's the conclusion of Ruth Rejnäs whose book "A Woman's Guide to New Careers in Real Estate" (Regnery) also would put women in construction, urban planning, property management. She even tells how to make a career out of running tag sales.

■ GET OUT IN FRONT

Do you shy away from taking the lead even when it's handed to you? Some take-charge training can help. One- and two-day workshops in a leadership-development program at the Center for Creative Leadership in Greensboro, North Carolina, are organized under the banner "By Women/For Women" to translate knowledge of the behavioral sciences into useful concepts for women in, or seeking, top-level slots. Through early November.

■ ...UNTIL DIVORCE DOTH YOU PART

"Women must be strong enough to walk out, strong enough psychologically to leave when the marriage is no longer productive. Women must stop wondering what they did that was wrong and blaming themselves for not being good enough, hoping that he will leave that other woman and come back to them. He won't."

—Leslie Aldridge Westhoff in

"The Second Time Around: Remarriage in America" (Viking)

When Dartmouth opens its annual Alumni College for twelve days next month, old grads, their wives (and other interested parties) will address the question "Men & Women: What's the Difference?" . . . adding such posers as "If there is a battle of the sexes, what is the fight about?" and "Can science be sexy?" Starts August 7.

■ TAKING FREEDOM TOO FAR?

Until Liberation, membership in the female sex was enough to get you excused from jury duty in New York State. Not now, and at least one slick defense lawyer, with a young, soft-eyed male client, has seen fit to "pack" the jury with ladies of the medium age; but things went a little far when the County Clerk summoned Helen Pell Donald to qualify for jury duty. No explanation would be listened to over the telephone; but, when Helen's mother, Alice Allen Donald, brought her to the Jurors' Qualification Office, the clerk on duty agreed reluctantly that Helen was only four and one-half years old. When the clerk presented a release for the mother's signature (though Helen flunked the fifteen listed causes for exemption), Helen struck her own blow for female independence by signing the document herself—in very large letters.

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100's, KING: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report DEC. 76.

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CALIFORNIA AVOCADO
THERE'S A FREE TREE.
AND SOMEONE TO TALK TO.**



Beauty

Q & A

Would you like
a makeover
in the mail...
the perfect
face-waxing...
darker lashes
all the time?

Q I've heard that honey can be used as a moisturizer. Is this true?

A A little dab is good for your lips (try it before bedtime), if you can resist licking it off.

Q I am thinking about dyeing my lashes: is it possible to have eyebrows done also? Is it safe? How long does it last? Where in New York City should I go?

A In New York, one of the best salons is Rose Reti, 128 East 56th Street. Madame Reti has been dyeing lashes and brows for 35 years, and tells us the process is very safe and gentle, takes only about ten minutes. The color lasts—even in the sun—for from three to five weeks. A tiny dab of petroleum jelly on the tips of dyed lashes will make them look even thicker and glossier. Lashes cost about \$10; brows, \$5.

Q I have yet to find a salon near where I live that does hair and makeup makeovers. But I'd like one. What to do?

A Think about a mail-order makeover. Sandy O's Faces By Mail, for example, will do you *in absentia*. Send a color snapshot of yourself, full-face, from the shoulders up—a clear closeup with no makeup on is best. Include a note describing your skin tone, your hair and eye color, any problems you have with your skin, makeup, hair. Tell them your height and weight and a little bit about the kinds of clothes you feel comfortable in, how much or little makeup you like to wear.

In four to six weeks, they'll send you an 8" x 10" blowup of your photo with a makeover done right on top of it. A clear sheet over the photo shows how and where to place color and gives directions on application techniques. There's also a swatch sheet of

(Continued on page 60)



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BEAUTY Q & A

(Continued from page 58)

colors to take to a cosmetic counter. Send \$21.50 to Sandy O, Box 86, Cold Spring Harbor, New York 11724.

Q How can I fade brown spots?

A Dr. Richard E. Schweitzer, a dermatologist in Los Angeles, told us: "Nobody has really developed a perfect bleaching agent for brown spots, but we're getting close." He explained that over-the-counter cosmetic bleaches can do very little, but a dermatologist can prescribe a good bleaching agent, which, applied twice a day for two or three months, will slowly lighten the spots. Final word from Dr. Schweitzer: "Always wear a sunscreen when you're in the sun"—to prevent spots.

Q I am plagued with the problem of dark hairs growing under my chin and on my upper lip. I've tried waxing, but it pulls my skin, and takes a few days for the resulting puffiness to subside. What is the best method?

A Edith at Charles of the Ritz Salon in New York, who knows hair-removal methods backward and forward, says waxing is still the best answer to your problem. If your skin is irritated, you're waxing the wrong way. Her recommendations: apply wax in thin strips (no more than 1/2" wide), spreading the wax on *against* the growth of hair. When peeling the wax off, hold skin taut with one hand while pulling wax away quickly with the other *against* hair growth.

Pull close along the skin—not straight out and away from it. Then apply a compress of ice-water-and-witch-hazel-soaked cotton to the skin. Press an ice cube to the cotton and hold it against the waxed area for a few minutes. Follow this up with an application of a medicated ointment—one for diaper rash is perfect, says Edith. These precautions should keep your skin from turning red or puffy.

Q Since I live in Florida, I find myself constantly exposed to the sun, even when I don't want to be. Is there anything I can put on under makeup, to take the place of a hat?

A We found just the thing: Key West Skin Savers are tiny sponges saturated with Aloe and PABA, both of which protect the skin from sun damage. Before you apply your usual moisturizer and makeup, wipe one of these disposable sponges all over your face.

Q Do you know of a product that will combat oiliness without drying the skin? Is there a medical way to do this, maybe shrink the oil glands?

A From Dr. Robert Auerbach, a dermatologist in New York: "Nothing will keep oil off your skin all day. Astringents will remove it temporarily. Unfortunately, there's no way to shrink oil glands. In theory, the contraceptive pill slows oil production, but in practice it doesn't. Get a good astringent to pat on oily areas during the day." ▽

CIE is soft.
CIE is playful.
CIE is unpredictable.
CIE is me.

—Candice Bergen



CIE The beautiful new fragrance
with so many moments.

A touch of womanhood in a high potency vitamin.

Water-soluble vitamins

Unlike fat-soluble vitamins and most minerals, the water-soluble B complex and C vitamins are not stored in heavy reserve. They must be replaced daily.

Stress/vitamin demand

Daily stress conditions such as chronic overwork, fad dieting or even too much smoking or drinking can put an increased demand on your B complex and C vitamin supply. A greater demand than an inadequate diet may provide.

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Along with 12 mcg. of B₁₂, this high potency formula contains the full line up of key B complex vitamins. It even includes Folic Acid — an essential factor in building red blood cells.

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In every tablet, there's 600 mg. of Vitamin C, another important water-soluble vitamin which the body demands daily and uses in above normal amounts during periods of stress.

Vitamin E

Stresstabs 600 with Iron contains 30 units of Vitamin E.

Iron

And that touch of womanhood. 27 mg. of Iron, to tailor this stress formula to the special needs of many young women.




Recommended Intake—1 tablet daily

Your body deserves it

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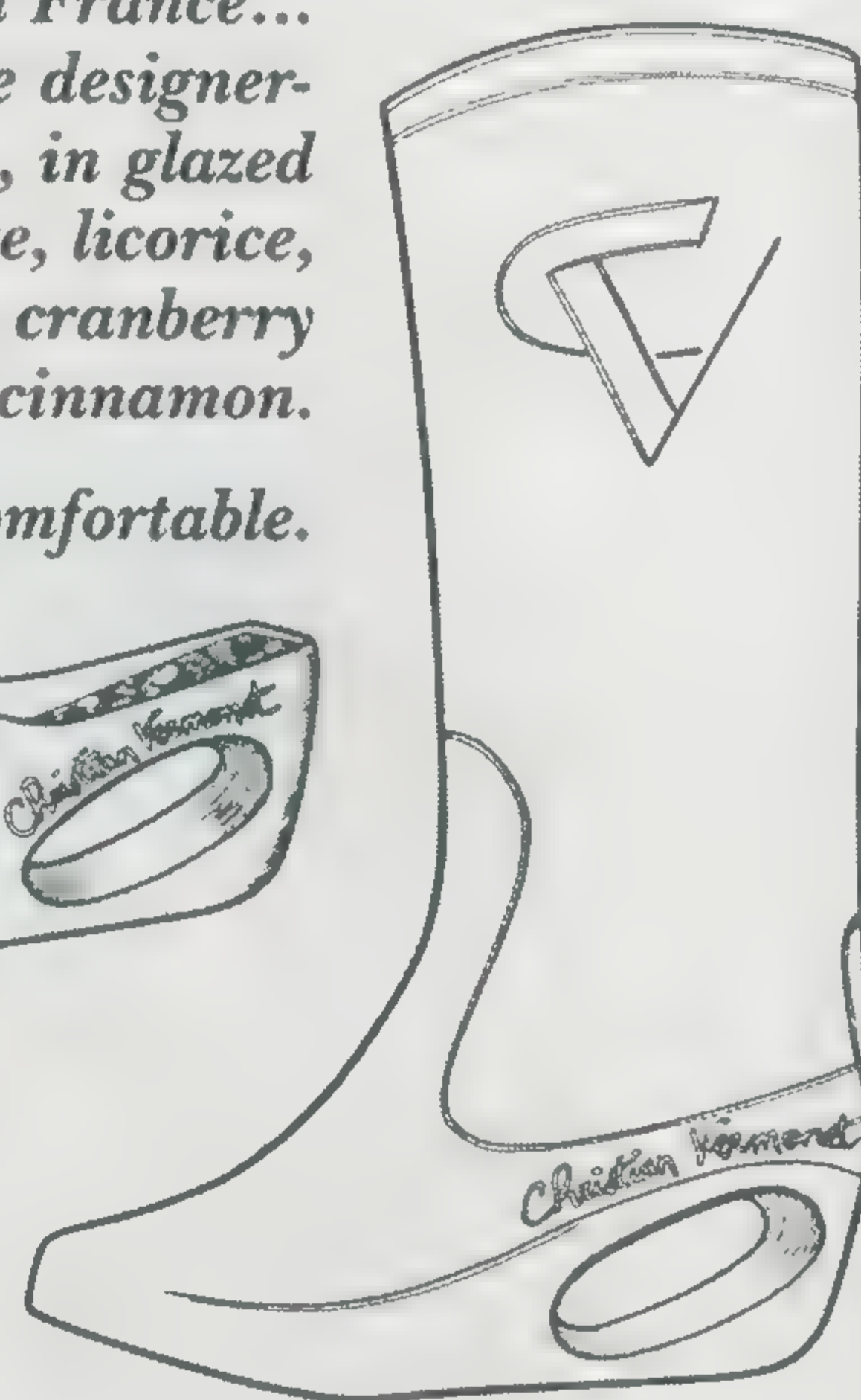
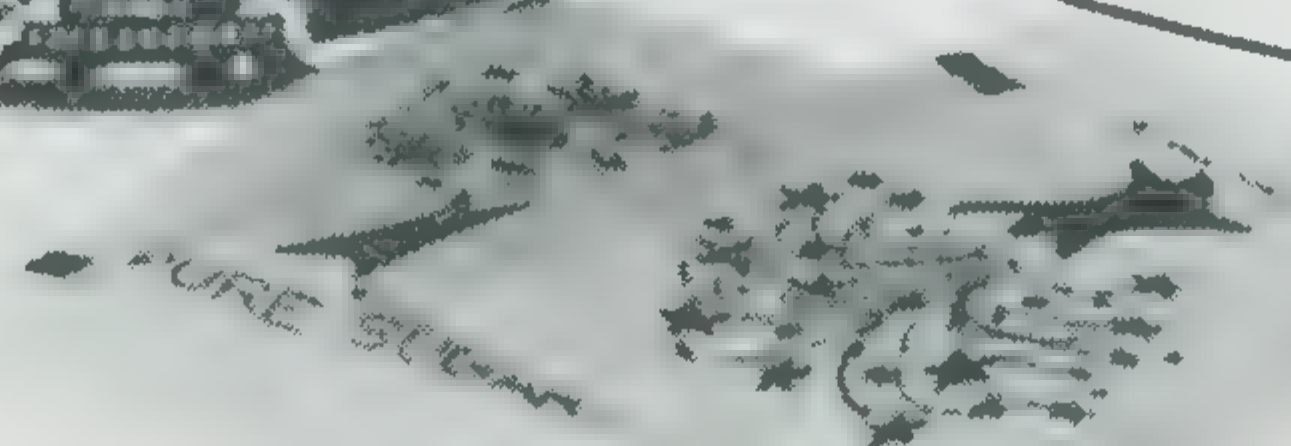
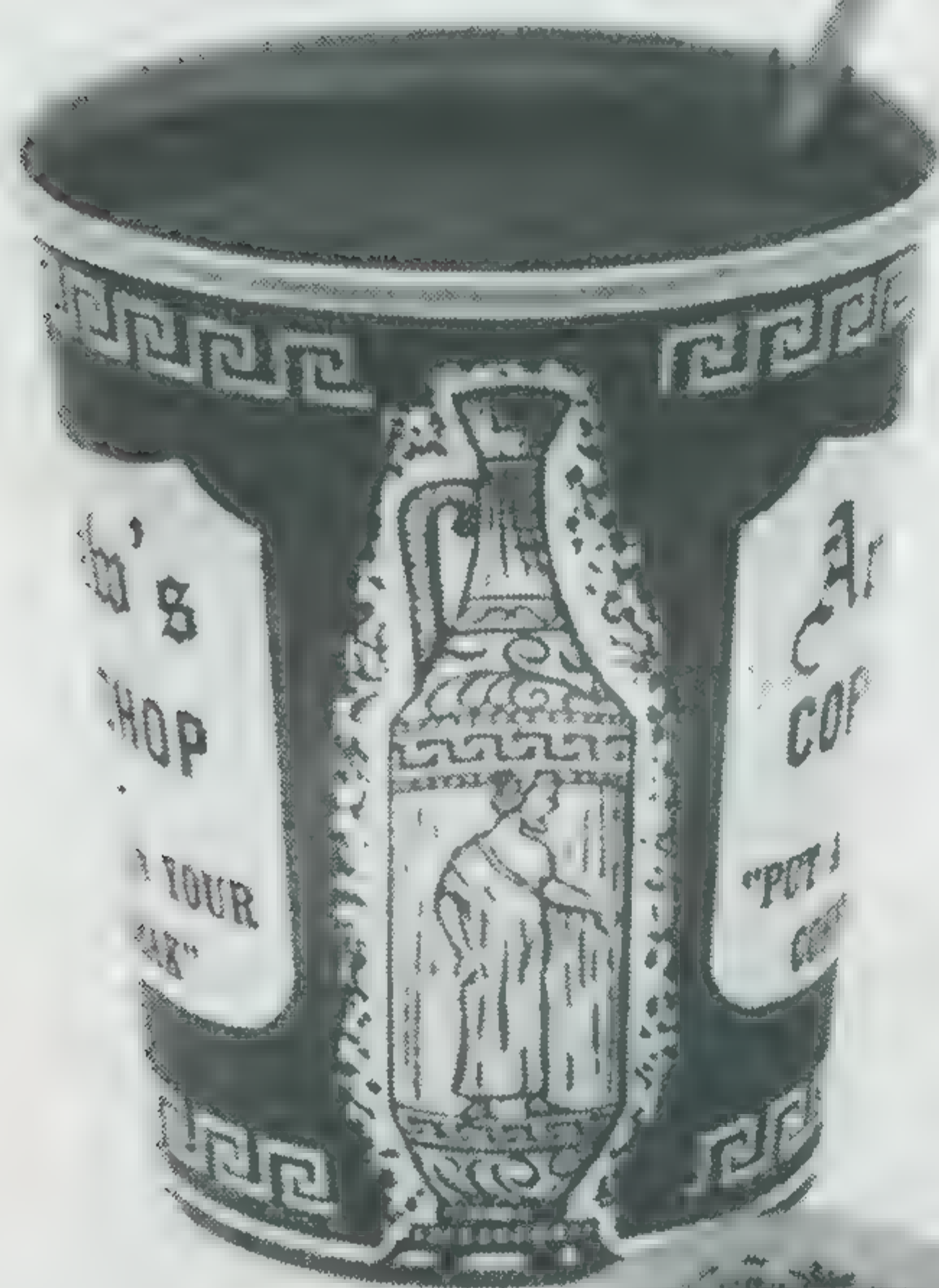
"I believe that no matter
what a woman
is wearing...
shoes are the most
important part of
her total look."
David Evans



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For additional stores, please check page 148.

Travel Now



Elephant on the beach...bike-seeing Europe...
mid-ocean eclipse...Egypt take-along...Greek Isles for all

■ WE LOVE LUCY

Even though insiders don't expect the "new" Atlantic City to get rolling until the first casinos open next summer, one farsighted, long-time Atlantic City resident has spent the last couple of years getting herself together for the event. She's a six-story-tall Victorian elephant named Lucy (*left*).

Lucy—like Atlantic City—fell upon hard times in the 'sixties: condemned, closed to her public, her life seriously threatened. But, thanks to efforts of a "Save Lucy Committee," Lucy now has a new home on Atlantic Avenue and her exterior has been completely restored. She's also been declared a National Historic Landmark.

Next phase in Lucy's comeback: the face-lifting of her interior, eventually to house a seashore museum. Lucy, built in 1881, remembers the days when Atlantic City was *the* place for a vacation. Now, with close to \$750 million in investments expected to pour into the city, many feel the New Jersey shore resort is poised to recover much of its former status. Who knows? Perhaps Lucy?

■ \$75 CRUISE NEWS

Special for travelers visiting Greece who don't have time or money for a *big* Greek Island cruise: Epirotiki Lines' brand-new two-day cruises from Athens (Piraeus) starting August 15. Island itinerary: Santorini with ruins of a highly civilized 1450 B.C. city . . . Delos, legendary birthplace of Apollo . . . overnight on Mykonos. Unbeatable price for this cruise—ship's the 200-passenger *Semiramis*—starts at \$75, includes all meals. Through October.

■ ECLIPSE AHOY!

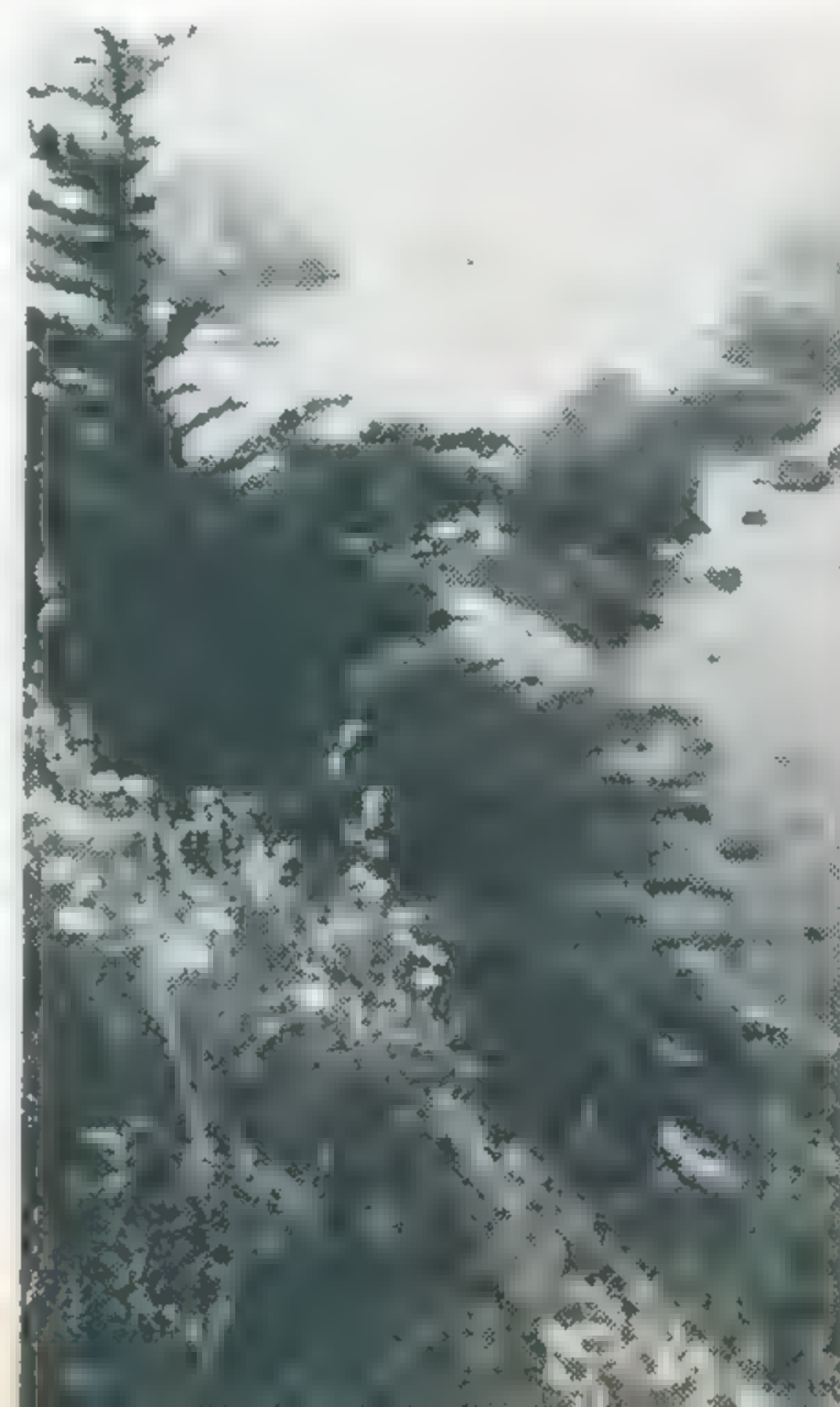


Cruise ships usually head for sunshine. This fall, *Sitmar* sends its *Fairwind* and *Fairsea* liners (above) on voyages into darkness. Reason: the total solar eclipse October 12. *Fairwind* leaves Port Everglades, Florida, October 1, hits ports in Colombia and Panama before it arrives at the eclipse view-site in the Pacific. *Fairsea* heads for the eclipse from Los Angeles, October 8. Experts in astronomy on board both boats.

**Thank-you gifts in a flash
for travel-met friends:
on-the-scene color photographs
from your Polaroid camera**

On California's
awesome Big Sur
coast (*right*),
newest stay-spot:
Ventana—
a 24-room inn
in a meadow
of redwoods
and wildflowers
high above beach.
"California cuisine":
exquisitely prepared
local fish, fruits,
vegetables.

Ted Schiffman



■ SWITZERLAND BY BIKE?

Up for an energetic vacation? Through October, Welcome Swiss Tours offers five-day bicycle tours that circle Lake Geneva for 118 magnificent—and mostly flat—miles. Starting at Lausanne, you travel country roads in Switzerland and France passing through lush vineyard areas, Roman and medieval towns. Good eating at inns along the way. Cost of the tour, including breakfasts, bike rental, multilingual guide, hotel for six nights: \$180 per person sharing a double room. Airfare extra. For details, contact: Welcome Swiss Tours, 7 Ave. Benjamin Constant, 1003 Lausanne, Switzerland. Telex: 24 803 wst ch. Or get in touch with your travel agent.

At last: an up-to-date guidebook for Americans to the year's hottest destination: Egypt. Written by travel writer/Mideast hand Kay Showker, Fodor's first-ever guide to Egypt explores the country's hotels, restaurants, sights, gives practical tips on everything from tipping to "gyppie tummy." A must for anyone planning an Egypt trip.

■ OXFORD IDYLL

Oxford, England, in summer: strolls, garden parties, lazy punts on the River Cherwell, Pimm's liqueur, and dinner at the Cherwell Boathouse. Six tables, hearty country fare, waitresses in Laura Ashley dresses, river and meadow views, fragrant air. Reserve. Phone: 55978.

—RICHARD ALLEMAN

COMPARISON REVEALS 100% VIRGIN TOBACCO IN ONLY ONE CIGARETTE

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L&M FLAVOR LIGHTS L&M LONG LIGHTS	YES	NO	NO	8 mg.
MARLBORO	NO	YES	YES	18 mg.
MARLBORO LIGHTS	NO	YES	YES	13 mg.
WINSTON	NO	NO	YES	19 mg.
WINSTON LIGHTS	NO	NO	YES	13 mg.
KENT	NO	NO	YES	17 mg.
KENT GOLDEN LIGHTS	NO	NO	YES	9 mg.
VICEROY	NO	YES	YES	16 mg.
VICEROY EXTRA MILDS	NO	YES	YES	14 mg.
VANTAGE	NO	NO	YES	10 mg.
MERIT	NO	YES	YES	8 mg.
DORAL	NO	NO	YES	13 mg.
BENSON & HEDGES	NO	YES	YES	17 mg.

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How to fill your head with fantastic images...

By Anne Taylor Fleming

EDITOR'S NOTE: Twenty-seven-year-old Anne Taylor Fleming's sense of adventure—and curiosity—brought about the best-selling book *"The First Time,"* for which she and coauthor husband Karl Fleming interviewed people in the public eye about their first sexual encounters. Here, for *Vogue*, Mrs. Fleming writes about her own first-time encounter—with Egypt.

As a child, I was instinctively drawn to Egypt. I thought of it as one of "my places," a place of magic, a point of pilgrimage to which I might sometime go to refresh my vows to various things. Now, I have made that pilgrimage and partaken of that magic, a magic more magic than even my child's mind could imagine.

I carry in my head now and forever the images of fantastic things: the Great Pyramids, sand-colored, and so old—nearly five thousand years—and massive and moving as few historical places are when actually seen; the small head of Nefertiti in the Cairo Museum, not the famous head but a simpler, unfinished one that is staggeringly beautiful and sensual, the mouth pouty and perfect; the statue of Ramses II at Memphis, a city twenty miles from Cairo, once the capital of the Pharaohs, now deserted,

now desert again, in the middle of which lies this colossal statue, his features exquisitely chiseled, his lips as full and compelling as Nefertiti's though three feet wide; and the Nile, so slow and deep, its banks ochre-tinted and lined with palms and mud-brick houses, so that being on the river is like floating through some ancient Biblical tableau.

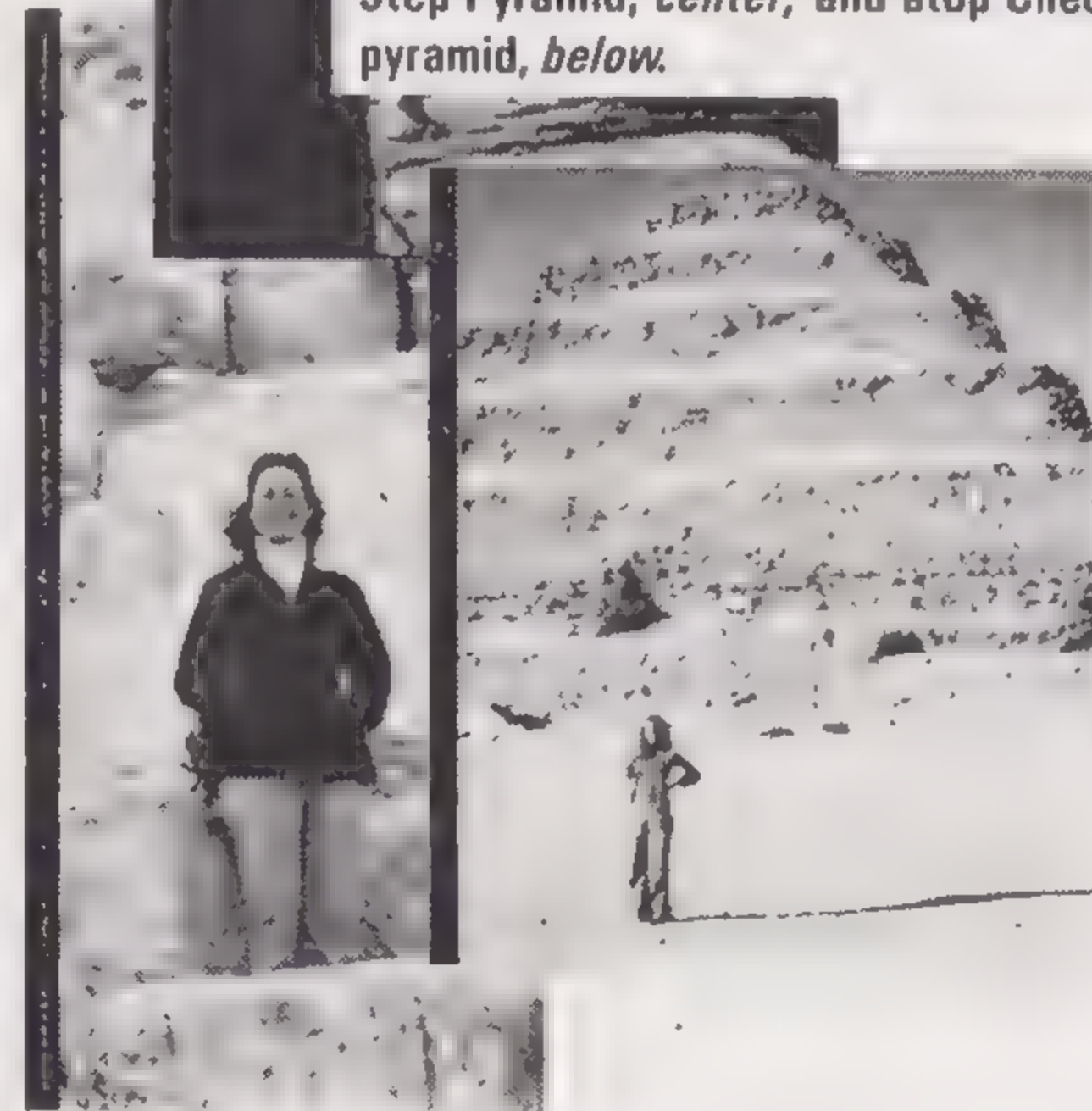
My pilgrimage began in Cairo where I joined two American women friends for a three-week holiday. Cairo is a city of noise and intensity, of four-hundred-year-old mosques and ten-year-old high-rises side by side, every building the same greying yellow. Prematurely old men—the men in Egypt are prematurely old just as the women are prematurely fat—their faces crinkled from the sun, will wear, with their traditional head-wraps and ancient flowing *galabias*, eight-inch platform shoes.

We stayed in Cairo at the Nile Hilton; everyone seems to. It's clean, located in the main square, At Tahrir, and cheap enough (our double room plus cot cost \$37 a night). The Hilton has terrific lentil soup and breakfast buffets; drinkable tap water (though we bought bottled Evian everywhere—were flagrantly healthy); a terrific view of the pyramids on unpolluted days;

and twice-weekly Gothic Islamic wedding processions through the lobby, in which the bride, always a terrified teenage virgin, is serenaded by huge young women in blond bouffant wigs and 1950's sequined gowns emitting piercing tongue trills. For



American-in-Egypt Anne Taylor Fleming: camel-riding, top, at Giza; pyramid-posing, by tiered 5000-year-old Saqqara Step Pyramid, center; and atop Cheops's pyramid, below.



the Hilton, one should make reservations a full year in advance, reservations which, God willing, or *Inshallah*, as the Egyptians say time and again, will be honored when one arrives. Egypt can be trying—reser-

(Continued on page 69)

Grain de Sable

partum by Nicky Verfaillie

JOSEPH MAGNIN



عند سفوف
سحر



Oscar de la Renta
1977 Eyewear Collection. Spectacular spectacles from America's
most glamorous designer. Choose from a complete selection
of fashion eyewear, including exclusive "Captivating
Colors"—fashion-tinted lenses. See your eye care
professional's framed originals from
Oscar de la Renta.

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Not all styles available in all stores

FANTASTIC EGYPT

(Continued from page 66)

ventions might fall through, planes might not fly. To be happy, one must just flow with things.

We were in Cairo for a week and this is what we did, all recommended:

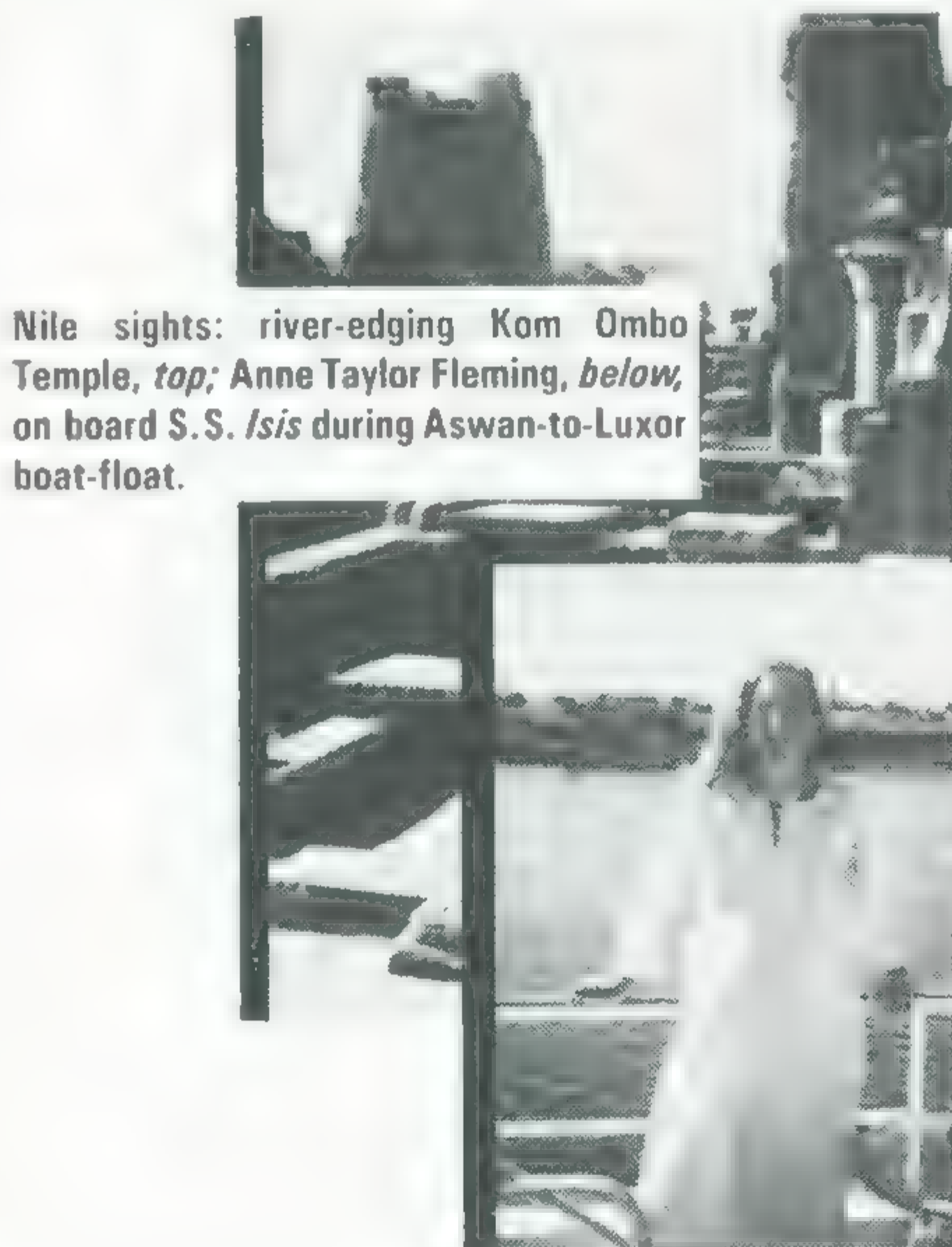
We walked everywhere, day or night, and were blissfully unhassled and unpinched, the men being honor-bound by some Islamic or nineteenth-century code of sexual ethics. We were accosted occasionally by children demanding money or *baksheesh*—everyone in Egypt asks for *baksheesh* flat out; one can remit or not—but they were winsome, easily deflected, and not visibly starving. Though poverty is fierce in Egypt, food is still relatively cheap. And oh, the streets of Cairo—the memory of them will always make me smile. They are absolutely jammed with cars honking—honking is the national tic—with donkeys braying, with masses of people walking, middle-class men in shiny suits and dark glasses, middle-class women (one sees few women on the streets, fewer still in the cafés) in very tight polyester pants or very short skirts, their eyes like cameos in frames of thick black kohl. And on every street there are the smells of bread baking, of meat grilling, of thick Turkish coffee brewing and the sounds of chickens clucking, of men arguing, of radios blaring that high-pitched Arabic music, a not unpleasing erotic whine. Any walking tour should include the hilltop Citadel Mosque with its view of Cairo; the famed Khan el Khalily bazaar, a bargainer's dream of rugs, copper, embroidered everything; and the Egyptian Museum, a hysterical hodgepodge of antiquities, its glass cases thick with dust, lights dim, a place to know what to look or ask for, such as King Tut's room—with two of his bright gold mummiform coffins, the face on one so sad, the face on the other so pacific—or the head of Nefertiti.

We ate everything—except raw vegetables—off the streets: *shawarma* (the spit of grilled lamb), eggplant in oil—even *koshery*, the national dish, an appealing goo of rice, noodles, lentils, and hot sauce sold for seven cents a bowl; we drank everything, except water, mostly Turkish coffees—many of them at Groppi's, a local hangout—fresh orange juice, and Stella, the splendid light national beer. Recommended restaurants include Taverna and the Sea Horse on the Nile, not the oft-touted Felfela's. Eat out of the hotels; it's more fun, cheaper, and the food's better.

We took four side trips from Cairo; one to the Giza pyramids and the Sphinx where we rode camels and crawled into Cheops's pyramid; one to Memphis and Saqqara, home of the Step Pyramid, the oldest one; one to Harrania, a small village where the young girls weave the loveliest and soon-to-be-costliest rugs; and one, by train, to Alexandria, a sad, dead-feeling seaside town full of Russian tourists, concrete cabanas, and the ghosts of Lawrence Durrell's characters—it is a trip I would not make again or recommend, but the other three were wonderful. One can arrange these trips through the Hilton or hire a cab for the day, but negotiate a price up front. Near the Step Pyramid, don't miss the underground maze of giant bull sarcophagi—there is something tender and quite funny about them.

We left Cairo on a chilly noon—jackets are needed in Egypt in the winter, the best travel time—and flew, on EgyptAir, which is normal if sometimes tardy, four hundred miles south to Aswan in Upper Egypt, the land of the ruins. The plane followed the Nile all the way. At Aswan, a sleepy, ever so slightly sophisticated winter resort, home of the dam and of the Aga Khan's tomb, we boarded the Nile Hilton boat, the *Isis*, a squat Mississippi-Disneyland riverboat, for a five-day cruise up the river to Luxor. It was a splendid boat ride. We floated through sunrises and sunsets, eating excellent food on board and drinking and dancing with the other eighty passengers, and stopped twice daily to visit ruins on the banks, led by a first-rate guide.

The boat trip ended with Luxor, a splendid ending. Luxor holds the wealth of Egypt's early days: on the east bank of the Nile, the 3500-year-old temples of Luxor and Karnak, the latter with mammoth columns planted like trees in a forest; and, on the west bank, five miles from the



Nile sights: river-edging Kom Ombo Temple, top; Anne Taylor Fleming, below, on board S.S. *Isis* during Aswan-to-Luxor boat float.

river, deep in the desert rocks, the Valley of the Kings with the tombs of the Pharaohs, the small tomb of Tutankhamun, his sarcophagus and actual mummy still there, and the huge one of Seti I with wall after wall of carved colored figures, the colors still so mystifyingly vibrant, the figures so lifelike, their thumbnails as delicate and rounded and real as one's own.

One should remain in Luxor a few days after leaving the boat because there is too much to see: the Tombs of the Nobles—don't miss Ramosa's tomb—the Valley of the Queens, Hatshepsut's Temple. The boat trip must be booked a year in advance like the hotel: a double cabin, all meals included: \$250 or \$50 per day per person.

For all these bookings a travel agent is advisable. He or she will know the sensible hotels: in Aswan, it's the New or Old Cataract; preferably the Old (\$15 a night for a double); in Luxor, it's the New Winter Palace. One sensible flight to Egypt is TWA's #840 which leaves Kennedy nightly at 9:00 and arrives Cairo the next day at 4:20 P.M.; the New York-Cairo 22-45-day excursion fare is \$891; various package tours have lower group airfares.

Leaving Egypt, I had a sad sense of being unmoored, detached again from a past that felt like my past. Mostly, I felt grateful that I was able to make the trip. The thought that I might have lived without ever going to Egypt horrifies me. ▽



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Food

By Arthur Gold and
Robert Fizdale

Summer's the soup season, if you serve icy spirit-lifters. Try these recipes or the Flash Foods on page 124

■ MALAGUEÑA SOUP

four servings

½ cup bread crumbs, made from stale French or Italian bread or from stale "home-style" white bread such as Pepperidge Farm trimmed of crust
2 tablespoons ground almonds
2-3 small cloves garlic, finely minced
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 teaspoons vinegar (imported sherry vinegar is very good for this)
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
2 cups ice cubes
1 medium-size very ripe Spanish melon, cantaloupe, or honeydew or even better a combination

If using a Cuisinart or other food processor, place bread into container, using steel knife; add whole blanched almonds and whole garlic cloves. Process a few seconds till bread is crumbed, almonds are ground, and garlic is finely minced. With motor running, pour in oil and vinegar. Scrape into a serving bowl, season with salt and pepper. Stir in ice cubes. With a melon-ball cutter, scoop out flesh of melon (or melons), add to bowl. Stir occasionally. Serve when ice is almost completely melted.

■ FROSTY LEMON VELVET SOUP

four servings

1 large lemon (or 2 small)
4½ cups chicken broth
4 tablespoons Minute rice
About ¼ cup light cream
Freshly ground white pepper (or black)
Garnish: 2 tablespoons chopped fresh chives; 1 hard-boiled egg, finely diced

Using a swivel-bladed vegetable peeler, peel lemon rind into thinnest possible strips; avoiding white pith which would give soup a bitter taste. Cut peeled lemon in half and juice it. Put lemon peel and juice into a pot with broth and rice. Simmer for about 10 minutes till rice is very soft.

Pour rice broth through a fine mesh strainer into container of a blender or food processor. Pick out and discard pieces of lemon peel. With back of a large spoon, press rice through strainer into soup (the rice gives soup its velvety texture). Blend.

Pour soup into a glass or white or yellow serving bowl. When tepid, stir in cream, tasting as you go, using more or less so that soup has a strong lemon flavor. Chill, covered, in refrigerator at least a few hours. When very cold, add a bit of pepper. It should not need salt. Garnish with chopped chives and diced egg before serving.

■ ICED MUSHROOM SOUP

six to eight servings

4 or 5 dried mushrooms
½ pound fresh mushrooms
4½ cups chicken broth
1 scallion, white part only, coarsely chopped
1 medium potato, boiled, peeled, sliced
Salt and freshly ground pepper
3 egg yolks
¾ cup cream
2 tablespoons chopped fresh herbs (or 1 tablespoon dried), such as dill, tarragon, or chives
Optional garnish: ½ cup sour cream

Soak dried mushrooms in hot water just to cover for 20 minutes. Drain and rub clean with your fingers. Trim ends of fresh mushrooms and wipe clean with a damp cloth. Put 1 cup of the broth in blender or processor and heat remaining broth in a large pot. Add to broth in blender both kinds of mushrooms, scallion, potato, and a little salt and pepper. Puree, then pour into the hot broth in the pot. Simmer 4-5 minutes, remove pot from heat.

In a small bowl, beat egg yolks with a whisk, then beat in cream. Whisking continuously to avoid curdling, very gradually beat in about 1 cup of the hot broth. Then pour this mixture back into pot. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, till hot, but never let it boil. Pour into a serving bowl, chill several hours. When cold, taste and season. Very cold soup requires more seasoning than hot soup. Serve sprinkled with chopped herbs and garnish with sour cream if you like.

■ PERSIAN COLD CUCUMBER-YOGURT SOUP

(Mast va Khlar)

four to six servings

½ cup currants or raisins
⅓ cup coarsely broken walnut meats
⅔ cups yogurt
¾ cup light cream
1 hard-boiled egg, finely chopped
¼ cup scallions, finely chopped
1 cucumber, peeled and finely chopped
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
Garnish: 3 tablespoons fresh dill (or 1 tablespoon dried)

Soak currants in hot water a few minutes till plump. Drain and put in a bowl with walnuts. Stir in yogurt, cream, egg, scallions, cucumber. Mix in 1 cup cold water, season. Refrigerate several hours. Serve garnished with dill.

■ TURKISH TOMATO SOUP

four servings

2 cups V-8 juice
1 cup tomato juice
1 cup yogurt
1 tablespoon olive oil
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1½ tablespoons vinegar
½ tablespoon curry powder
2-3 dashes Tabasco sauce or pinch of cayenne pepper
1 tablespoon chopped fresh mint (or 1 teaspoon dried)
1 tablespoon chopped fresh basil (or 1 teaspoon dried)
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
Garnish: 2 tablespoons chopped Italian parsley, 2 tablespoons chopped fresh basil

Blend all ingredients except garnish in container of a blender or food processor till smooth. Chill 4 hours or longer. Serve sprinkled with parsley and basil.

■ ICED GUACAMOLE SOUP

eight to ten servings

3 tablespoons butter
1½ cups minced onions
4 cloves garlic, passed through a press
¼ cup diced green peppers
3 eggs, separated
Flesh of 2 very ripe avocados
1 cup tomato puree
1 tablespoon tomato paste
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
4 teaspoons chili powder
2 teaspoons each salt and fresh pepper
½-1 cup cream, optional

Melt butter in a large pot over medium heat, add onions, garlic, and peppers; cook, stirring often, till soft, about 10-15 minutes. Add 5 cups water, bring to a boil, reduce heat to medium, and cook, covered, 10 minutes. Puree in a blender; add unbeaten egg whites. Puree another few seconds, return mixture to pot off heat.

Without washing blender container, put in egg yolks and remaining ingredients except cream. When well mixed, with blender running, gradually add 1 cup of the hot mixture. Then pour it all into pot. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, till slightly thickened; do not boil. Cool, then chill. Correct seasoning. Serve as is or with cream stirred in.

■ WENDY'S COLD RASPBERRY SOUP

four to six servings

Wendy Cryan, whose gourmet equipment shop, The Complacent Cook, in Bridgehampton, N.Y., is one of the pleasantest places imaginable to spend a rainy afternoon at the beach, makes this soup from wild raspberries as she feels anything but complacent about the price of raspberries.

2 cups raspberries, rubbed through a sieve
⅓ cup sugar (use less or none at all)
½ cup sour cream
½ cup dry red wine

Rub raspberries, sugar, and sour cream together in a bowl till well mixed, then stir in wine and 2 cups cold water. Chill.

Tip: Cold fruit soups are a very popular way to begin a summer meal in Scandinavia. Light and singularly appetizing. Of course, they are equally refreshing at the end of a meal as dessert, in which case omit cold water or add just ¼-½ cup.



"The people are so proud of what they're doing. And they take such delight in telling you about it. It gives you a feeling of history."

Thom and Carol Frazier talk about their honeymoon in Bermuda. Especially their visit with the Band of the Bermuda Regiment.

"There's a special feeling you get, playing tennis in Bermuda. Right where it all began in our part of the world."

"What a nice plus, to be able to get to all this in an hour and a half."

"You hear Bermuda is full, yet you have the island all to yourself on your honeymoon."



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Health

New salt/sugar alerts . . .
the advantages of staying high . . .
summer temperature traumas

By Melva Weber

■ SHAKE THE SALT HABIT

Studies of widely different cultures in many parts of the world have strengthened the salt/high-blood-pressure theory: Wherever people increase their salt intake, hypertensive disease, or high blood pressure, follows.

Lot B. Page, M.D., discussed the low-blood-pressure populations of the world at an American Heart Association-sponsored science writers' forum in San Antonio, Texas. For people in places as widely separated as China, Greenland, New Guinea, the Pacific islands, Africa, and Central and South America, with widely differing diets and customs, said Dr. Page, the lack of Western industrial culture and the absence of high blood pressure are linked with another factor—a very low intake of salt. Even with heavy labor, hot climates, extreme sweating, and breast feeding—all thought salt-requiring—the other-culture people use less than a teaspoonful of salt per day.

In America, on the other hand, daily salt intake is estimated as much as two and one-half teaspoonfuls—even more in people who eat a lot of snack foods. It's believed that, because of genetics, only about one in five Americans is susceptible to ill effects from excess salt. The problem: You may not know whether you're vulnerable. And salt appetite, said Dr. Page, has nothing to do with the body's salt needs.

■ HIGH LIVING PAYS OFF

Head for the hills—it may save your life, or your husband's. Men have better chances to avoid heart attacks the higher they live—in altitude above sea level.

In a New Mexico study, the state was divided into five population groups living at different altitudes about one thousand feet apart, between three thousand and more than seven thousand feet above sea level. The research team, led by Edward A. Mortimer, Jr., M.D., reported in "The New England Journal of Medicine" that heart-disease death rates for men who lived above the seven-thousand-foot level amounted to only 72 percent of the death rate of those living below four thousand feet, even though other possible influences such as city dwelling, ethnic origins, smoking habits, and water hardness were considered. In the three middle altitude ranges, the drop in death rates matched the altitude rise.

For women, the association was not so clear cut, though the highest-altitude group did have lower heart-disease death rates than those living at lower levels.

What accounts for the apparent protective effect of high living? Dr. Mortimer and associates Richard R. Monson, M.D., and Brian MacMahon, M.D., aren't certain; but the possibility is that even in lifelong highland dwellers, the reduced oxygen tension has the same effect as increased exercise.

■ WHEN YOU'RE HAVING A HEAT WAVE . . .

Is a very high fever more life-threatening to adults than to children? Can fever surge out of control and kill? Does high fever cause permanent brain and nerve damage?

At Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, Harvey B. Simon, M.D., made a careful analysis of fever records and reported to fellow physicians in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*.

The clinical records do not support the notion that a fever around 108 degrees Fahrenheit will literally fry the brain in adults, Dr. Simon said. In addition, out of twenty-eight patients who had very high temperatures, only four were children. Of the eight patients who died, six deaths were clearly attributed to the underlying disease and not to the fever episode.

Possibly, said Dr. Simon, fever *can* kill by itself; heatstroke, for example, involves a rising temperature and a dropped blood pressure, often happening when the victim cannot get prompt treatment. Hot weather is a factor in serious fevers because it's harder then to dissipate excessive body heat, Dr. Simon said. About two-thirds of the patients studied had their high fevers between June and September.

■ BLOCK THAT ALLERGY

Research word from England is that babies born to allergic parents probably should, for their first six months, be kept away from cow's milk, dairy products, and other possible allergy-causers—since children born to two allergic parents have about a 66 percent chance of being allergic themselves.

At London's Hospital for Sick Children and Institute of Child Health, Professor J. F. Soothill studied allergy-susceptible infants who were given no dairy products, fish, or eggs and were kept away from pets, horsehair, feathers, and house dust during their first half years. The "allergen avoidance" children showed only about 8 percent incidence of eczema, an allergic manifestation; but equally allergy-prone babies for whom no such control measures were taken had a much higher incidence, with nearly half of their group developing eczema. Pediatric researchers have theorized that early exposure to one allergenic substance, such as cow's milk, may trigger sensitivity to other substances; also that the early avoidance program may prevent later allergic diseases such as asthma and hay fever.

■ SUGAR EQUALS FAT?

If you're cutting down on carbohydrates, don't treat them all alike. Research at the U.S. Department of Agriculture suggests that excessive sugar in the diet may behave differently from excessive starch, that sugar will put more fat on the body, and that sugar produces higher blood levels of triglycerides, glucose, and insulin than starch does—conditions that also are diabetes indicators.

Biochemists Judith Hallfrisch and Carol Jorgensen conducted experiments with laboratory rats, a species with a metabolism similar to that of human beings. Though starch-fed and sugar-fed rats gained similar amounts of weight, more of the weight gain of sugar-eating rats was deposited in fat. Blood tests revealed impaired metabolism and symptoms similar to diabetes in the sugar overeaters.

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We're not against the sun. We're just against sun burned hair.

Ah, summer.

There isn't any good that can possibly come out of this three month orgy of sunbathing and swimming. For your hair, that is.

Sunning. Since this is the chief assailant, we'll quickly review all the not so glorious things it does. Sun dries hair. Leaves it brittle and dull. Sunlight streaks hair. And not necessarily in an attractive, natural looking way either.

Swimming. Ocean or pool. What with the salt that dries and the chlorine that discolors, we'd be hard pressed to say which does the most harm.

Then to compound this unlovely series of disasters for hair, we shampoo more frequently in summer and

blow hair dry. But what hair doesn't need is more heat. What hair needs is help.

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Four Pantene proteins work with it to give hair the body and manageability that heat takes away.

For healthy looking hair, use The Heat Solution after every shampoo.

The Shampoo de Pantene®. It's scientifically formulated to do the most good for hair. From its proper blend of Swiss Conditioners to its non-alkaline pH. And it's got Panthenol, too. Which is actually Pro-vitamin B₅ to add pliability and sheen.

More on summer. Baby your hair. Wear a scarf or hat in the sun. Rinse chlorine or salt out immediately after swimming. And use Pantene – to give back to your hair what summer takes away.

Let's not have your hair pay all year for your season in the sun.

*Products made in U.S.A.



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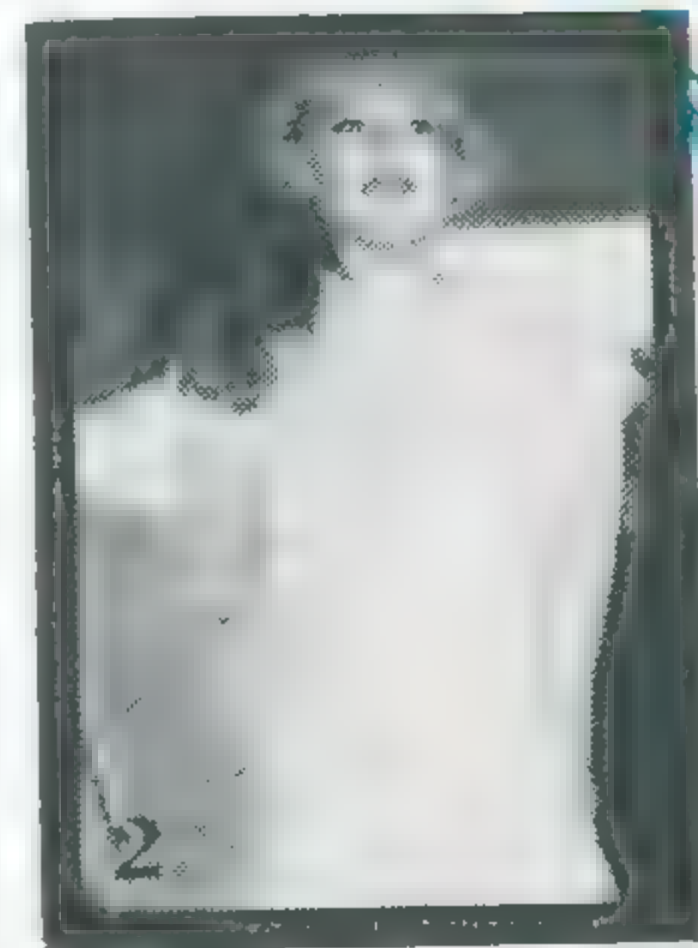
Lighter in taste. Lower in tar. And still offers up the
same quality that has made Marlboro famous.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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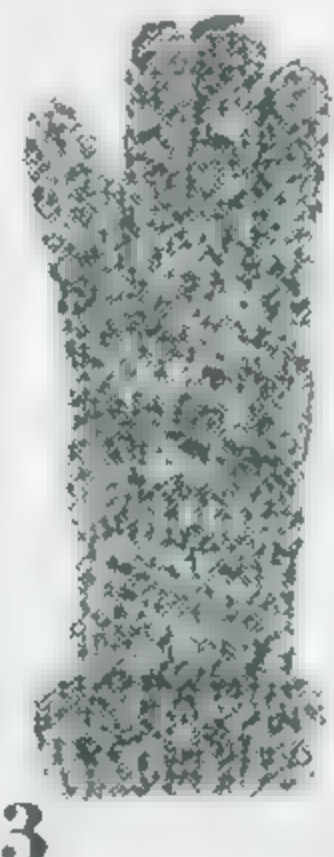
13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec '76

If it's fall, it's big-needle KNITS!

The textures alone are irresistible: big-needle shaker knits, pebbly knits, cable-and-rib knits (terrific for leggings, socks), twinings of natural brushed wool, loopy-knit mohairs, even mink "yarn" . . . it's enough to make you start counting the days till fall! 1. The Missoni knitted-muffler trick everyone picked up instantly: twist one into big, soft, fat coils around the neck. (Instant updater for any muffler.) 2. A tabard-sweater—Missoni's over-everything for fall. Pale-yellow cable-knit wool, \$120. 3. Newest knit glove: hand-knitted on *big* needles, long enough to roll. Blue/white

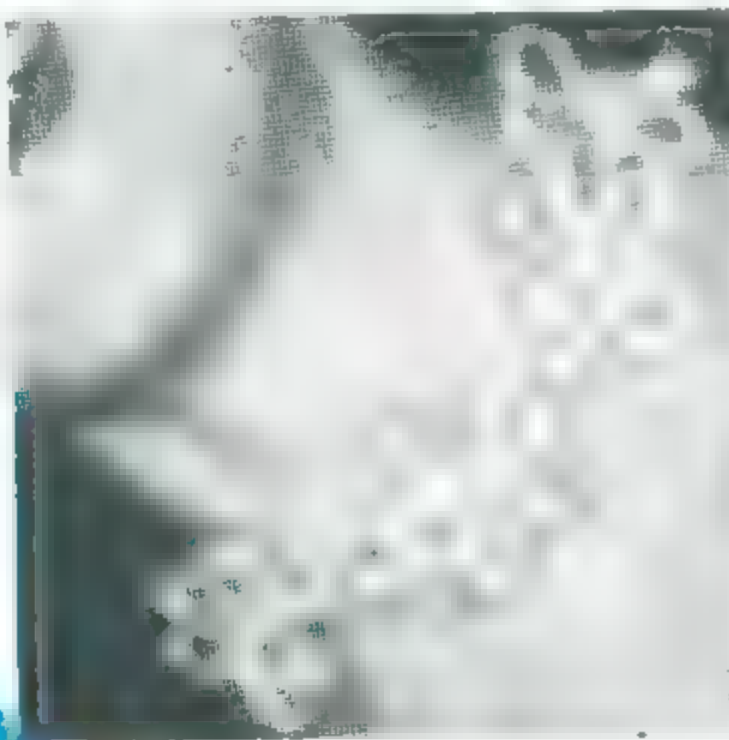


...it's coiled knit mufflers



...ribbed leggings, crocheted flowers, knitted fur

11



wool, by Trussardi. \$36.

4. One of the sensational crocheted-mink "sweaters" Oscar de la Renta made from thin strips of fur. Brown V-necked blouson, for Wagner Furs, \$4,000.

5. Christopher Robin's hat!—ear flaps, chin strap,

and all. Hand-knitted brown/white wool, Joan Vass. \$30. 6. Geoffrey Beene's nubby cowl-necked sweater-dickey; forest-green wool, \$20. 7. Newest non-leather belts: wonderful brushed woolly cords. Brown/white, Rosemary Peck. \$15. 8. Joan Vass's quick brown wool sweater-vest looks as if your grandmother made it. \$50. 9, 10. News!—the leggings-plus-rolled-socks idea. First seen under matching heavy-knit tunics at Krizia, they're everywhere for fall. Krizia's grey wool leggings, \$45. 11. Big-needle flirt!—crocheted mohair flower-necklace, also from Krizia.

All prices approximate; all stores, next to last page

5



10

...knits worn over
other knits—nothing
looks better together



Why the rich look different from you and me.

You cannot help but notice her. There is an aura of difference that goes beyond expensive clothing, or being beautifully endowed by nature. And nowhere is this more evident than in her skin.

Because she, like many other women, had the good fortune to first discover Orlane on her trips to France.

Needless to say, it was almost no time at all before Orlane became an indispensable part of her beauty regime.

For one of Orlane's many achievements in the field of skin care is their Crème Hydratante Fluide. A moisturizer that has been called dramatically and dynamically different. Yet, suitable for women with normal to dry complexions.

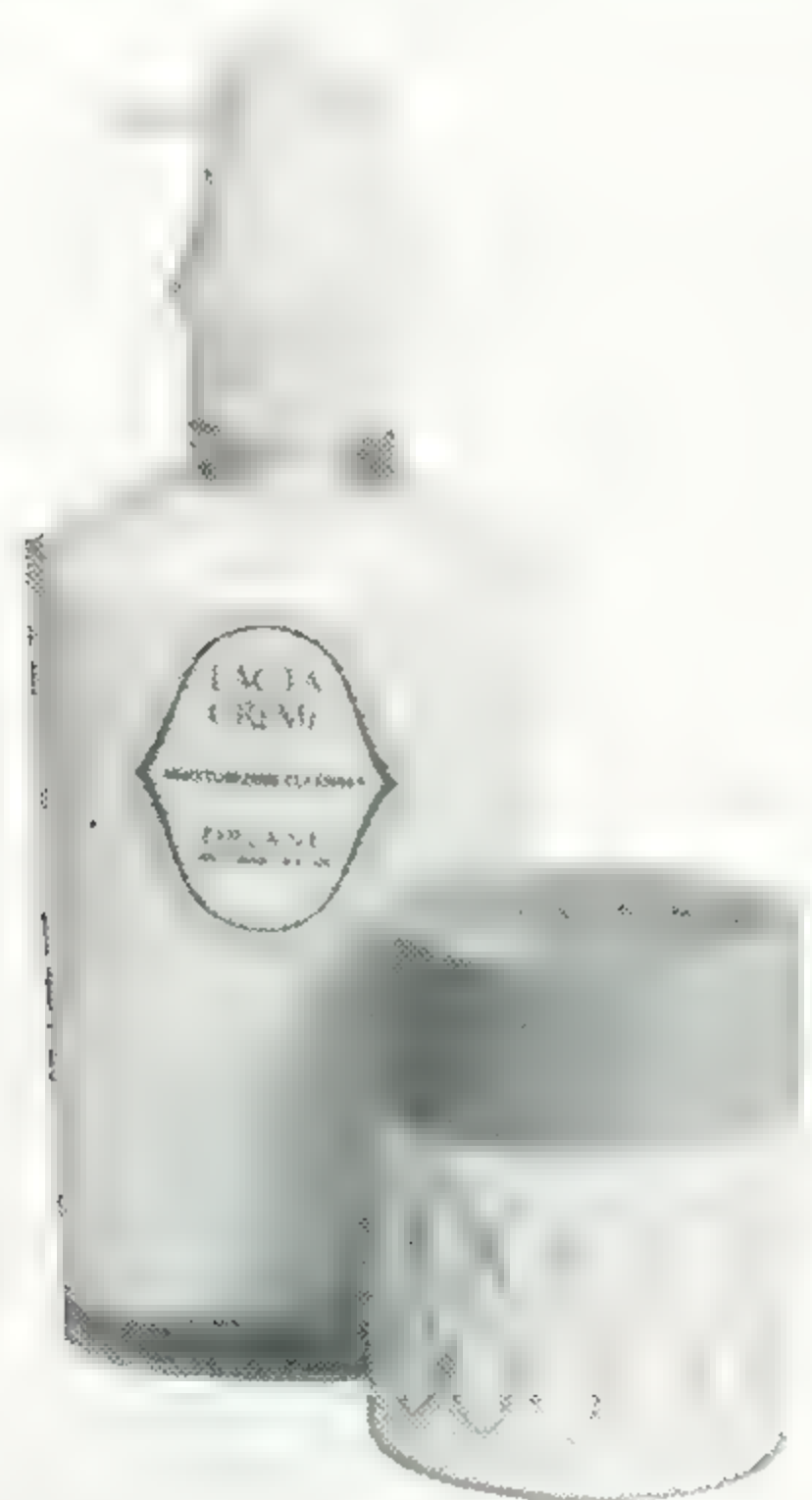
And today, Crème Hydratante Fluide is an advantage shared by all women dedicated to flawless skin.

Crème Hydratante Fluide: This delicately textured moisturizer enjoys a rather unique shark base formulation to help replenish moisture and provide skin with a smoother, more youthful appearance.

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a whole new ball game

This issue—this entire new season ahead of us—is about change. And it isn't a question of slightly bigger collars on shirts, or pants being slightly wider or slightly narrower. It isn't slightly anything. It's a big change; the whole visual impact of clothes is different—the outline is different, the fabrics are different, the putting-together is different, and where you wear what and when. Even the words we use to describe things have different meanings. Now when we talk about a dress (and you're going to be hearing that word more than you have in years), we're not talking about a garment with bust darts and a seam around the middle and a zipper up the back. We are talking about something that's as wide and loose and cozy as a nightshirt . . . that just pulls on over your head and slides on the shoulder . . . something you could pull on over other things and wear instead of a coat if you felt like it, or sleep in if it were cold enough . . . something you'd wear at home at night with fuzzy knitted tights and soft little ballet slippers; and by day, bloused over a belt and boots. . . . You're going to find that a lot of the old, familiar words have different meanings. So, here, on the theory that it's better to come in early and catch on than to come late and have to catch up: some guidelines on how to read the words—the fashion signals—for fall/winter '78 . . .

- Wherever you would have read shirt: read *blouse*. A *charmeuse blouse*, a *handkerchief linen blouse*, a *challis blouse*, a *crêpe de Chine blouse*, a *lace blouse*, a *thin cotton blouse*; a blouse with a ruffle, with tucking, with scallops, with a *sigh-of-lace edging*. Whatever—whether it's under a jacket, under a poncho, under a dress, or by itself—the blouse is the key thing—the softening thing—day or night.
- For top, read: *big top*. And by big, we mean loose, wide, soft, with a nice easy slide over the shoulder (these words apply right across the board, whether you're discussing tops, dresses, coverings—they stand for the new scale of clothes), and long enough so that when you gather in the fullness with a belt—over narrow pants and boots, over country-knitted leggings and boots—none of that generous scale is lost. (Bad word of the year: *skinny*.)
- For skirt, read: *soft dirndl*. Especially read soft, printed *challis dirndl* in a muted paisley or a floral or a small, neat menswear pattern. . . . This is a fall *suit*: brown foulard *challis dirndl*, trim little brown tweed jacket, and a blouse of apricot *charmeuse*. . . . This is an at-home look: ankle-length *challis dirndl* and a shaker-knit sweater, with textured legs and a satin ballet slipper. Do not (Continued)

FASHION NOW

(Continued)

read this as closing the books on pyjama-dressing. Anything but—there has never been a wider variety of pants-looks at night, and the tops are glorious. We're simply alerting you to another—non-luxe-y, non-party—way of being indoors at night, when the mood of the evening is just warm and easy and relaxed—where last year you would have worn cashmere pants and a shirt. That's when you're going to want to start thinking about soft dirndls and shaggy sweaters and big, cozy dresses and tops and wonderful shawls to throw around them. Very pretty effects—and very, very casual.

- For pants, read: narrowing leg, *crushed waist*. Quick picture: think of the way the top would fit if they were men's pants—all that extra fullness gets pulled in with a belt, and the line from there down gets narrower. And whatever the pants are made of—suède, tweed, corduroy—they're soft (anything not would make you look as though you were wearing a paper bag clenched in the middle).
- For coat, read: big poncho, big cape, big

shawl, serape, djellabah—which can happen in the space of a single covering (does, four pages ahead). And happens always in a thin, soft (*maneuverable!*) fabric—mohair, a cashmere-y wool, a fur blend, a cozy knit—and is as much "coat" as most people are ever going to want. Except in the dead of winter . . . for which, read: shearling.

- For dinner-dressing, read: tops and skirts in unexpected contrasts of texture—a sheer gold lamé blouse with a Glen plaid skirt, a crêpe de Chine blouse with a baby-leather skirt, a mohair sweater with a lace skirt. The luxe against the casual . . . it's easy, it's dressed. It's modern.
- For accessories, read . . . a belt that's a length of patterned knitting to wrap and wrap and knot at the waist, or a long rope of yarn twisted with bronze metallic . . . a necklace of silver threads with a stone hung on it, or chunks of glazed terra-cotta slipped through a macramé cord . . . a scarf is a piece of mesh, like fishnet, knotted at the ends. . . . The whole world of accessories has changed.

The whole world of dressing has changed. And we say this advisedly, knowing that change is a loaded word in fashion—damned if you do and damned if you don't. There are women who are going to go through the next pages swearing they would never-ever-be-caught-dead, et cetera. And there are other women who are going to get the message right away. The point is, nothing has happened overnight: where fashion is now is where it's been heading for a long time—it is ease pushed to a new level of modernity. If you've been watching, you're ready for it . . . the way it looks, the way it feels. And you're going to get a lot of pleasure out of it. Which is the name of the (whole new ball) game.

FALL *signals*

A FASHION ESSAY
BY
AVEDON

Throughout these 12 pages: Hair, Harry King; makeup, Sandra Linter and Way Bandy. The makeup, opposite, by Way Bandy, using colorings from Elizabeth Arden's Great Color collection—Toasted Honey powder blush, Silk Rose lipstick, Irish Moss eye coloring pencil. Fashion details, page 91.



The blouse — the softener — the top of the year!

VERSACE'S CRÊPE DE CHINE BLOUSE: HIS SIGNATURE — UNDER THINGS, ON ITS OWN, ALL WAYS FOR ALL HOURS.



Avedon

The most blouse — the blouse as a tunic — in lace

WHO ELSE BUT LAGERFELD! — HE DID THE MOST GLORIOUS BLOUSES OF ALL — AND ALWAYS WITH TOUCHES OF LACE



Shearling — the warmth of the world!

GEOFFREY BEENE DID IT AS A JACKET — THE LIGHTEST! — OVER A PLEATED SKIRT BY DAY, A SILK PYJAMA AT NIGHT



Avedon

Where you would have thought coat...

...THINK UN-COAT. THINK SAINT LAURENT'S PONCHO/CAPE/SHAWL ROLLED INTO ONE WIDE, WONDERFUL COVERING!



Watch for a big change in at-home dressing!

YVES'S ZOUAVE PANTS ARE A SYMBOL: A CHANGE FOR THE SOFTER IN PANTS IN EVERYTHING. AND A GLORY OF A BLOUSE!



Avedon

This year, there is something called...a dress

A BIG, COZY SLIDE OF A DRESS À LA CASTELBAJAC YOU CAN BELT IT, PUT IT OVER THINGS, LIVE — EVEN SLEEP! — IN IT



Everybody did — everybody wants! — the big top

ISSEY MIYAKE HAS THE PROTOTYPE — ALL THAT SLIDE ON THE SHOULDER, ALL THAT WIDTH TO BELT OVER PANTS AND BOOTS



Avedon

Informality: new word for at-home dressing

IT HAS TO DO WITH THE EASE AND WARMTH OF MISSONI'S OVERSIZED DRESS — AND THE COLOR — AND THE SHAWL!



To look for—long for!—the tint-of-color fur

THIS SUBTLE, IT HAS TO BE FENDI. AND MORE THAN A SIGNAL FOR FUR: IT STANDS FOR SHAPE, FOR SCALE. FOR NEWS



Avedon

When you think at-home: think texture, think cozy

GEOFFREY BEENE CLUES YOU IN: SHAKER KNIT / SOFT DIRNDL / WOOLLY LEGS / BALLET SLIPPERS—THE CHARM IS IN THE MIX



Re dinner: watch lace, watch knitting—together!

AT KRIZIA (AND ALL OVER THE MAP): THE WHOLE THING OF SURPRISE TEXTURE-MIXES — CASUAL COMES TO DINNER!

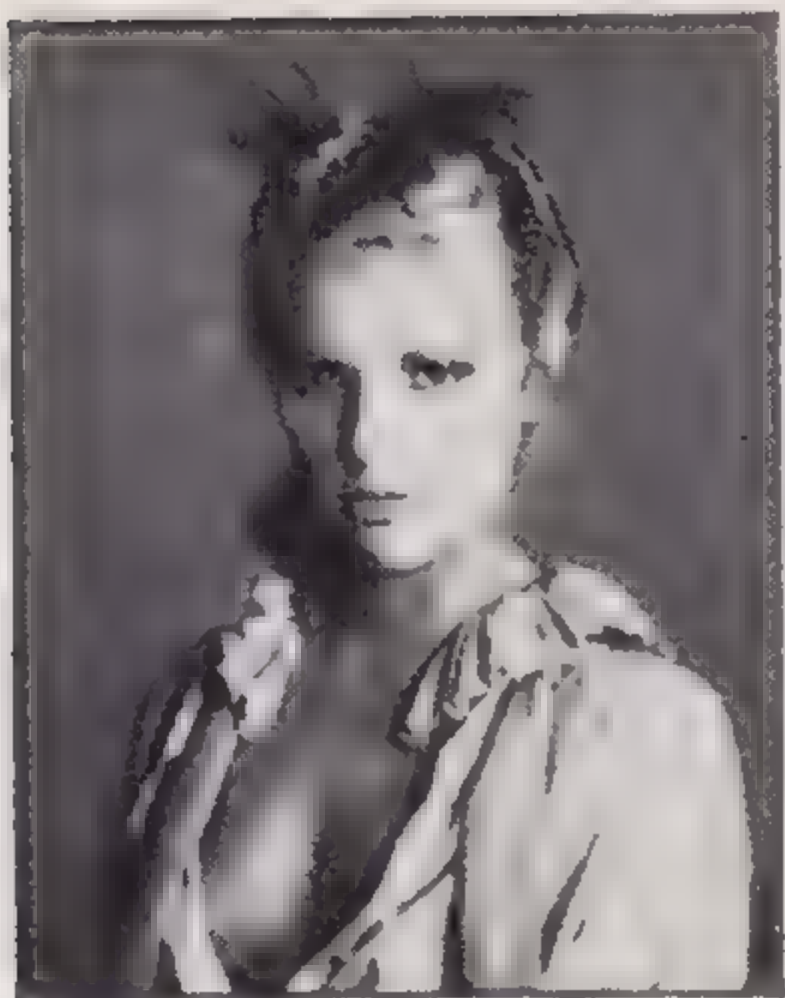


Avedon

For pants, read: crushed waist, narrowing leg

AS IN BILL ATKINSON'S: A LITTLE TOO BIG ON TOP—AND SOFT!—SO YOU CAN JUST GATHER IT IN WITH A ROPE

12 Signals... details on where, how much, et al.



1 About \$225. Aug., Altman's; Nan Duskin; Claire Pearone; Neiman - Marcus; Neusteters; Bullock's Wilshire.



2 About \$1,200. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Barton/Sligh's; Lou Lattimore; Giorgio.



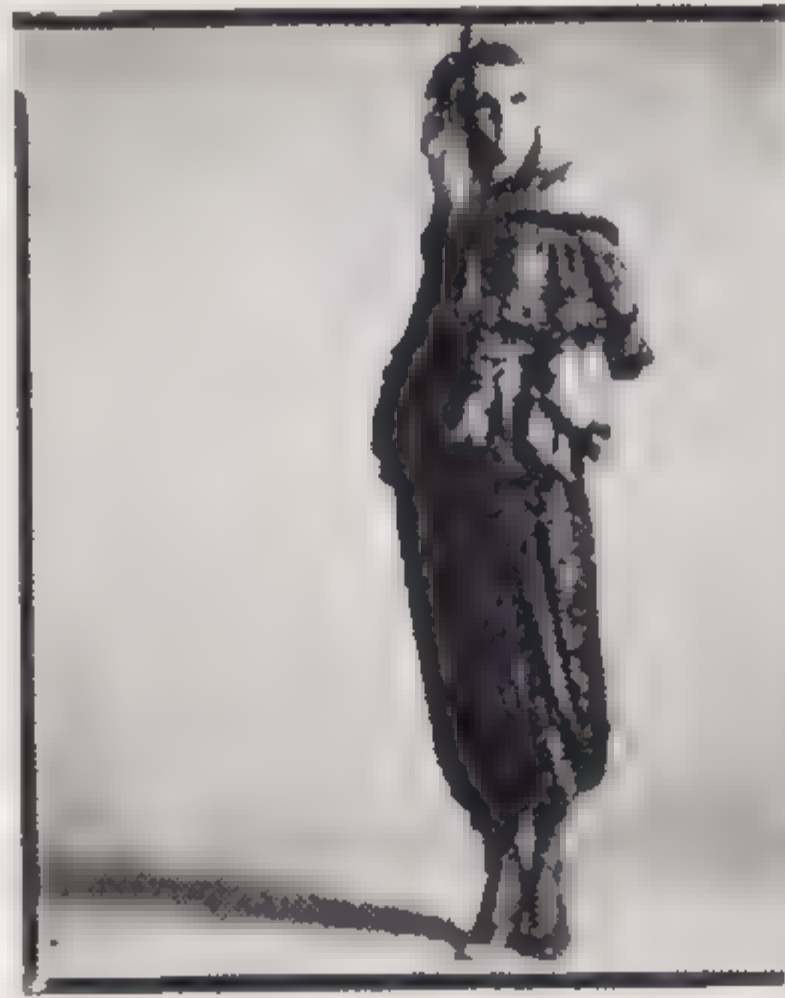
3 All, about \$1,750. September, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Saks-Jandel; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus.



4 About \$440. At Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Boutique Femme, N.Y.; Kaufmann's; The Union; Neiman - Marcus, Chicago, Fort Worth; Frederick & Nelson.

... We can't start without naming a few names: the two great-looking girls in this Avedon portfolio are Patti Hansen (opposite) and Janice Dickinson (seen first on page 84). The hair was all done by Harry King; Way Bandy did the makeup for pictures 1, 6, and 7; Sandra Linter did all the others. ...

1. Signal of softness: one of the silk crêpe de Chine blouses Gianni Versace showed with everything at Complice—skirts, pants, leathers, tweeds, day and night. Bini fabric. Ted Muehling hair ornament, at Bergdorf Goodman. Geoffrey Beene for Jewel Case scarf, at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's. **2.** In transparent antique cotton lace, the blouse as a tunic from Karl Lagerfeld for Chloé... sometimes slipped over nothing but tights (talk about at-home allure), other times tucked into a skirt and under a short jacket. Earrings, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. Silk rose, Belle McIntyre Studio. Round-The-Clock tights, at Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. **3.** Just the beginning of a winter of wonderful shearlings (don't you wish they'd been there last year!): Geoffrey Beene's velvet-soft short jacket, wool sweater, silk-jacquard shirt and skirt (Gandini silk), with his new signature: knitted, knotted mesh scarves (Geoffrey Beene for Jewel Case; stores, page 92). **4.** The kind of non-coat covering the world's full of for fall!—the grey wool poncho-feeling cape to wrap on like a shawl. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Hair ornament, Bonwillum Designs. Yves Saint Laurent muffler and boots (boots at Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin). **5.** Symbol of the whole new range in P.M. dressing—and of the whole new change in pants-and-tops dressing: a dazzle of off-the-shoulder blouse in gilded paisley silk chiffon, over pleated panne velvet Zouave pants. All, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Hair ornament, Ted Muehling. Waist wraps: M&J Savitt (gold cubes), Rosemary Peck (woolly tie), and Ted Muehling (gold/brass "birds"). Yves Saint Laurent shoes, at Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus. **6.** For Castelbajac followers, the new basic dress. For everybody, the news of oversized dressing with sportswear versatility: belt it, blouse it, pull it over pants, use it as a covering—do whatever comes naturally.



5 Top, about \$485; pants, about \$350. At Bloomingdale's; Eleganza, N.J.; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Hattie; I. Magnin.



6 About \$450. Available, August, Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

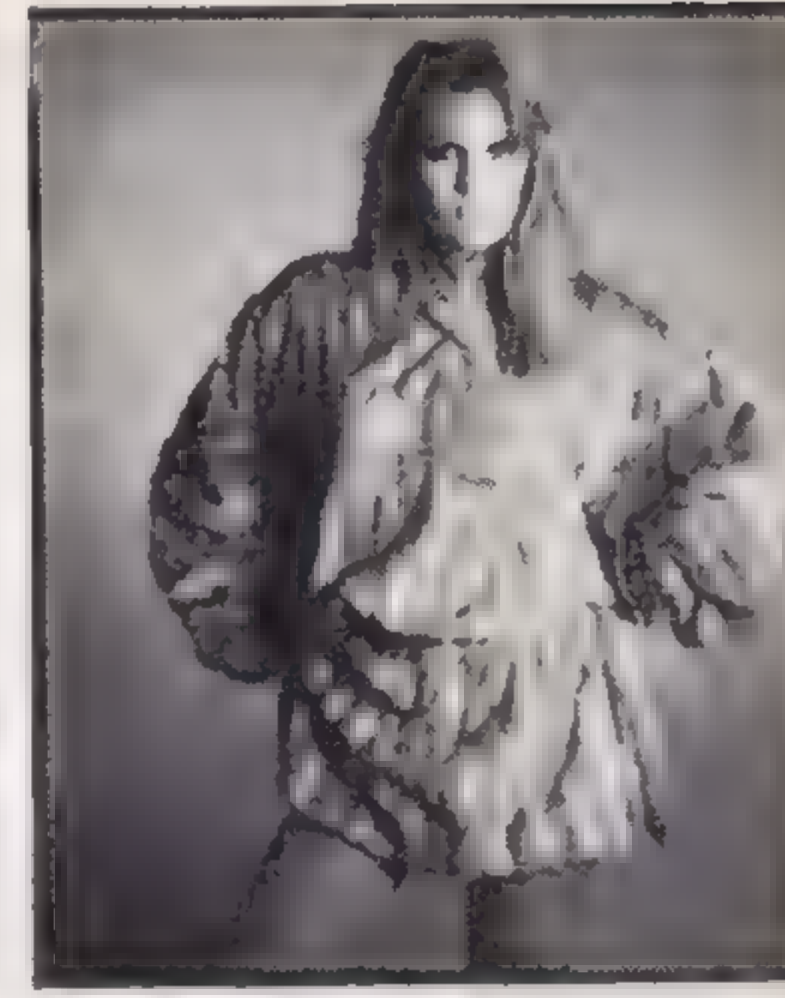


7 Top, about \$210; pants, about \$125. September, at Henri Bendel; Hattie; Ultimo; Lou Lattimore.

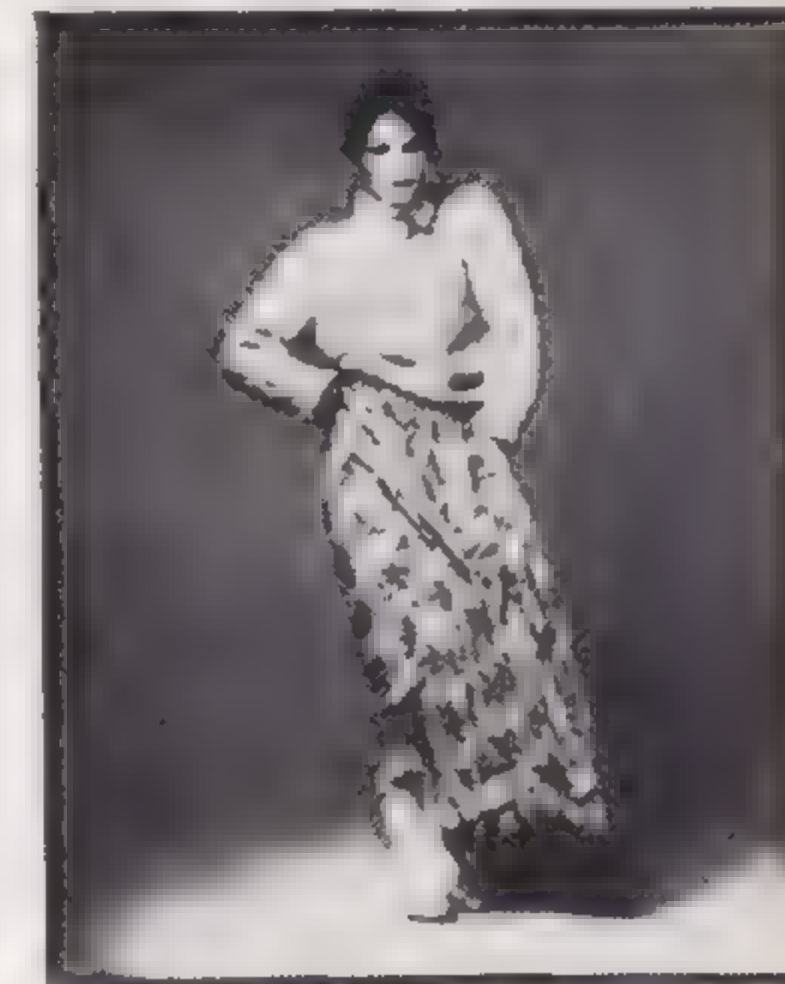


8 Dress, about \$200; shawl, about \$140. Available, late July, at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Ultimo; Neiman-Marcus.

Brushed cashmere/wool; rust suède yoke, camel silk liner. Tights, Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon. Castelbajac boots, Sept., Henri Bendel; Charles Gallay. **7.** Re pants-and-tops dressing '78: the look! Issey Miyake's big, soft, loose drop-shouldered tan cotton top slung over leg-narrow black cotton pants. Ted Muehling hair ornament, at Bergdorf Goodman. **8.** The ease and warmth, the wonderful colorings, the shawl to make you forget all others... terrific new at-home (anyone's home) dressing from Missoni... blouse it with a belt and you're out on the streets (the Missonis call this their 24-hour dress). Knitted wool. Cuff, Andrew Hatfield for Kruger Gallery. Joan and David boots, at Ann Taylor. **9.** From Fendi, the news in fur colorings—fur washed in tints of color, from pale pink to wine (this, in orange and bois de rose)—and the news in proportion and softness and thinness and scale: spectacular! Weasel doublet—racy over Fendi's cotton pants, a dream over a soft dirndl—by Karl Lagerfeld for Fendi. Hair ornament, Joanne Cooper & Peter M./Silver Studios. Bangles, Bonwillum Designs and Jonson & Marcius for V.V.G. **10.** To watch for—to own! The charming thing of a heavy-knit sweater, soft dirndl, and ballet slippers at home (we promised you a new world of at-home-dressing). Beene Bag cream wool turtleneck, cream/grey brushed-cotton skirt... and touches of pale pink: the neck rose, Capezio ballet slippers. Cream ribbed tights: Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon. **11.** From Krizia, the new dinner dressing: a sweater, a skirt... in a fascinating mix of textures—knitted taupe mohair (watch knitting all hours of day and night) over a taupe cotton lace skirt, just skimming the ankles. Neck cord, Marieluisa Stern for Stigi Jewelry, at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. **12.** The pants that suddenly are making pants look new again—crushed-waist pants, just a bit too big on top so you have to belt them in (nothing makes you look smaller!). In taupe chamois suède. By Bill Atkinson—as is the cream ribbed cashmere sweater. Creations III muffler, at Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Rosemary Peck woolly waist cord, at Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus.



9 Fur jacket, about \$3,500; pants, about \$160. Available Aug., Bergdorf Goodman; Bonwit Teller, Chicago; Hattie.



10 Sweater, about \$96; skirt, about \$70. Mid-Oct., Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Higbee's; Hudson's; Hovland-Swanson; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson.



11 Sweater, about \$140; skirt, about \$300. Available, late July, Bergdorf Goodman; Hattie; Lou Lattimore; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.



12 Ribbed top, about \$130; pants, about \$200. Available, mid-July, at Lord & Taylor; Kaufmann's; Hutzler's; Hovland-Swanson; Neusteters; Bullock's.

a.m./p.m. beauty signals

Vogue's beauty-forecast news . . . what's here, what's coming for fall: A new look of ease . . . a look with a little abandon to it—tousled hair and thin, unbelievably subtle tints of makeup color. This is not the season for a woman who feels she needs to “hide” behind lots of makeup color and a rigid “coiffure.” But if you feel good about yourself—have the confidence to try something new—you're going to like what you see on these six pages. . . . Starting with **the news for day:** a whole new palette of romantic earthy/fresco coloring. **The news for cheeks, lips:** gold honey/beige-y/berry colors. Two examples from Dior, right: Indian Brown cheeks, Lumere Amber lips (or, in the same feeling, their Sultry Mauve—another cheek coloring). **The news in eye color:** really more eye blush than eye shadow now—in neutral and clay tones; or (as here) the warm, desert tones from Dior's Golden Russet eye-shadow compact. Plus—lots more mascara. . . . And with the new softness in clothes (of which Geoffrey Beene's knitted-mesh scarves, right, are the prototype), **the makeup of the year**—the color that replaces spring/summer's melon and apricot for lips and cheeks, that works as a neutral with this year's clothes the way soft red worked last year: Berry. Clear pink-berry to brown-berry to mauve-y berry to—newest!—a deep, deep oxblood tone. . . . **What's also news is a balance of color.** Meaning, everything's not only soft but the same intensity of softness—eyes, lips, cheeks. In other words, the pinky brown eye blush here could be—should be!—used as a cheek color, too.

MAKEUP, WAY BANDY. HAIR, HARRY KING.
ACCESSORY DETAILS, NEXT TO LAST PAGE.





The new look of P.M.

Beauty: the easiest hair (more about it, next page) and sheer luminous tints of makeup that have the glimmer of the neck "jewel" here—designed for the Geoffrey Beene collection by sculptor Cara Croninger. The same A.M. palette works for P.M.—with one difference: color is ombréd, gleams with the sheer burnished color of Chanel's Golden Currant lipstick, right. . . . **The news for lips:** they're sensuous, soft, full (for which, read: no hard-edge outlining), more muted than they've been in years. . . . **The news for nails,** photographed, far right: the oval shape, the luminous dusty rose/terra-cotta nail color—Chanel's Golden Ginger. And the color for toes: always darker, deeper—different—and tinged with ombréd gold . . . with a bare sandal, it's sensational! . . . And the new muted look of a gold cuff at Mary McFadden—wrapped in macramé.

a.m. p.m. beauty signals

MAKEUP, WAY BANDY. HAIR, HARRY KING.
ACCESSORY DETAILS, NEXT TO LAST PAGE.





New way to think about beauty at night—think mood. A soft, unblatant, romantic mood. It has to do with candlelight-lighting. And with the underplay of Mary McFadden evening-dressing, *right*—thin and sinuous and gold. . . . It has to do with makeup colors that don't even sound like evening—the cheek color called Glazed Brownberry, for instance, and Copper gloss stick. Both by 'Ultima' II Charles Revson, and so sheer and in a tone you could keep layering on all night without ever looking "made up." **The news for eyes:** they're blushed with color, highlighted with burnished gold/copper, rimmed in smudgy tones—blackberry, brown, and—newest—deep navy, and, here 'Ultima' II Charles Revson Charcoal Grey. This year's not-to-forget finisher: mascara'd lashes—full, thick, fringy ones are key. . . .

The news for hair: bangs, wispy ones that just cover the brow—and eyebrows—are back! And A.M./P.M.: what you're still seeing—hair that is casual, free. Only more so. Hair has a certain shaggy, tousled look. (If you have naturally curly hair, this is your moment!) We think it works for everyone because looser, softer, easier hair takes years off anyone's looks—if you don't believe us, experiment just once!

a.m. p.m.
beauty **signals**

MAKEUP, WAY BANDY. HAIR, HARRY KING.
ACCESSORY DETAILS, NEXT TO LAST PAGE.





When something new happens to clothes, something new happens

SHOE *signals*

You couldn't miss it —in every collection, everywhere you went there was a whole new focus on legs and feet. When you saw news "on top," you saw new shoes, boots, and stockings that went right along with it.... You saw more boots, more ways. With all the wonderful soft skirts —challis to tweed to jersey—sleek, straight-as-a-cylinder boots in polished leathers... the same kind of boot with this season's big slide-y dresses....A great-looking new over-the-knee soft boot to wear with a tunic-top and textured legs...or a thick Shaker sweater and matching leggings. Or to pull on over the narrowest narrow pants and cuff down



to shoes—you can't change

one without the other!

Left to right: The new colored metallic sandal brilliant-green snake-skin on a rounded and tapered high heel. Arsho for Shoe Biz. About \$90. Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel and Lou Lattimore; Joseph Magnin.

News at-home: the charm of a pink satin ballet slipper with narrow pink metallic ties. Anne Klein. About \$40. Bonwit Teller; Kaufmann's; Sakowitz; Bullock's, Westwood.

The weather boot: luggage leather on a crêpe sole and heel, shearling-lined nylon top. Xavier Danaud. About \$105. Bloomingdale's; Dayton's; Shaw's of San Francisco.

Best all-around boot—cylinder-straight, in Burgundy leather. Bally of Switzerland. About \$250. Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop.

Evening textures: thin strips of gold on black suède—Geoffrey Beene's beautiful new slingback. About \$90.

Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Swanson's on the Plaza; Balliet's.

The unheavy tie: red-and-black leather on a medium heel. Joan and David. About \$80. Lord & Taylor; Ann Taylor, Connecticut; Filene's.

For day—for everyone!—a new boot, a soft-tie shoe...and a

Left to right: A great-looking shorter boot to wear with textured legs, with pants: the mid-calf boot in rust leather, wrapped and strapped and set on a high, straight heel. Yves Saint Laurent. About \$170. Late July, at Bloomingdale's; Kaufmann's; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. The barest!—the gunmetal metallic slingback — one strap over the toe, one over the instep. The kind of sandal—and neutral coloring!—that goes with everything at night. By Geoffrey Beene. About \$75. Saks Fifth Avenue; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson. The soft kiltie-tie—rust suede, low stacked heel—for skirts, pants, walking! Oscar de la Renta for Pan-kin International. About \$70. Mid-July, Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Higbee's. Insulated—invincible!—the brown rubber rainboot with a drawstring nylon top, and fleece lining. By Andrew Geller. About \$32. August, at Altman's; Garfinckel's; Marshall Field; Stix, Baer & Fuller. The new lighter oxford on a slightly raised crêpe sole—the pale-beige suede wingtip. To wear with a gold-flecked sock... or bright stripes... or a chenille knit... or...! Shoes, by Ralph Lauren for Saddle Room. About \$90. At Saks Fifth Avenue. N.Y.; Dayton's; Balliet's; I. Magnin.



knockout bare sandal at night



SIGNALS There's a new softness that applies



right across the board — clothes, shoes, boots...day and night!

(Continued)

(boots are that soft this year!), sometimes to show its cozy shearling lining....There are short boots to go with pants, or with a mid-thigh tunic and colored tights. Boots at night: with tights and a ravishing lace tunic...in satin with satin pants. And—at last!—boots that work for cold and wet.


Softer, lighter flats are news—with a textured leg they give the same proportion as boots. Flirty little ballet-slipper flats to breeze along with pretty ankle-skimming skirts and loose, easy dresses (watch for satin ballet slippers at night!)....Light *unlined* moccasins and slip-ons and new flat ties that work with skirts and pants. If you can't wear a flat, there's a heeled moccasin or tie shoe with the same feeling....

Legs get the lift of texture and color. And we don't mean a few striped tights here and there. You'll find everything from thick sweater-knit tights for short tunics to thin patterned opaques for skirts, with every kind of tweed, rib, cable, and color in between. Not only stockings—the hottest thing going is socks. And for what socks cost, you can afford to go a little crazy. Lurex-flashed knitted socks to wear with suède oxfords and tweeds...silky men's-striped socks—in red!—to slip on with black tuxedo flats at-home.

Big evenings are sensational. You don't know how they do it, but sandals get better and better. Wonderful metallics on a new rounded and tapered high heel, in a new range of go-with-everything colors—pink, peach, mauve, blue, green. It all dazzles—metallics with other metallics, metallics with suède, metallic-lined satin boots. Metallic-shimmered stockings—in pale, sheer, sandal-matching shades. On these six pages, a look at the key new shoes and boots. More, with stockings and socks, in Finds, later this issue.

Top to bottom: This year's evening boot to wear with narrowest pants: high-heeled black satin lined in gold kid—it weighs about as much as a glove! Walter Steiger for Shoe Biz. About \$150. Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel and Lou Lattimore; Joseph Magnin; Nordstrom. The soft unlined shoe—the lightest day shoe ever!—Geoffrey Beene's tassel moccasin in brown waxed leather. About \$60. Available in September, at Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus. Newest—highest!—boot—the over-the-knee boot, in supple brown leather on a high straight heel. To pull on over tights when you're in something short and slide-y...long and slide-y...or over pants—one of the season's key look turners! Customcraft by Rossi. About \$190. Mid-Aug., Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Bullock's, Westwood.





The print, the color, the charm—Julio had it all!...In crêpe de Chine, the soft blouse and dirndl in two sizes of paisley, with a paisley ruffle to tie at the throat—delicious to put on, anytime! Blouse, about \$270. Skirt, about \$290. Ruffle, about \$150. All, at Bloomingdale's; Miss Jackson's; Neiman-Marcus; Neusteters; I. Magnin.

Toscani

New way to be in a sweater and skirt at night, above—any night of the year: Julio's plunging fuchsia drawstring sweater in a sheer fisherman's knit, wool-and-silk skirt in stripes and paisley. Rayon sweater, about \$170. Skirt, about \$390. Bergdorf Goodman; Saks-Jandel; Jacobson's; Lou Lattimore; Bullock's Wilshire. Hair, Marc Pipino of Pipino-Buccheri; make-up, Ariella. Accessories, next to last page.

Just when you think you own every kind of evening pants... Julio's soft, narrowing black satin jacquard pants, *right*, crumpled like sleeves over the ankle—and his beautiful little paisley top in silk jacquard! The top and pants, about \$590. At Elizabeth Arden Salons; Saks-Jandel; Swanson's on the Plaza; Sakowitz; and Neusteters.

The paisley crêpe de Chine, the blouson, the charm of a striped chiffon underskirt and shawl—the spirit of dressing at Julio! Dress, about \$790. Shawl, about \$150. Bonwit Teller; Jacobson's; Swanson's on the Plaza; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

From Julio, some of the prettiest clothes in town! Wonderful deep Paisleys, weightless fabrics, things with volume—and a smallness—that reveals the body in the most delicious ways imaginable.... To wear this instant, to wear all year long!

IRRESISTIBLE!

PARIS SIGNALS

By Mary Russell

Who are these new designers everybody is talking about?

Why have they all but dethroned the giants of French fashion?

Why do their simple, natural, unpretentious clothes all of a sudden look and feel so right?

Where did they come from?

The answer is simple. They have been here all this time. Working, learning, and watching. They all want change. A change in structure. Not only in the structure of clothes but in the structure of the way designers work and show their clothes, and in the way clothes are sold and worn and conceived.

First: They make clothes, not designs. When they talk about a collection, it is not in the old sense. It is not the ego trip of a person making his name and imposing his look on the woman who wears his clothes. These designers want to make clothes that bring out the personality of the wearer. Real clothes in natural fabrics. Clothes that can be collected and mixed with other things.

Clothes that might even wear out from being worn....The whole story is this: the status/cult way of dressing is on the way out (at least in France). These designers are concerned with the social and economic problems of our time. They think about the price of the clothes they make. They think about their own changing lives and about the lives of women who buy clothes. Naturally, their clothes are shown twice yearly in organized showings, and they are manufactured and publicized and sold... but with a new awareness. Jean-Charles de Castelbajac says:

"Clothes reflect the social and economic convictions of the wearer. The way a person dresses tells you everything he or she wants you to know, either in a conscious or unconscious way--how rich he is, how free or not free, his social aspirations or lack of them. A woman who wears a two-thousand-dollar dress has to assume the responsibility for wearing it...and must be careful (Continued, page 150)



New designers...new ideas



JEAN-CHARLES
DE CASTELBAJAC

AGNES B.

ISSEY
MIYAKE

CLAUDE MONTANA
for Ferrer y Sentis

Where the action is...

"There are more thieves than inhabitants in Milan: of all the Italian cities, Milan is the one with the highest crime rate; its streets are deserted at night, no one goes out any more; the wealthy young people have fled abroad, the rest vent their dissatisfaction daily...." In spite of this bleak state of affairs, seven hundred local and foreign buyers and members of the special press showed up from March 14 to 18 for the Milan ready-to-wear: the most comprehensive and interesting survey of Italian fashion, including 46 official entries, several "clandestine" ones, and a commercial market with 110 exhibiting manufacturers, at Milano-vendemoda.

What has been called the "Milan phenomenon" is all the more surprising in view of the age-old dispute between two cities as to which should be privileged to officiate as fashion capital, finally settled in favor of both: Rome, for haute couture and

By Maria Pezzi



MILAN SIGNALS



MARIUCCIA
MANDELLI
of
Krizia

MURIEL
GRATEAU
for Mario
Valentino

TAI AND
ROSITA
MISSONI

GIANNI
FERRARI
for Calli
Complie

Florence, for ready-to-wear, thus hoping to avert further controversy on the subject. "The Milan fashion scene has emerged as naturally as a flower in a field," lyrically says Aldo Ferrante of Basile, a brilliant marketing expert with a knack for picking up the right scent at the right moment; "Aldo Ferrante," he adds with a tinge of pride in his role of pioneer, "arm in arm with Walter Albini [the designer of his five collections in 1970] was the first to launch the Milan operation; just like a wind blowing pollen from flower to flower, Basile has swept in its wake one name after another."

But a snowflake won't turn into an avalanche unless you have the right atmospheric conditions, and Ottavio Missoni says realistically: "Between Florence and Paris, there was an international city, Milan, and there was no need to establish a commercial market since it already existed; anyone setting up a stand on a Milanese piazza would be sure to sell everything." Krizia's Aldo Pinto states it more plainly: "Let's not kid ourselves--it's the only efficient (Continued, page 150)

People are talking about...

Jimmy and Flip and Tut and George

Pride, as in sense of, and how that's what we are getting more and more of as Jimmy De-pomper talks it on the international line: we do not have to support dictators just because they are said to be anti-communist. . . .

The real-estate sellers' market snatch-now, what with co-ops and houses on the big-money move, 'specially in Manhattan, Charleston, New Orleans, Los Angeles area—and not only to Arabs, French, Italians, and English but to other Americans. . . .

The beat from the East for more and more dancing feet: trad disco plus a revenant fox trot plus the "King Tut Strut"—it's a shuffle! And that's blowing the coolest hot from Manhattan's newest thèques: Studio 54 and New York, New York where everybody's been doing it. . . .

Beepers and revolvers, the former increasingly worn in New York, and the latter in Milan by on-the-towners. . . .

Flip Wilson, with his "The devil made me buy this dress," on hilarious view again, but in hotsy-totsy person as he summer-plays, after a seven-year drought, the show places—and the future-plan rumor that Flip/Geraldine may do *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*: Lorelei Lee, of course. . . .

The fourteen-year-old runaway girl who, while refuting in Washington, D.C.'s new help-awhile home, painted on a signboard now on view there, "The Sasha Bruce House is a sweet flower. We are here because our parents leave us at home, and all the men around know we're alone. Our parents do return, but we have been raped, beaten and burned. . . ."

Vienna Waltzes, the George Balanchine apotheosis of the waltz, eighty ballet minutes of noble, swooning, whirling ecstasy, as danced to Strauss (Johann, Jr., and Richard), Lehár (Franz) by the New York City Ballet in Saratoga this July. . . .

Listomania. What with David Wallechinsky and the Wallaces' fat *The Book of Lists* totting it up into "7 Famous Men Who Were Full-time or Part-time Virgins" and "23 of the Busiest Lovers in History," listmaking's becoming a summer laze game. Most outré list wins. . . .

This overheard, from a pair of fifteen-year-old girls: "We'll need some money." "Let's turn your mother upside down and shake her." . . .

The sun, as a potent source of energy, and this reminder, as we summer sun, from Donald A. Beattie, a top solar-energy mouth: **"The key thing about the solar technologies is that we know they work. The question is, how do we make them cheap enough?" Corporate behemoths are hot to make the answer happy.**

—Leo Lerman

EDITOR'S NOTE: When the U.S.S.R. gave permission for this small, spirited, still young forty-year-old (right), with thick-cut eye-enhancing bangs and a wry disarming smile, to travel in America, we eye-witnessed a Russian star. Of women alive today and writing poetry in the Soviet Union, Bella Akhmadulina is agreed by many to be Number One.

Does that accolade seem carefully hedged? To realize this restless woman's scope, you must know the deep and vital role of poetry in Russian life. You must know that ten thousand people crowded in to hear one Akhmadulina reading, that the Russian public follows her chic appearance and intense utterance as avidly as young Americans dote on pop musicians' styles and statistics. In the rationalism and utilitarianism of Soviet days, her life is a romance, her lyric poetry a green place, refreshment for the spirit.

In the U.S.A., reading her poetry, becoming an honorary member of the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Bella Akhmadulina intrigued many; she made new friends. And she reencountered old ones. For *Vogue*, two people who have known the poet and her work on native ground write about her life and her impact: below, Olga Carlisle, a Russian who spent her young womanhood in Paris, lives in Connecticut; on the next page, Joseph Brodsky, the Russian poet who emigrated to the States five years ago. Two views of Bella and of her long, engrossing poem in which rain plays antagonist/ally, a second self. We print the poem, in translation, beginning on page 113.—L.D.

BELLA: Russian best

By Olga
Carlisle

"Bella Akhmadulina is beautiful. She is the best poet in Russia today. She is a faithful friend, she knows how to share in her friends' sorrows. You must meet her at once."

This was one of the first things Yevgeny Yevtushenko told me when I made his acquaintance in Moscow in 1960. He added with fervor: "Bella is not a poetess, mind you, but a poet. A true poet, a pure poet."

Yevtushenko and Akhmadulina had just been divorced; but a close friendship still linked them, as it does to this day. That year, Yevgeny's love poems to Bella—heavy, sometimes even openly erotic—were the talk of Moscow. The Russian capital was coming to life after the nightmarish—and intensely puritanical—Stalinist era. Bella's milky complexion and her coppery bangs were celebrated by Yevtushenko, a fashionable rebellious young poet. Young girls all over town imitated Bella's bangs, while their young men wrote poems in the style of Yevtushenko.

Not long afterward, Yevtushenko introduced me to the original girl with the coppery bangs. Akhmadulina had eyes of black velvet and an intensely feminine poetic quality. She was elegant. Her whole person was imbued with a rather old-fashioned narcissism. It reminded me of the émigré lady poets I had known in my childhood in Paris. In that sense, despite Yevtushenko's assurances, Bella was a traditional "poetess." However, her self-absorption was offset by a burning curiosity for the (Continued on page 154)

Inge Morath



By Joseph
Brotsky

*In Russia, poetry
is a staff of life.
Here, a
great Russian poet
explains
how another,
Bella Akhmadulina,
makes her
enriching verse*

why RUSSIAN POETS?

Poetry is an art of boundaries, and no one knows that better than a Russian poet. Meter, rhyme, folk tradition, classical heritage, prosody itself—all these things conspire strongly against one's "urge of a song," and there are only two ways out: either to try to break through these obstacles or to fall in love with them. The second is a more humble choice and, perhaps, more inescapable. Miss Akhmadulina's poetry is a long-lasting love affair with the boundaries and it has borne a rich fruit. Or, rather, a perfect flower, a rose.

It is neither fragrance nor color that I have in mind, but the thickness of petals and their spiral, enjambed movement. Akhmadulina weaves rather than builds her verse around the central theme; and, after four lines or less, a poem blossoms into existence, almost by itself, out of the words' phonetic and allusive capacity to grow. Her imagery derives from vision as much as it does from sound, and the latter dictates to her more than she sometimes anticipates. In other words, the lyricism of her poetry is largely the lyricism of the Russian language itself.

A good poet is always a tool of his language, not the other way around. If only because the latter is older than the former. Akhmadulina's poetic persona is unthinkable outside of the Russian prosody, not so much because of the semantic uniqueness of her phonetic constructions (take for instance one of her most frequent rhymes *ulybka/ulika* [smile/evidence], the significance of which is reinforced by its assonant quality), but owing to that specific intonation of traditional Russian folk lamentation, a muttered wailing, that is so noticeable at her recitals. But this is about as feminine as Akhmadulina ever gets.

If I am not calling Akhmadulina's poetry masculine, it is not because there are too many Women's Lib-oriented people who might be angered but because poetry mocks adjectives. Feminine, masculine, Black, white—it is all nonsense: it is either poetry or not. Adjectives usually cover up weakness. Instead of using any of them, it is enough to say that Miss Akhmadulina is a far better poet than two of her famous co-citizens, Mr. Yevtushenko and Mr. Voznesenski. Her verse is not hackneyed as is that of the first and is less pretentious than that of the second. But her real superiority over these two lies in the subject matter of her poetry and in its treatment. However, this is not the best way to pay a compliment to a Russian poet; not in this century, anyway.

Like that rose, Akhmadulina's art is pretty much introverted and centripetal. And yet, as natural as this introversion might be, in the country where she lives it is also a form of moral survival kit; and a person must resort to this kit with such a frequency that there is a danger of becoming addicted to it or, worse, of finding it one day empty. Akhmadulina is perfectly aware of this danger, all the more so because she works in the strict meters that by themselves pro-

duce a certain automatism and monotony of writing. Between two possible alternatives—to continue, with a risk of sounding repetitious, or to stop writing—she more often (and understandably so) prefers the first; and then the readers get something like "A Tale about Rain" or "My Genealogy." Still, at times, a dry spell comes and curbs the verbal inflation.

An evident inheritor of the Lermontov-Pasternak line in Russian poetry, Miss Akhmadulina is naturally a fairly narcissistic poet. But her narcissism seeks for reflections first of all in her choice of words and in her syntax (which is also unthinkable in such an uninflected language as English) and less in adopting one or another self-pleasing posture—least of all a civic one. When, however, she does turn righteous, her scorn usually is directed against moral slovenliness, dishonesty, and bad taste, which immediately suggest the ubiquitous nature of her opponent. This kind of criticism is, ostensibly, a safe game because a poet is right, so to speak, a priori: because a poet is "better" than a nonpoet. Still, these days, the Russian audience is much more sensitive to accusations of a psychological rather than of a political character, wearily regarding the latter as the reverse side of the official coin. There is a certain amount of cynicism in this kind of attitude; but it is better if its existence is acknowledged by a poet rather than overlooked for the sake of a romantic pitch.

With this sort of perception, one is sure to find oneself in the ranks of the Establishment, and this is all the more so in modern Russia, where the intellectual elite mingles with that of the party bureaucracy in their common flight from the living standards of the rest of the nation. This situation is fairly typical for any proper dictatorship where the tyrant and the *Carbonari* share the same opera house for the evening; and it is easier to reproach anyone for this other than Akhmadulina, who never aspired to the reputation of "rebel." What's sad about both justice and injustice is that the triumph of either expresses itself in the very same fashion with a private car, a country house, and government-sponsored trips abroad.

As I write this, Miss Akhmadulina, accompanied by her fourth husband, stage-decorator Boris Messerer, is touring the United States. But, unlike her much famed predecessors, she is not trade produced for export, not caviar that is Red rather than black; and, besides, she is translated much worse (in fact, abominably).

Miss Akhmadulina is an absolutely genuine poet, but she lives in the realm that compels one to master the art of hiding one's identity behind such gnomish subordinate clauses that in the end the identity shrinks by itself for the purpose. Still, distorting as they both are, the centripetal shrinkage of her lyrical heroine is better than the centrifugal ravings of many of her colleagues, if only because the former produces a higher degree of linguistic and figurative intensity, whereas the latter leads to uncontrollable verbiages and—to quote Lenin—political prostitution. Which is essentially a male business.

Bella Akhmadulina was born in the darkest year of Russia's history, in 1937; and this alone proves the magnificent viability of the Russian culture: her early childhood coincided with World War II; her youth, with the postwar deprivation and the spiritual castration and lethal idiocy of Stalin's rule. Russians seldom visit psychiatrists; and she started to write poetry while at school, in the early 'fifties. She matured rapidly and made her way through the Gorky Institute of Literature, which turns nightingales into parrots, quite unharmed. Her first book was published in 1962 and immediately vanished from the bookstore counters. From then on, she made her living mostly as a translator of Georgian poetry (for Russian writers regard Caucasian republics approximately in the same way as American writers regard Mexico or Brazil), as a freelance journalist, or as a reviewer. Once she even starred in a movie. Hers has been a normal life, with marriages, divorces, children, friendships, losses, trips to the South. And she writes poetry, blending her perfectly traditional quatrains with an absolutely surrealistic dialectic in her imagery that permits her, for instance, to elevate her shivering when catching a cold to the level of a cosmic disorder.

In a country where the Theater of the Absurd and the audience have swapped places (there is 100 percent realism on the stage; whereas, in the seats . . .), this kind of perception enjoys a lot of echo. Still, one should not envy a woman who writes poems in Russia in this century, for there are two giant figures that haunt everyone who picks up the pen—Marina Tsvetayeva and Anna Akhmatova. Every once in a while, Miss Akhmadulina confesses to the almost paralyzing spell of these two over her and pledges her allegiance to them. In these confessions and pledges, it is easy to distinguish Miss Akhmadulina's bid for eventual equality. But the price of this equality is high enough for one to wish that Miss Akhmadulina never will be able to pay. For there is a great deal of truth in that cliché about art's demanding sacrifice, and there is very little evidence that art today is less carnivorous than at the time of Miss Akhmadulina's birth. ▽

In a suspense poem of tender longing for love, an outspoken woman writes of an encounter with her darkest feelings. From Akhmadulina's book "Fever and Other New Poems," published in English by William Morrow & Co.

A Tale about RAIN in Several Episodes

WITH A DIALOGUE AND A CHILDREN'S CHORUS

By Bella Akhmadulina

1. The Rain had not cleared away from me since morning.
Oh, leave me alone! I kept on saying rudely.
It retreated, but followed me again, sadly
and devotedly as a little daughter.

The Rain had fastened itself to my back like a wing.
I reproached it.
—Useless! Haven't you something better to do?
In tears a gardener appeals to you!
Fall on the flowers!
I don't need what you bring!

Meanwhile a ferocious heatwave had clamped down,
the Rain was with me, neglecting all the world.
Round about me in a dance children whirled
as if they were chasing a sprinkler round and around.

Cunningly I slunk into a café.
At a corner table I sat incognito.
The Rain like a beggar settled behind the window
tapping at the glass that it had something to say.

I went outside and with a supple slap
wetness punished my cheek; but immediately
the brave sad Rain apologetically
brushed my lips with the warm scent of a puppy.

I am sure I must have looked ridiculous.
I tied a damp headscarf round my neck.
The Rain was sitting on my shoulder like a monkey.
And the town
was a bit embarrassed by all this.

Such evidence of my weakness made the Rain grin,
it tickled my ear with the finger of a child.
The drought quickened. Things wilted and dried.
And I alone was drenched right to the skin.

2. But I had been invited to a house,
people were waiting for what I had to say,
where over the amber lake of the parquet
the clear moon of the candelabra rose.

I thought: What shall I do with the Rain when I call?
You know, it's got no intention of departing.
It'll leave marks on the floor. It'll wet the carpets.
They'll never let me into the house at all.

Sternly I explained:
My kindness is often
commented on, but it's not as big as the sea.
It's most improper for you to go with me.
But the Rain was looking at me like an orphan.

—Oh, to hell with it, in you go!—I decided.
What downpour of love draws you and me together!
Oh, damn and blast this incomprehensible weather!
The forgiven Rain went jumping on ahead.

3. The master of the house, my host, did me an honor
which I did not deserve, I must admit.
However,
drenched to the skin like a water rat,
at precisely six I was ringing at the door.

The Rain had formed itself into a queue
and was breathing pitifully, tickling down the back of my neck.

Steps—the peephole—silence—the turning lock.
I said, I'm terribly sorry,
the Rain's come too.

Would you mind if it stays in the porch and keeps quiet!
It's too wet and also rather too elongated
for the rooms.
—What on earth?—My host was agitated,
his normal, healthy face was turning white.

4. I must confess, I loved this house for its life.
Lightness was always dancing in its air.
Oh, corners would never injure elbows here,
nor would fingers ever be slashed with a knife.

I loved it: the way the silks of my hostess, covered
by a shadowing scarf rustled slowly, quietly,
and most of all, my sleeping beauty—
the crystal—in the prison of a cupboard.

That rosy seven-shaded glowing spectrum
lifeless but lovely in its coffin of glass.
But I came to my senses. Ritual greetings passed
between us like arias and dances in an opera.

(Continued on page 146)

The
Great
American
Musical

RODGERS and I



Best Rodgers

with Hart:

The Girl Friend, 1926;
*A Connecticut
Yankee*, 1927;
On Your Toes, 1936;
Babes in Arms, 1937;
Pal Joey, 1940.

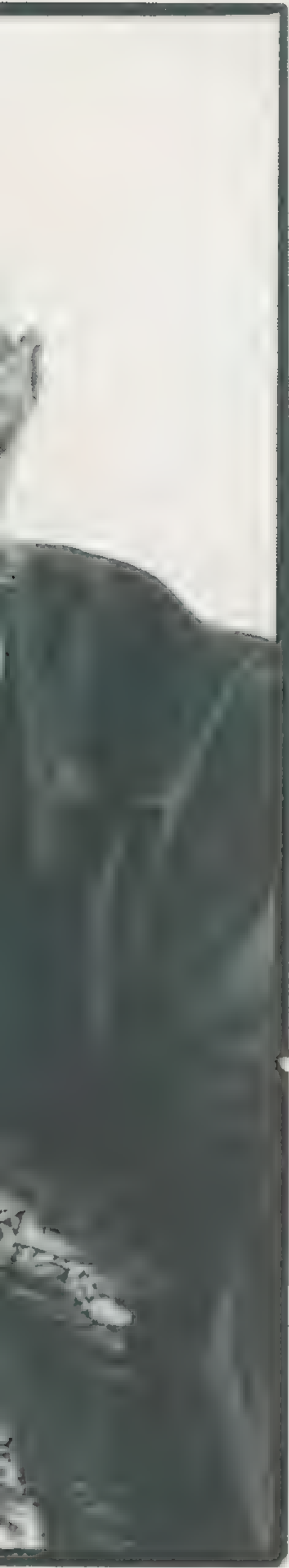
With Hammerstein:

Oklahoma!, 1943;
Carousel, 1945;
South Pacific, 1949;
The King and I, 1951;
*The Sound
of Music*, 1959.

When national treasure Richard Rodgers (above center) and partner Oscar Hammerstein II cast almost-unknown Yul Brynner (left) as their exotic King opposite superstage-star Gertrude Lawrence's Anna, twenty-six years ago, Yul became the Sex-Symbol of The Season, won the Best Supporting Actor Tony Award. Today Yul's still the Sex-Symbol, but now decisively superstage-star with glorious-voiced Constance Towers (above left), his Anna.

the sound of SONDHEIM

Now triumphantly on Broadway.
earfuls of everybody sings — Rodgers
and Hammerstein's "The King and I" and
"Side by Side by Sondheim"



The great American musical—it wasn't bountifully on-Broadway for a sad-sack time. Now one of our noblest art forms is back where it belongs with this season's surprise stunners *Annie* and *I Love My Wife* jam-jamming, plus, just to confirm what's been missing, a cheerful, great big beautiful earful of Rodgers and Sondheim. End to end *The King and I* with *Side by Side by Sondheim*, and you know why the American musical was, is world-giving.

Best Sondheim

Lyrics: *West Side Story* (Bernstein score), 1957;
Gypsy (Styne), 1959;
Do I Hear a Waltz? (Rodgers), 1965.

Lyrics and music:
A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum, 1962;
Company, 1970;
Follies, 1971;
A Little Night Music, 1973.

Clockwise, from above right, four radiant singer-actor Britishers, Ned Sherrin, Julie N. McKenzie, David Kernan, Millicent Martin, and the smiling center of their euphoria; up-to-the-minute American music master Stephen Sondheim. They've brought him back, but swell-elegantly, to his Manhattan from their London where they famed him high and seasons-long with "Side by Side by Sondheim," a funny-honey sing-out, act-out of best Sondheim.



By Kathleen Madden

This is the year of Marthe Keller. She's thirty-one, Swiss-born, already compared to Garbo and Ingrid Bergman, and either playing the corner show in *Marathon Man* or *Black Sunday* or will be this fall in *Bobby Deerfield*. Marthe Keller, who, with costar and companion Al Pacino could, in *Deerfield*, bring back romantic movies and who's the latest actress to come out of Europe since Marie-France Pisier. Since last week.

Why Marthe Keller? Why, every year, a new little Swiss Miss, *séductrice*, or Scandinavian ice maiden? Why, in Hollywood's search for a new-woman symbol, is Marthe the discovery?

Producer Robert Evans should know better than anyone; he gambled on Marthe first in *Marathon Man* and *Black Sunday*. "She has a unique authority on the screen," said Evans. "Very few women have that authority. That's what makes a screen actress special."

"I don't know if she has an appeal to the American public—that's still to be tested. But if there is such a thing as a female movie star, she'll be up there. Marthe's getting an opportunity that no woman has gotten in the last decade."

Evans cast Marthe, appropriately enough, in authority roles. Spies in high places. Where she had to use both her body and her mind; be womanly, but assertive. "In those movies, she even *looks* modern," said a fan. "The way a woman looks right for today."

On screen, Marthe looks big. Teutonic. Broad shoulders and a lot of jaw. A solid breath of sex, from a deep, gutsy voice. In life, she's narrower. Softer. Vulnerable. Her hair is tawny. Marthe's self-description is more like, "Look, I have six hairs on my head and it's green from what they've done to it." Friends swear she's un-upright: "She's a very no-bullshit person." Marthe Keller is the original liberated woman. Marthe is, in her words, "A real mama."

It's the night of Al Pacino's return to Broadway in *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*. Pavlo, as David Rabe wrote him, is the perpetual loser; Pacino's a star. Marthe and Al are, at this time, living together in New York. And Marthe's so nervous she can't sit through the second act.

It's a star-life: coming to the U.S. to promote *Black Sunday*, handing out an Academy Award, hopping off to Paris to dub, then rushing back for Al's opening. Before heading for Cannes to judge the film festival, Marthe's called to Munich for makeup and wardrobe tests for her next film, *Fedora*: the Billy Wilder movie that, in a neat bit of business, casts Marthe as a seemingly never-aging star strongly Garboesque. This is the Marthe whose doorbell on the Left Bank is labeled with "Marthe Keller" cut out from a newspaper headline.

But Marthe's got the kind of ego that heads for corners at parties. When she saw Lotte Lenya at a Lincoln Center reception, she was—after having played, in Germany, both Jenny and Polly Peachum in Kurt Weill's *Threepenny Opera*—at first too shy to go over and be introduced to

(Continued on page 156)

Al Pacino, left: With Marthe Keller, he stars in man-woman movie "Bobby Deerfield"

The
'70's Garbo?
She's honest.
Gutsy.
Sets off
sparks with
Al Pacino
to bring back
movie
romance.

She's

very
modern
MARTHE



KELLER

By Barbara Rose

When Claes Oldenburg began proposing monuments in the shapes of Good Humor bars, huge scissors and clothespins, and other everyday objects enlarged to giant scale, sociologist Herbert Marcuse predicted that if any of Oldenburg's monuments ever actually were erected, it would indicate a fundamental change in American society. At first, Oldenburg's proposals for monuments seemed zany Pop jokes; the drawings and scale models were valued as art objects, but the idea of realizing these sculptures on a monumental scale seemed an affront to the traditional idea of public art as classical, heroic, and commemorative of national ideals.

Classical and heroic Oldenburg's monuments are not. On the other hand, it can certainly be argued that they commemorate some of the best American values: Ironic images that both celebrate and criticize the American Dream of progress through technology and the boundless production of more and more consumer goods, Oldenburg's monuments are democratically available to all who can recognize a clothespin or a baseball bat. The former, an elegant construction of rusting Cor-Ten steel, dominates the center of Philadelphia, humanizing an environment of official skyscrapers; the latter, Oldenburg's latest monument, towers one hundred feet, breaking the historic skyline of Chicago, the city where Oldenburg was raised.

The story of the evolution of the "Batcolumn," from a drawing of an imaginary giant bat oscillating at terrific speed above Chicago to a real twenty-ton steel sculpture fabricated with the lacy web of welded ribs we associate with such early industrial constructions as the Crystal Palace and the Eiffel Tower, is a fascinating saga of an artist interacting with his times. Today, public sculpture is taken for granted in the United States; and few, if any, bother to recall its origins in the tumult of the 'sixties. Although Oldenburg as well as such other sculptors as George Sugarman, James Wines, and Forrest (Frostie) Myers had made proposals for public art, it took the Vietnam war to create a climate of popular feeling so intense that it required expression in symbolic form. Ironically, the first major modern public works in America—Mark di Suvero's one-hundred-foot high "Peace Tower," erected in Los Angeles in 1966, and Oldenburg's "Lipstick Ascending," resembling a tank with a missile, and commissioned in 1969 by the students and faculty of Yale University (where "Lipstick" now permanently stands)—were both antiwar monuments. These works were paid for by artists and expressed the moral outrage of the art world, which was united, as it is only rarely, in its opposition to the catastrophic war.

While Di Suvero left for Europe to work in a French factory where he fabricated large-scale steel pieces, Oldenburg, constantly attracted by the experimental, became involved with the Art and Technology movement long enough to make his only kinetic sculpture: (Continued on page 145)

Claes Oldenburg (right), renowned creator of soft sewn hamburgers, has a new first: a one-hundred-foot steel "Batcolumn" (far right) in Chicago; and Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art hosts Oldenburg Mouse Museum July 15–September 4.

Public art's BIG HIT.

Oldenburg bats high in Chicago





When Jackie Macedo, a vital, attractive woman who gives wonderful parties (all sizes), and her husband—a well-known heart surgeon who commutes to/from Portugal—took over a pompous, turn-of-the-century apartment in Paris, they turned to an old friend, Valerian Rybar, and his partner, Jean-François Daigre, to invent a splendid, workable living place. They knocked the stuffing out of formal grandeur and came up with one of the most spectacular apartments alive. The changes of levels and volumes make it easy for four to feel close and four hundred to feel spacious. For Jackie Macedo, the point is “great comfort, big open fires . . . poufs are important—most of all comfortable sofas.” The arranging and grouping that makes it all work is a small work of art.

(Continued on next page)

Above: Mme Macedo in the light-core of the apartment, an indoor garden, mirrored on walls and ceilings—a shimmer of multiplied space. Right: The library, two stories high, with spiral stairs as clean-cut as sculpture leading to a high gallery. At the back, against fake suede walls, two Stella paintings juxtaposed; over the fireplace, a Hockney drawing.



In Jackie Machado Macedo's Paris apartment the best



LUXE ALIVE!

of the past has new life—the rest swings to comfort, light



At Jackie Machado Macedo's: everything is



LUXE ALIVE!

Above: The indoor garden—flooded by sun by day—space multiplied by mirrors, leads a double life: as the entrance to the whole apartment and as a green spinney for small family luncheons especially. With its rare plants, special lights, and vaporizing system, it's an extraordinary private plantation. Left: In the salon, the unusual mellow tones of eighteenth-century boiserie cue the colorings—ambers, fawns, chrysanthemums. To liven a large room: individual seating clusters, as comfortable for two as for eight. Small lacquered cube tables are convenient without closing in space. Over a sofa covered in Thai fabric, an eighteenth-century English portrait. Inset, far left: The long dining room, with smallish tables, easy to talk around. Portuguese tiles designed and made for the room. Inset, above: The small salon—a cooled down variation of the large salon's coloring. The suède poufs, another Rybar & Daigre ploy to lighten formality, making seating maneuverable.

for entertaining — comfort, maneuverability come first

iced soups

*Icy instant purees
with every vitamin intact:
use our
breakthrough method*

FLASH FOODS

Does warm weather make you indolent? If it does, this is the month to lean heavily on your trusted new family retainers, those reliable prestidigitators of the kitchen, the food processor and the blender. As they work away at incredible speed making ice-cold soups, you are transformed into an instant odalisque. And, after all, as Molière pointed out, in *Les Femmes Savantes*, it is good soup not fine words that keeps one alive.

So be a wise woman and follow our dizzyingly short shortcut to instantaneous iced pureed soups. With our discovery, there is no washing, no peeling, no cooking, and no waiting for the soup to chill. The method is so quick that it will fill you with that delicious sense of guilt that comes with pleasures too easily won.

Simply take a package of frozen vegetables (such as peas, beans, or cauliflower); break up, if frozen solid, and put, *in their raw and frozen state*, into a food processor or blender. Add liquid (tomato juice, broth, buttermilk, cream, yogurt, or a combination), seasoning; and blend till perfectly smooth (the food processor is better than the blender at this in some cases). Presto chango! The uncooked pureed vegetables have a startlingly fresh garden taste; and, what is more, you haven't cooked a single vitamin out of them. Instead, you have created an instant, icy-cold, perfect summer soup, a delicious health-giving shot of instant energy.

Tips for instant iced soups:

- Keep ingredients cold till last minute. Frozen foods should remain in freezer till a few minutes before using. Cream, buttermilk, yogurt should be in refrigerator.
- Break up frozen foods with a sharp knife.
- Put liquid ingredients in blender before frozen chunks.
- If using canned broth (College Inn brand is good for this purpose), chilling has the additional advantage of making it easy to remove fat that has accumulated at top. Do not use canned jellied consommés unless you want instant jellied soups, which, however, can be amusing.
- Experiment. Wonderful instant cold soups can be made following the procedures in the recipes using frozen asparagus, frozen corn, frozen berries, etc.
- Milk can be used instead of all or part of the cream. Cream, yogurt, and buttermilk can be interchanged or combined for variations of taste.

■ INSTANT ICED PEA SOUP

four servings

- ½ package frozen peas
- 2 cups buttermilk
- 1 cup chicken or beef broth
- 2 tablespoons chopped fresh mint
(or 2 teaspoons dried)
- 1 scallion, white part only, coarsely chopped
- Pinch of curry
- Salt and pepper to taste

Keep peas in freezer, the buttermilk and broth in refrigerator until ready to prepare soup. Break frozen peas into chunks. Put buttermilk and broth into container of a blender or food processor, add peas and all other ingredients, blend to a smooth puree. Serve at once.

■ INSTANT ICED POTAGE DU BARRY (Cold Cream of Cauliflower Soup)

four servings

- 1 package frozen cauliflower
- 2 cups buttermilk
- 1 cup chicken or beef broth
- 1 medium potato, boiled, peeled, quartered,
and kept in refrigerator till cold
- 2 scallions, white part only,
coarsely chopped
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 tablespoons chopped fresh chives
or parsley

Do not defrost cauliflower. Keep buttermilk, broth, potato, and scallions in refrigerator till ready to use. Break frozen cauliflower into chunks. Place buttermilk and broth in container of a food processor or blender, add other ingredients except herbs, putting cauliflower in last. Puree till smooth. Serve at once, generously sprinkled with chopped chives.

**By Arthur Gold
and
Robert Fizdale**

■ INSTANT ICED GREEN-BEAN SOUP

four servings

- ½ package frozen French-style green beans
- 2 cups buttermilk
- 2 cups tomato juice
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 scallion, white part only,
coarsely chopped
- 2 tablespoons chopped fresh basil
(or 2 teaspoons dried)
- 1 egg yolk (optional)

Keep ingredients cold until ready to prepare soup. Break frozen green beans into chunks. Put all ingredients into container of a food processor or blender, adding beans last. Blend till smooth, serve immediately.

■ INSTANT ICED LIMA-BEAN SOUP

six servings

- 1 package frozen lima beans
- 3 cups tomato juice
- 2 cups plain low-fat yogurt
- ½ teaspoon curry powder
- Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
- 2 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley
or chives

Keep tomato juice and yogurt in refrigerator till ready to use. Do not defrost beans. Break frozen lima beans into chunks. Put tomato juice and yogurt into container of a blender or food processor, add other ingredients except herbs, blend to a smooth puree. Bits of lima-bean skin not pureed give the texture of a French soup pureed through a food mill. Serve at once, garnished with chopped herbs.

(Continued on page 156)

Frozen fruits or vegetables are the basics; a whirl in the food processor or blender reverses freezing, makes flash soup. Best-kept frozen food stays loose in the box; but if—like photographer Irving Penn's building bricks, right—yours is blocked solid, just break up and blend. Beginning on this page, six easy-as-ice puree soup recipes; on page 70, other cold soups for summer ease.





If you do nothing else: walk . . . at least 30 minutes daily. ▲

If you love to walk, even better: hiking uphill. ►

BEAUTY/HEALTH REPORT:

7-day body/mind recharger...

By Blair Sabol

Maybe it was the name—The Ashram—that made me apprehensive about going at first. After all, one was supposed to have done that in the full bloom of 1969's flower power when Mia Farrow and the Beatles tripped off to a yogic retreat to gain inner peace.

Although the name and the end result may be the same, there's a big difference between an ashram in India and The Ashram in Calabasas, California. "We don't teach any 'isms' and there's no master, teacher, or guru here, either," said Dr. Anne-Marie Bennstrom, the creator and guiding spirit behind the two-year-old establishment. Although some believe Dr. Bennstrom—a Swedish dynamo who's been into the health field for over twenty-five years and who has a medical degree from Sweden

but does not practice in the U.S.—is the secret guru at The Ashram, she never lets you know it. Dr. Bennstrom believes that "at The Ashram there is only one master and that's yourself." And that's for sure . . . for it was my very own self who screamed out in anger or laughed or cried with joyful release and four-letter words at myself during my week-long stay at The Ashram. It was my self and my porker persona who had to confront each other and battle it out whenever I received a single six-ounce glass of freshly pureed strawberries for an entire lunch and a teeny transfusion of blended celery, parsley, and zucchini for dinner.

The Ashram is not considered a spa, as it doesn't offer the deluxe fringes of a private room and bath, facials, herbal wraps, or a general resort ambience. Only six guests (both men and women) are allowed each week and they are expected to arrive

on Sunday with just a toothbrush, swimsuit, and hiking or jogging shoes. The Ashram supplies you with their all-white jogging outfits, long terry robes, and a tube of Ben-Gay. They also insist on picking you up at the airport (or if you are a local, at your driveway) as the place is hard to find and they'd rather you not have the temptation of having your car on the premises. The idea is to leave your former life and civilization behind you.

The Ashram reputation is a vigorously Spartan one. But Barbra Streisand chose it to train her body and mind before doing *A Star Is Born*, and she continues to go there for one-day visits each month or two to get herself "readjusted." Likewise the entire Hollywood body brigade of Zsa Zsa Gabor, Esther Williams, and Racquel Welch. Bodies are their business and they may enjoy going to this "boot camp without food" (a Streisand description of the place), but what about us normal folk?

I arrived at The Ashram somewhat amazed to find it a nondescript (*Continued*)

the **total-fitness**



The body/mind recharger: yoga. ▲

spa

The exercise to do today: the **total fitness** kind. According to Anne-Marie Bennstrom, fitness expert at The Ashram, three to do: . . . **Jogging**—No. 1 exercise for heart/lungs/circulation. Jog one mile (about 12 mins.) every other day. Or **rope jog**. It does almost the same thing, only you jump rope in place. Skip a mile (10/12 mins. of slow jumps) daily. Or hike (and we don't mean the boots-and-backpack kind). **Hike uphill** in the country. The fresh air—the nature—is a reenergizer in itself.



Alternative to jogging: swimming—the all-over body toner. ▲

Best place-to-jog: a beach—the sand, the air . . . terrific! ►

(Continued) two-story house with a tiny exercise pool, an exercise porch, and a solarium spotted with a few Sumerian baths. Matter of fact, with the exception of their recently built gem of a geodesic dome crowning the hilltop above the driveway, the place is not exactly an architectural triumph. It doesn't have to be . . . the surrounding countryside is a hard act to follow.

I was greeted with a boffo blast of Swedish energy by Catharina Hedberg, the amazing Ashram director (who became everyone's source of vitality and recharging motivator) who showed me my room (very pleasant, complete with desk, yellow-and-orange Mexican bedspreads, and yellow shag rug) and told me about the program.

First, we spoke about food and my choice of diet. Never once did she mention calories—only energy and vitamins. (At the end of my stay, she talked to me again and readjusted my entire meal and vitamin regime.) She then weighed and measured me as well as taking my blood pressure, resting pulse, and medical history. Finally, she put me on a Monarch bike for five minutes to measure my maximum oxygen uptake and to figure out my "biological" age or state of physical fitness. I thought I was in fairly good shape since I jog a mile or two every day. I clocked in at fifty-eight years . . . and I'm thirty. And I learned that I was eight pounds overweight.

I met the other four guests at the long dinner table. One fifteen-pound-overweight wife of a leading song composer; one wealthy young oil heiress who came with hopes of gaining some perspective on her

recent divorce and a need to lose five inches of flesh on each inner thigh; one fifty-year-old matron from Beverly Hills who wanted to get a "mental douche for a week"; and one anorexic ex-model who insisted she was six pounds overweight (no doubt in her eyelids and gums). Weight and inches were the prime reasons we were all drawn to this strange split-level box in the hills. But what I found out within twelve hours was that weight and inch loss (or gain) was merely one of the great byproducts of The Ashram.

Basically, the schedule remained the same all week, although the physical intensity increased. A bell chimed at 6:00 A.M. when we jumped into all-white clown baggy sweat pants and "Ashram" sweatshirt and climbed up to the geodesic dome where Catharina gave a morning meditation. Each morning, she gave a different salutation to one of the forces of nature—air, water, sun, earth. It set the mood.

Then we ambled down to the dining/living room for our freshly squeezed orange juice (all juices are served in large glass goblets for the "less is more" illusion) and a choice of teas. The kitchen is a wide open room and in many ways it became our reference library. As well as shelves lined with different types of sprouting seeds and fresh herbs, there was a counter topped with twenty or so different jars of tea from "Pelican Punch" to "Mocha Roastaroma" to "Morning Thunder." A large informative chart over the refrigerator entitled "Food Combinations Made Easy" stated which carbohydrate goes best with what starch for

the most compatible gasless digestion.

I soon started treating the two Mexican cooks (they also wore all-white jogging togs with their names "Blanca" and "Mina" blazoned across the shirts) who blended and Cuisinarted our every meal like teachers and later like sisters. The Ashram by nature of its intimacy, becomes a family unit immediately. You can't keep distances here. Everyone's space has to be shared. No coffee, meat, fish, fowl, or saccharin is served at The Ashram. The diet is mainly vegetarian for purification reasons.

After a breakfast of juice and some distribution of vitamins (Catharina saw to it that some of us took potassium and calcium lactate tablets to relieve or to help prevent muscular soreness), we were off on a three-mile hike in and around the neighboring hills. Each of us was encouraged to take a walking stick, and though I pooh-poohed such an affectation, within twenty minutes, as we were all gasping for air and trying to balance on the side of a rocky cliff, I was holding on to it and praying to it for dear life. (I ended up having this whole meaningful relationship with my walking stick.)

The morning and afternoon walks were sometimes treacherous but always invigorating; occasionally, we all believed we were in Scotland or the Alps, the vistas were that breathtaking—as was the physical aspect of the climb. If you didn't get high from the walk itself, you surely did from the surrounding scenery and the inhales of fresh oxygen.

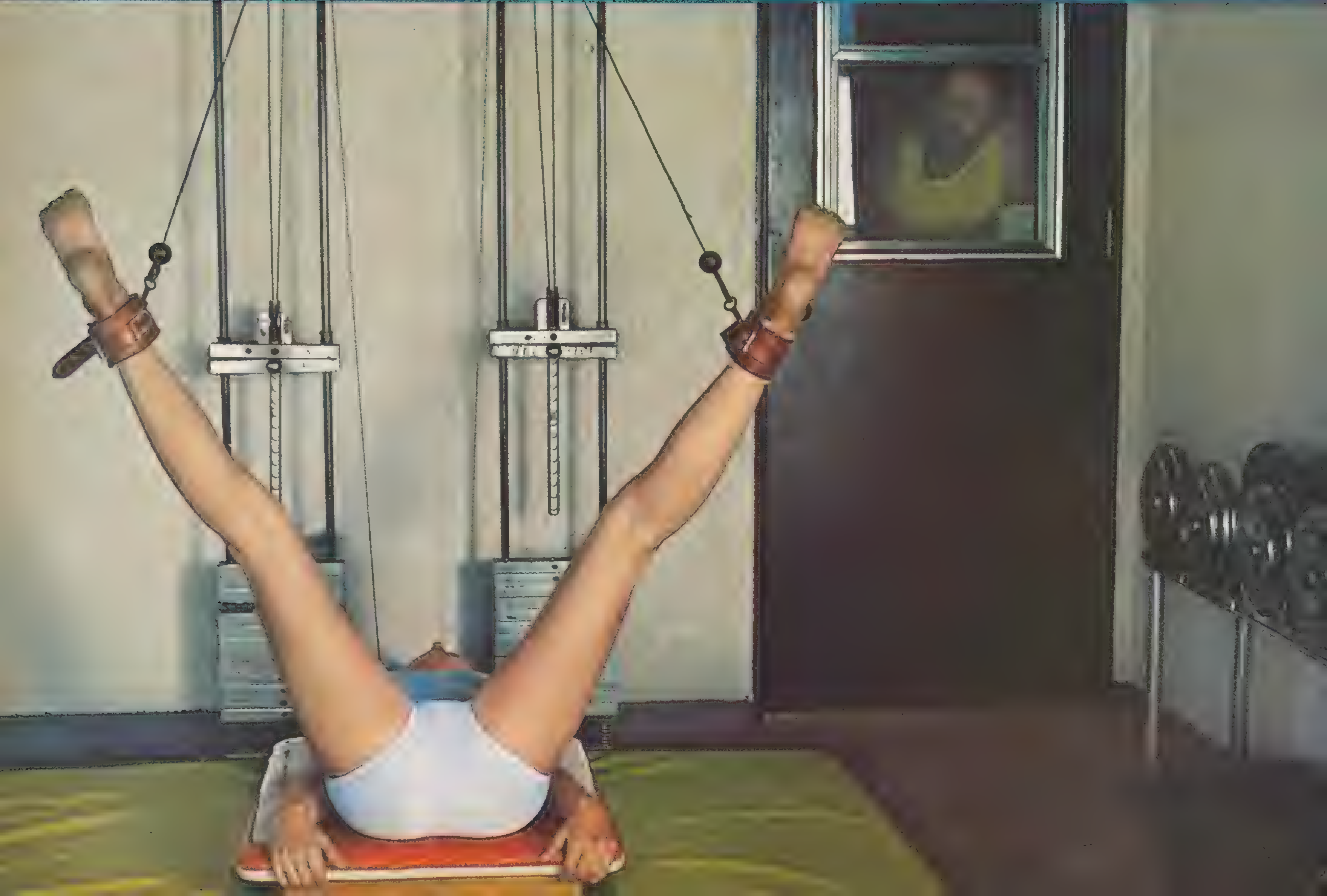
Whenever we returned from (Continued)



The basic—life-giving—beauty tool is: **water** . . . for relaxing, for cleansing, for health! ▲

Whether you take a breath of fresh air or take a walk, take a break—and exercise daily.

Water!—*the* relaxer/reviver/replenisher in one. E.g.: 1. **Water for replenishment.** Drink 6-8 glasses a day of tap water, mineral water (it replaces trace minerals), sparkling water—it's a refresher! 2. **Water for relaxing / reviving.** Summer rule: Go for a cool shower (especially after sun). 3. **Water for cleansing** (to sluice off dirt) and for rinsing (to sluice off cleanser). 4. **Water for exercise**—it acts as a resistance, muscles work harder with less strain.





◀ *Progressive-resistance apparatus: waterfloats, weights.* *Important as a beauty treatment: time to think.* ▲

(Continued) these hikes, we were all emotionally wired. It definitely had something to do with surviving the pain and getting on top of our fear of not making it. Everyone fell at least a dozen times and that in itself was an initiation. Although most of us had never hiked before we came to The Ashram (and therefore hated it and were reluctant even to try), it became the favorite activity

Stan Malinowski

of the program. It represented the toughest physical challenge. Just to scream "I did it" at the top of the mount to no one but the surrounding sky, sea, and mist-hidden hills was the greatest feeling of inner triumph.

Kristan Olsen (another Ashram staffer) cajoled us through these knee-trembling sojourns. The first day, she taught us how to bend over and (Continued on page 148)

Fashion details, these 6 pages, see page 155.

Sleep: the secret beauty weapon . . . ▲

Beauty essentials . . .

Spot Exercise—to do *in addition* to the total-fitness kind. Best way: with progressive-resistance apparatus, such as waterfloats or weights. What weight-resistive exercise does—tone *faster* than spot exercise alone. . . .

Sleep—if you don't get enough, it shows in your level of energy, mental outlook, skin tone. How much do you need? If you feel refreshed upon waking, you've had enough. If you feel draggy — too much or too little.

When doctors disagree:

New Treatments vs. Unknown Risks

By Abby Avin Belson

Is too much caution holding back valuable new drugs? Are we rushing too fast into dangerous therapies? These are major medical questions now. Here, important cases in point...

Treatments that relieve disease can also bring unwanted effects ranging from a stuffed nose to death. When we consider curing an ill, we continuously face choices. Should we endure sleeplessness or chance drug dependency? Do we want to cure irrational behavior today at the price of possible abnormal movements later? Will the risk of an operation on arteries mean a longer life?

Because of human and scientific variables, criteria used to judge when benefit outweighs risk don't always help. Some examples:

- 1** Severity of disease. Side effects and dangers that are tolerated in cancer therapies are not in most others. But, whether terminal cancer justifies use of hastily tested drugs or ones that apparently offer only false hope is hotly debated.
- 2** Availability of less threatening therapies. L-dopa, a drug bringing troublesome disturbances, is considered suitable for treating Parkinson's disease, for which no other drug helps as much, but not for cerebral palsy, for which milder Valium brings similar gains.
- 3** Degree of risk for a given individual. Even when high-risk groups of patients are recognized, nasty surprises may occur: "When I give a patient a drug he hasn't had before, even aspirin, I explain that it's an experiment to determine whether he can tolerate it and whether it will help him," said Irving S. Wright, M.D., emeritus clinical professor of medicine at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center.
- 4** A patient's feeling about his illness. There's indecision over what medical judgments laymen should make. According to Louis Lasagna, M.D., professor of pharmacology and toxicology

at the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry, a psoriasis drug, triazure, taken off the market because it caused blood clots, should have stayed on, leaving open the choice of risk. A contrasting view in another instance: artificial sweeteners causing cancers in rats shouldn't be sold to the public.

- 5** Available evidence of benefit and risk. Evidence that a treatment can help or harm is often not clear-cut. Only extended study will reveal whether the much-done coronary-artery surgery lengthens life for some. And it is virtually impossible to establish safety of any drug for the unborn. Donald Kennedy, Ph.D., Food and Drug Administration commissioner, said: "Often decisions must be made in the face of inadequate evidence."

The absence of precise rules for making medical choices has brought not only confusion but assault on a government agency that decides what choices we get to make. The FDA, responsible for ruling on a variety of health-related commodities, has been accused of overcautiousness by doctors and the public. One complaint: slowness. Since the tranquilizer thalidomide caused deformity in infants, drug companies wishing to market new wares have had to offer elaborate animal studies, proving not only their product's powers but screening for such dangers as tumors, liver damage, and birth defects. Lengthy human tests must follow, usually stretching a drug's wait for years. While thorough investigations are needed, many feel FDA requirements are excessive. "The FDA has been enormously valuable," Dr. Wright said, "but bureaucratic aspects have gotten out of hand. You can test a drug so long on animals; eventually, you've got to try it on man. Past human studies, done in hospitals on limited numbers, were useful. But studies using tens of thousands of people may result in inaccuracies: for example, patients often skip their doses or do not even take the drug." Another argument against prolonged testing: no amount can unearth all potential evils.

Many argue that FDA delay deprives patients of drugs used in other countries. Example: salbutamol, an asthma bronchodilator without the heart-stimulating effects of similar drugs, can ease breathing for Canadians, but not for us. Dr. Lasagna believes "drug lag" could be corrected if the FDA were to accept good foreign studies, followed by informal recording of American experience. Others are warier: "There are more new drugs abroad," Dr. Kennedy said, "but apparently the incidence of adverse drug reactions is higher there. We'll have to find out whether or not it's too high."

When the FDA does rule, there's often more unhappiness. The rejection of substances that, in enormous doses, cause malignancies in animals is an issue brought to a head by the saccharin ban. Critics, noting that one would have to down eight hundred diet sodas daily to duplicate amounts that caused cancers in rats, argue that present evidence doesn't justify withholding the sweetener's benefits for the obese and diabetic. Kurt J. Isselbacher, M.D., professor of medicine at The Harvard School of Medicine, a witness at FDA hearings on saccharin, said: "There are good human studies of diabetics using sac-

charin for up to twenty-five years that don't show bladder cancer increases. The National Cancer Institute used saccharin as a control in tests of another substance in monkeys. In six and a half years, they found no malignancies in the saccharin group. It could be argued that we haven't seen the effect on people using the sweetener since their teens. But nothing we do doesn't have some risk. If saccharin is a carcinogen, it's a weak one. In evaluating its risk and benefit, we should take potency into consideration."

The furor may bring demise of the Delaney clause of the Food, Drug, and Cosmetics Act which prohibits any food additive that causes animal cancers. Even some, uncertain about saccharin, question the law that brought its ban. "The Delaney clause may be a statute overtaken by technological progress," Dr. Kennedy said. "I predict that it will be reviewed."

But while saccharin and the Delaney clause are disputed, many authorities, including Doctors Isselbacher and Kennedy, worry about rat tumors. Irving J. Selikoff, M.D., professor of community medicine and director of the environmental sciences laboratory at The Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York, said: "Arguing that cancer findings aren't valid because of large doses is unsound. With smaller doses of cancer-causing agents, you'd only have to test more animals at greater cost. Raising dosage gives the fast yes/no answer you need. Some agents don't cause cancer in any amount. Furthermore, we test carcinogens one at a time. But humans are subjected to a whole battery. And, finally, you can't be sure humans won't get disease at smaller doses than animals. Hamster tests of thalidomide didn't show birth defects. But humans who took a fraction of the animal dose, proved seven hundred times more sensitive to the drug."

In addition to chemicals, control of other, once unregulated, therapies appears likely. Some states are moving to make binding a set of guidelines for coronary-artery surgery. Robert I. Levy, M.D., director of the National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute, said: "The legislation requiring operations to be done only at institutions that can do many a year is aimed at reducing death rates."

Whether government, doctor, or patient ultimately chooses when benefit outweighs risk, decisions aren't easy. Here, some choices that show why:

Coronary-artery bypass surgery for angina

What it is

A vein, usually taken from the leg, is attached to the aorta at one end and to a lower portion of coronary artery at the other. Coronary arteries deliver oxygen-rich blood to the heart. One or more bypasses, by sidestepping clogged segments, improve delivery.

Benefits

Studies show the operation relieves pain in 85 percent of those incapacitated by poor blood flow, according to Dr. Levy. There's also evidence that life may be prolonged in those with a severely

narrowed left main coronary artery, as this vessel feeds the heart chamber that dispatches blood through the body; total closure could be fatal.

Risks

There is a 2 to 8 percent mortality rate under good conditions. One major danger: post-operative heart attack. There's also the risk of undergoing costly surgery for no benefit.

"There is no evidence that operations on those without pain or without left main-artery blockage will do any good," Dr. Levy said.

"Improvement of heart-pumping power, long-

term pain relief, protection from future heart attacks, or longer life remain to be proven." Newly grafted vessels may close immediately; others remain vulnerable to reclogging.

Problems

Some say blockage in three or even two arteries needs surgery. There's also a feeling that the operation is, at present, often done without justification.

Blood pressure lowering drugs

Benefits

Drug action on one or more of the body processes that control blood pressure may lessen the chance of stroke and other ills. These are the widely used pressure-lowering drugs, which may be combined for more effectiveness:

Diuretics increase urinary output and reduce blood volume. Usually prescribed first, they also lower sodium stores, making the arteries less receptive to signals, sent by nerves that cause the vessels to constrict.

Neurotransmitter blockers interfere with noradrenalin, a chemical responsible for carrying nerve messages. One role of noradrenalin is to tense blood vessels, speeding more blood to vital centers when "fight or flight" feelings are aroused. Some drugs control this response by hampering chemical activity at the nerve site. Others are thought to behave like noradrenalin within the brain, where they act to reduce external supplies.

Risks

With diuretics, loss of needed potassium and other unhealthy proportion shifts of blood components are possible. Problems of vessel dilation include rapid heartbeat, flushed face, and headache. Tampering with chemical messengers may intercept signals undesirably. Some possibilities: too low blood pressure, sleepiness, depression, impotence.

(Continued on page 149)

L-dopa

Benefits

This amino acid made by the body and found in some foods is capable of being changed by an enzyme to dopamine, needed in the brain for normal movement. L-dopa in drug form often reduces slowness, rigidity, and tremor in Parkinson's disease, as its victims lack dopamine. Externally supplied dopamine can't reach the brain through the blood-brain barrier (a protective capillary filter), but L-dopa can enter, then be converted where it's needed.

Risks

One is low blood pressure, due to changes in dopamine within the brain. Another, too much movement, is thought to come from heightened nerve sensitivity to dopamine. The most troublesome long-term problem is an

unexplained on/off effect, in which patients alternate rapidly between inability to move and excessive motion. The longer L-dopa is used, the more this happens. Mental disturbances are possible, but may disappear at lower doses.

Problems

An unproven long-term side effect, loss of mental function, stirs controversy over whether to start L-dopa at first signs of Parkinson's or to wait for disabling disease. Also not agreed on: how much drug to give. "A maintenance dose may depend, in part, on how patients and relatives feel about side effects," said Melvin Van Woert, M.D., professor of medicine and pharmacology at The Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York.

Heparin

Benefits

Injected in small doses in association with chest and abdominal operations, this anticoagulant may prevent four to eight thousand deaths yearly, as well as chronic circulatory problems from blood clots, the American Heart Association reported. High doses have long been used to ward off further damage after clots have already formed. Lesser amounts are now thought to be effective in preventing

clots that are surgically caused. Currently suggested for patients over forty, heparin may help patients under forty in some instances. An "emotionally charged issue," said Joseph Fratantoni, M.D., chief of the NHLBI Blood Disease Branch, is whether young oral-contraceptive users facing operations should have heparin treatment. A test, to identify women on the Pill who are prone to clots, may lead to tailored use of the drug.

Risks

Likeliest, too much bleeding which may be controlled by discontinuing heparin or by giving another drug. *Not* candidates for heparin: those having eye or brain surgery or spinal or epidural anesthesia, since even minor blood flow can harm them; those with bleeding disorders, or anyone who's recently taken aspirin, another clot inhibitor; those facing prostatic surgery, because of the dangers of

excessive bleeding.

Problems

Some feel the drug isn't used enough: A single surgeon may see only one clot-caused death in five years, "but," Dr. Fratantoni said, "in the whole country, that's a lot." Under FDA evaluation: streptokinase and urinokine, clot dissolvers. Risk/benefit ratio is uncertain; the drugs haven't clearly proven their power to improve health, and bleeding complications are possible.

No matter where you went, New York to Milan, they were there, and of the prettiest kinds of prints ever invented. In fabrics that almost never go out of season—sweat, crêpe de Chine, and (very often) irresistible challis—this year's fabric-of-the-year. It was enough to turn even the most confirmed beige-dresser into prints! (And if you live being ahead of the game, this is *fall* news you can slide into right now.)

[illegible]

and florals,
suddenly...

WONDERFUL PRINTS!





The new print . . . and one of the most charming new dresses, *left*, at Diane Von Furstenberg: yellow roses on thin, soft, sliding black jersey separates, with a matching shawl—for DVF collectors, the new “must.” Acrylic jersey, about \$125. Late August, Saks Fifth Avenue; Filene’s; Rich’s; Hudson’s; Dayton’s; I. Magnin.

Like so many of the pretty challis “day” clothes, *above*, if you wound up going on for dinner in this, you’d feel fine. Rust-and-cream printed blouse, skirt, shawl, by Mario Forte for Rona. Of rayon (Couleur), about \$130. Lord & Taylor; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Hudson’s; L.S. Ayres; Bullock’s.

Besides the fact that you’d have on Calvin Klein’s silk pindots instantly, *right*, there’s the nice thing of knowing he can also give you a soft jacket (and/or a cashmere serape) to throw over them! Rust/yellow crêpe de Chine blouse, about \$120, and skirt, about \$130 (both, Bianchini silk). Bonwit Teller; Kaufmann’s; Rich’s; Hudson’s; Bullock’s; Frederick & Nelson; Liberty House, Hawaii. Accessories, next to last page.

suddenly...

**WONDERFUL
PRINTS!**





What's best about challis, *left*: the charm of a tiny rose print in powder-soft colors, the ease of lightweight wool that goes all the time—Basile's slide-y, deep-sleeved blouse and hip-yoked, border-print dirndl. About \$630; with a matching shawl (not shown). Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Liberty House, Hawaii.

Julio's delightful paisleys, *right*: the soft blouse and skirt in rust-blue-and-yellow crêpe de Chine . . . with a ruffled bandoleer tied diagonally across the shoulder and wrapping the waist. Blouse, about \$270. Skirt, about \$290. Ruffle, about \$150. Lord & Taylor; Stanley Korshak; Balliet's; Lou Lattimore; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page.

suddenly...

WONDERFUL PRINTS!



More on the skirt of the year—the soft printed challis dirndl that goes day and night, with everything from pretty blouses to trim little jackets. Here, to sew yourself, two lengths of challis dirndl. Plus . . . *Left*, new way to put together a sportswear look: challis dirndl in a melon-colored Liberty paisley, the new short blazer that just touches the hipbone, and a soft yellow challis blouse with a high ruffled collar and string tie. Skirt, Vogue Pattern 9707; Liberty of London cotton-and-wool. At Bloomingdale's; Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont; Eunice Farmer, St. Louis. Blazer, Vogue Pattern 9832; Pendleton wool. At Macy's; Kaufmann's; Marshall Field; Sakowitz; Bullock's; Meier & Frank. Blouse, Vogue Pattern 9860; Horikoshi wool. Altman's; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson.

suddenly...

WONDERFUL PRINTS!

Right, what pretty at-home is all about this year—the long version of the challis dirndl in a deep Liberty floral, and a taupe cashmere sweater of a blouse, banded and Shirred at the neck. By Avanzara, about \$70. Altman's; Marshall Field; Bullock's Wilshire. Skirt, from the same Vogue Pattern—9707; Liberty of London wool, through Maxine Fabrics, 417 Fifth Ave., New York, New York 10016. **Tip:** When you're dealing with a 45"-width fabric (as here), think about getting an extra 1¼ yards for a square to use as a matching shawl. Accessory details, next to last page of this issue.

Sewing Tip: To get the lightest ruffled collar, we zigzag-stitched the edge. For this kind of hem, turn under the seam allowance and narrowly zigzag-stitch along the folded edge. Then, stitch a second row on top of the first and, using a small, sharp scissors, cut away the seam allowance (being careful not to cut through the stitching).

9832
9860

9707



9707



Longer-looking legs.
1. — black leather top-of-the-knee boots lined in shearling. Julianelli. \$150. Top-of-the-thigh socks in nubby cream/black/brown tweed. Electric Sok. \$10. **2.** Extra-warm (and dashing!): dark-brown shearling boots to the knee. Golo. \$100. To wear with over-the-knee socks in rust wool ribs. Givenchy. \$6.

Textured legs to go with everything from boots to ballet slippers: **3.** Dark-brown patterned tights. Round-The-Clock. \$3.50. **4.** Rust sweater-knit tights. Pennaco. \$6. **5.** Taupe-tan ribs, from Geoffrey Beene. \$6. **6.** Heathery-grey cable-knit tights. Trimfit. \$5.

JULY FINDS

walk right in ... all the

Collect socks . . . in stripes (**10**)—black and tan, from Electric Sok. \$3. In bands (**11**)—navy on greige. Trimfit. \$2.50. In ribbing (**12**)—sheer black like a man's dress sock. Electric Sok. \$2.50. And in tweed (**13**)—Trimfit's navy-and-cream knee socks. \$2.75.



9. Super-light suède—thin unlined greige suède boots on a crêpe sole, from Calvin Klein. \$130.

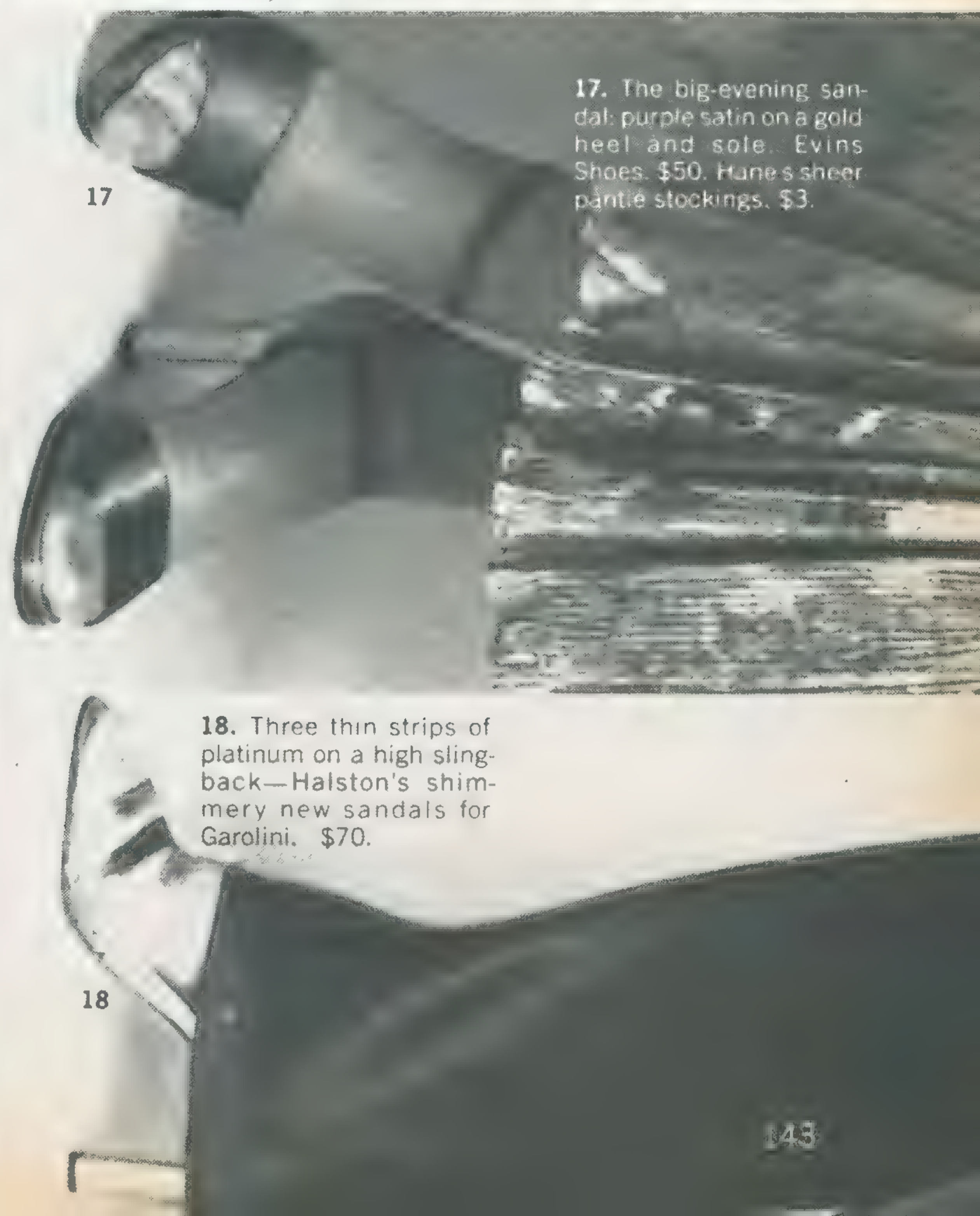
7. Easy classics: dark-brown crêpe-sole tassel moccasins. Ferragamo. \$52. Green herringbone knee socks. Bonnie Doon. \$1.85.

8. If you're looking for versatility: sleek luggage leather boots on a low heel—to wear with pants, skirts, dresses. And the color always goes! Joan and David Couture. \$175.

terrific new stockings & socks, shoes & boots



For razzle-dazzle, collect metallic socks! Gold ones (14)—the bee's knees! \$3. 15. Sparkly, metallic, thigh-high socks with thin stripes to the knees. \$3. All Electric Sok.



17. The big-evening sandal: purple satin on a gold heel and sole. Evins Shoes. \$50. Hanes sheer pantie stockings. \$3.

18. Three thin strips of platinum on a high sling-back—Halston's shimmery new sandals for Garolini. \$70.

Do You Want

You can earn a six-figure salary, but take a look at the roadway before putting your ambition into overdrive

\$100,000?

There is good news and bad news for women who want careers in this still male-dominated business world. The good news is that—like warm weather breaking up a logjam on a frozen stream—opportunities are finally opening up. The bad news is that some talented women hell-bent for career success—like the Faye Dunaway character in *Network*—may be leaving a lot of social debris in their wake. What is bad for the ambitious gander is also bad for the ambitious goose.

The good news is indeed impressive.

- The number of women bank officers and financial managers was 2100 in 1960—there are 122,000 today.
- About 166,000 women in this country are employed as real-estate brokers and sales agents now, compared with only 46,000 in 1960.
- Today there are 164,000 women office managers; 106,000 retail sales managers and department heads; 27,000 women lawyers; 119,000 female professionals in personnel and labor relations; 73,000 female physicians, dentists, and pharmacists; 26,000 women psychologists; 13,000 women economists; 79,000 women in public relations and publicity. And all these numbers increase daily.

But if the doors to the better jobs and salaries are finally creaking open, are you sure you want to rush in? Do you sincerely want to earn \$100,000 a year? "No one ever earned \$100,000 a year easily," says one management consultant—a woman, who does.

It is hard enough for a man to reach the upper salary levels; but, at least tradition is on his side, if there is a price to pay. For a single career woman, or worse, one with a family, the role is a lot tougher, however. Consider these four examples.

Marsha McNally (none of the names is real) was twenty-six, single, and a very promising advertising sales representative. A lucrative sales territory opened up, owing to a retirement. As was the company's practice, the top five sales people drew straws to determine who would get first

crack at the territory. The previous salesman there had netted close to \$100,000 in the area for several years. Marsha won the draw for the territory, but it turned out to be a very rough neighborhood, where even the police traveled in pairs.

Phyllis Jacobson was thirty-two, married, with two small children. She worked as a marketing executive for a cosmetics manufacturer. A vice presidency was presented to her, which necessitated a lot of travel—the equivalent of one week a month.

Linda Morelli was in her mid-thirties, married, with one child. She had worked for nine years—with time out to have her child—in a personnel agency and wanted to start her own agency with a friend.

Brenda Baumgold was in her late thirties, a dedicated attorney for a large corporation, extremely good at her specialty—patent law. She was earning over \$30,000 a year, but was somehow stuck at that level. She wanted more money and responsibility, but it didn't seem to come to her.

Before we examine how these women coped with the options opened to them, let's take a look at what one expert advises they should have considered.

Jacques C. Nordeman is chairman of MBA Resources, an executive-search firm that specializes in finding for clients talented young men and women who have earned masters degrees. From his experience with budding and full-blown chief executives, Nordeman has compiled a list of questions he suggests an aspirant for a very high income weigh carefully.

- Are you applying your talents where they can best be appreciated—by yourself and others? Are you working for a company, or in a career field, where your unique abilities are being fully used?
- Are you in the right career field—where big money is possible? If you are in publishing, for example, a \$100,000 income is possible for only a very few.
- What sacrifices are you—and your family—willing to make? Are you willing to cope with the pressures that invariably accompany greater responsibilities? Do you know what the potential pressures are?
- What is your pressure threshold? How much of it can you tolerate? What is your capacity to make hard decisions—and live with them—even if some of them are wrong but irreversible?

● Do you have the energy to work hard enough? "All the top people I have ever dealt with possess tremendous energy capacity," says Nordeman. "They run corporations, sit on other companies' boards, are active in sports—usually excelling at one or more of them—and seem to thrive on it all."

● What is the real reason you want to earn \$100,000? Is it just the money? Is it the power and prestige that earning that much also brings? Is it to demonstrate that you can "win the game"? "Invariably, there is more than the simple money goal," says Nordeman. "After all, at that level you are partners with Uncle Sam."

● Do you have an accurate self-image of yourself? Do others see you the same way you perceive yourself? Are you really good at those things you think you excel at? Are you trying to prove yourself to someone else—who might not care that much for your achievements?

● Are your lifestyle objectives compatible with the commitments you have to make to reach the upper rungs? "Many senior executives sacrifice home life for the career—without really thinking about it. Consider it carefully," says Nordeman.

Finally, and most importantly, Nordeman urges that you consider all the risks involved. There are four principal ones.

First, there is the financial risk, since job changing is almost always necessary for career advancement. And sometimes the "right" job might turn out to be a bummer—resulting in periods of unemployment.

There is the professional risk of a setback or two, too. You have to be able to stomach some reverses, without losing confidence in yourself.

The personal risks can be substantial. Divorce, loss of contact with the family, and even poor health or an early death can result from an all-out effort to succeed. "The walls to the executive suite are lined with torn-up marriage certificates," notes Lynn Gilbert, a partner in Gilbert Tweed Associates, another executive-search firm.

There are psychological risks, too, which can be subtle. If you have to move from a well-known prestigious company to an unknown one, there is often a loss of status. Or, there could be an important title change, especially when going from a small company to a larger one. Instead of vice president, you (Continued on page 153)

ART'S BIG HIT

(Continued from page 118)

the "Giant Icebag" constructed by Los Angeles engineers and technicians and exhibited at Expo '70. By 1967, when "Lipstick Ascending" was translated from a cardboard maquette into the mammoth scale he has designated as "colossal," Oldenburg had already started to work at Lippincott, Inc., a factory outside of New Haven, Connecticut, that specialized exclusively in the manufacture of large-scale sculpture.

Before working at Lippincott, Oldenburg already had become fascinated with the duality between hard and soft states of the same object. His first giant sculptures were, like the colossal monuments, symbols of American life. At first, the giant ice-cream cone, slice of apple pie, and hamburger were soft sculptures made of sewn and painted cloth. Oldenburg made hard cardboard maquettes of some objects, such as electric switches, plugs, and bathroom plumbing, that had previously existed in soft versions. From cardboard to steel was a logical step, since the hard Pop objects were basically, like manufactured objects, standard and geometric in their forms. Soon, with the collaboration of Lippincott, Oldenburg had translated his "Geometric Mouse," now outside the Houston Museum of Fine Arts; his forty-five-foot "Clothespin," in Philadelphia; his "Giant 3-Way Plug" on the campus of Oberlin College; and the "Colossal Ashtray," currently outside the cafeteria at Beaubourg in Paris, into monumental construction.

Because of the irreverent imagery of Oldenburg's monuments, there is always a certain appealing humor that undercuts the solemnity of the idea of official art. Neither ominous nor threatening, the colossal Pop objects are as lovable as Oldenburg himself. Far from being alienated, this artist is inordinately fond of his fellow human beings. On the level of recognition, his monuments are available to all. On a more sophisticated level, however, they have qualities of scale, proportion, and formal unity that trained eyes recognize as superior as well. In other words, Oldenburg's works are fun and they are good art, too, which is an amazing combination found in the poetic satirical comedies of Aristophanes, which were the popular art of ancient Greece.

Although Oldenburg has been commissioned by universities, civic groups, and private patrons, the "Batcolumn" is his first direct Federal commission, the latest in the growing number of distinguished works of public art being underwritten by the United States General Services Administration.

Although it is popularly believed that artists like Oldenburg receive enormous fees from the G.S.A., the sums handed out, which are considerable, hardly cover the cost of materials and manufacture. To my knowledge, no sculptor has made a dime of profit on a G.S.A. public commission; Oldenburg, for example, could not have had the "Batcolumn" fabricated without unlimited credit at Lippincott, and he is currently out of pocket about \$20,000. For the most part, these public monuments, which will express to the future the goals and achievements of our civilization, are essentially gifts to the American people by their artists, who finally are appreciated as being as American as apple pie. ▽



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A TALE ABOUT RAIN

(Continued from page 113)

5. My hostess, to be absolutely honest,
might not have looked at me with adoration,
but the fear of being thought old-fashioned
checked her a little, though perhaps not for the best.

How are you? (Oh, the flashing of the lightning's flood
dammed in the slender neck of a proud woman!)
Thank you, I said, I think I'm still human,
though I've wallowed in fever like a pig in the mud.

(At this stage something was causing me some pain.
You see, having made my bow, I wanted
to say:
My life is empty, but it seems good today,
especially so, as I am seeing you again.)

She began to speak:
You're the one to blame.
For goodness' sake! With such talents!
All through the rain! And the distance!
Everyone shouted:
Get warm by the fire, by the flames!

Some time, in some other period of time,
in a square, amidst the music and the swearing
we could have met, with drums and trumpets blaring,
you could have cried:
To the fire with her, to the flame!

For all of it! For the Rain! For then! For after!
For the black magic of the eyes' blackest berries,
for the sound from lips, for the stones of cherries
flying through the air without any effort!

Greetings to you! Fly out at me, jump,
fire, my brother, my dog of many tongues!
Lick my hands in your great tender love!
You are also the Rain! You scorch but you are damp!

Your monologue is somewhat whimsical,
said my host, sounding a little put out.
But what's it matter, long life to the green sprout!
There's a certain fascination in young people.

Don't listen to me! I admit I'm raving!
I begged him. The whole thing is the fault of the Rain.
All day it has been killing me like a demon.
It's because of the Rain that I've been misbehaving.

And suddenly I saw—through the window, there,
my faithful Rain, getting all blue and crying.
Only a trace of it, left in me, was lying
floating in my eyes like two tears.

6. One of the guests, like a dove over the eaves,
all nebulous, lifting up her glass,
asked, a little hostile and capricious,
Is your husband as rich as everyone believes?

Is he rich? I don't quite know. Well, maybe.
But he's rich. His work is perfectly easy.
Do you want to know a secret?—there seems to be,
inside me, something incurably beggarly.

I instructed him in all the witch's arts—
I was like that, not at all afraid of frankness.
And now he can turn anything precious
to a ring on water, a little beast, or grass.

Here, I'll prove it to you! Give me your ring.
Let's save the star from the little ring that locks it in.
Naturally she didn't give me her ring,
looking somewhere else as if the whole thing were baffling.

And, you know, here is another detail—
what appeals to me is to end my days in the gutter.
(Really, my tongue was getting swollen with rubbish.
Oh, the Rain was dictating over and over again.)

7. Rain, we'll remember it long after now!
Another guest, in a contralto voice,
launched this inquiry:

Who is it that endows
those who have been gifted by God? And exactly how?

Fever shook me like a rattle in a case:
a slightly old-fashioned god like a professor,
always ready to laugh with you or bless you,
is coming toward you, to shade your brow with grace.

And further—fly through the air's verticals,
smashing your elbows and knees until they bleed
against the snow, the air, corners of the streets,
the bedsheets of hotels and hospitals.

Do you remember that painted cupola
of St. Basil's Cathedral, edged with teeth? Imagine—
smashing against it with all your skin!
Please sit down!
She put me in my place in a fit of temper.

8. Meanwhile, for the guests' diversion,
something was happening, new to me and dear:
in the drawing room began to appear
a lacelike, silver cloud of little children.

My dear hostess, forgive me, my wickedness will out.
I have been telling lies and acting like an ass!
An exhalation of unsullied glass
is rising from you as from a glassblower's mouth.

A container filled to bursting with your soul,
your very own child, molded so tenderly!
How precise the outline its contours are extending!
Don't judge me too harshly, it was out of my control.

My dear hostess, your evil genius
Is in despair all day, all night long
over your child, and, over your little son
it droops its great head downward to the dust.

The Rain called my lips toward her hand.
I was weeping:
Forgive me. Please try to understand.
Your eyes are very wise and very clear.

9. Just then a children's chorus sounded nearby:
Ah, that's the way time flew—
we need to have a little laugh!
A certain Jew—
ha-ha—he had a wife.

His family had to sweat
through all the heavy hours
so that a single kopeck
could grow to the size of a house.

O little drop of metal
full as honeycomb!
You have arisen, vital
as the sun in heaven's dome.

All this is only meant to be
a joke, our party trick.
In the twentieth century
we grow up gay and sick.

We are little children
but we grow up in a dream,
as in banks the copper hidden
takes on a golden gleam.

At our backs—a sweet chill
and the points of two wings.
Frost has begun to fill
our pores with aluminum.

So life will not be too vapid,
art, art for little men,
like someone else's baby
touches us now and then.

We will pay the penalty
for our careless parents. Hurrah!
O banality,
you are our comforting star.

Thanks to you, we will miss
tortures of wrath and pain.

Our queen, we humbly kiss
the hem of your velvet train.

10. Laziness like an illness closed in on me,
On my shoulder a stranger's hand was resting.
In my hand I warmed a wineglass like a nestling.
Its wide beak opened and closed at me.

My dear hostess, when your boy was at rest,
so soon asleep, did you feel a twinge of doubt
or sadness when you poured into his mouth,
into that craving wound, your poisoned breast?

What if in him, like a pear in its secret place,
a spring of bended music was asleep?
Like the rainbow—in a white bud hidden deep?
Like a hidden muscle of beauty—in his face?

What if Sasha—a Blok about to be?
O she-bear, what made it seem so very sweet
to go hunting with hungry, loving teeth
in the fur of your cub, and pick out God like a flea?

11. The hostess brought brandy, poured me out a nip.
You have a fever. Get warm by the fireplace.
Good-by, my Rain!
What gaiety, how nice
to make one's contact with the frost by tongue-tip!

What a strong smell of roses in the wine!
Wine, you alone are not guilty.
The atom of the grape is split in me.
In me a war of two different roses burns.

My wine, I am your defeated prince
lashed between the two saplings bent down.
Let fly! Don't be afraid! Let the execution
separate us with the sound of ringing.

I am growing vaster and vaster, kinder and kinder!
Look—already I am as kind as a clown,
at your feet, toppled over by a bow!
I feel squeezed already between the doors and windows.

O Lord, such kindness nothing can eclipse!
Hurry up! Pity to tears! Fall on my knees!
I love you. The shyness of a cripple freezes
my pale cheeks and gives a twist to my lips.

What could I do for you, anything, even once?
Humiliate me! Pitiless humiliation!
Here is my skin—naked with anticipation
like a canvas for paints! The space is clean for the wounds!

I love you boundlessly and without shame!
My embrace is rounded as the sky above us.
We come from the same fount. We are all brothers.
My boy, Rain! Please, come here quickly, Rain!

12. Over everyone's back there rippled an icy feeling.
A horrible scream from the hostess cut the silence.
And suddenly rusty orange signs
floated across the expanse of the white ceiling.

And—the Rain burst in torrents! They chased
it with basins, brushes and brooms bit at its legs.
It tried to break away. It flew at their cheeks,
rose in a transparent blindness before their gaze.

It danced an unexpected cancan through the tussle.
It sang as it played on the resurrected crystal.
Over the Rain the house like a trap gritting
its grip had begun to tear away the muscles.

It bellied across the parquet, leaving wet trails
and looking at me with love and anguish.
The men, hitching their trousers up above the ankles,
came darting at it, driving in their heels.

They bundled it up with rags and disgustedly
wrung it out into the lavatory.
Tearing my throat, which suddenly
was hoarse and wretched,
I shouted,
Don't touch it! It belongs to me!

Like a beast or a child it was capable of pain.
May your children have bad luck and live in torment!
Why did you dip your blind hands, ignorant
of all secrets, into the blood of the Rain?

(Continued on page 155)

merry christmas

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ring? Even now...with sand in your
sandals and leaves still green on
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Please save this list for next month's
Robert-David Morton ad.

THE ASHRAM

(Continued from page 131)

belly-breathe if faint. She also pointed out a few of nature's roadside attractions such as fresh mustard, which some of us ate when we felt a rise of nausea sweeping over us. One time she fooled us by insisting we should all get rejuvenated by taking three deep inhales from her palm which she said was filled with freshly crushed spearmint but which was actually fresh basil. Within an inhale and a half each one of us had to sit down from the effect it had on our sinuses, head, and heart. It took us twenty minutes to recover from one of Mother Nature's "hits."

After the morning walk, there was usually a gym workout with the sixty-five-year-old physical wonder Maximilian Sikinger, called Max or Maxi. Known as the "body bender to the stars" (he has worked with everyone from Steve Reeves to Howard Hughes), Maxi is affectionately called the "Tiny Terror of Physical Fitness." Dressed in his red ensemble of short shorts, red undershirt with "coach" written on it, and red high socks, Maxi managed to get me to do twelve squats with a fifteen-pound barbell on my shoulders, twenty-five deep knee bends, and a series of side-split lunges that my outer thighs will not soon forget. After forty minutes of what he calls "minor-league training," he topped it off by having me do forty stomach-churning sit-ups.

Maxi gets maximum results. For some reason, everyone enjoys pushing past physical barriers for Maxi . . . maybe it's his twinkly half-moon eyes or his 5'3"-satyr stature or the fact that he calls everyone "love" (and means it). Maxi particularly likes it if the group fasts a day on a secret blend of herbs called "Maxi's Tea" that he insists speeds up the eliminating process as it purifies the blood and acts as a diuretic. I don't know about blood purification but its power as a laxative was tremendous.

After Maxi's killer marathon, there was a juice break and then a pool class which usually consisted of a wild and wicked game of volleyball. Then lunch (maybe a slice of cucumber filled with yogurt, fresh onions, and fresh radishes) and a rest in the sun or a massage with Suleiman dressed for the role with his turban and bare chest.

After what seemed like a mere moment of rest, we were off again either for a dance class or a fabulous calisthenics class on the beach. For some reason, moving our bodies to an audience of the sun, air, and sea helped get us through the never-ending repetitions of knee-to-nose donkey kicks.

By this time the sun was almost setting and it was time for another "wind-down" mountain walk and finally back home for one of the most treasured treats—the yoga class held in the dome. We all got to experience the feelings of "dome power." The interior was decorated with suspended cut crystals (to reflect "the inner and outer light and energy of every being") which reverberated shimmering rainbows everywhere. There was the astounding sensation of chanting in this geodesic space. You could feel your whole essence vibrating in your solar plexus. After yoga, we levitated to dinner, at which, in most cases, we could barely lift our forks to eat and instead ended up thwamping our heads in our gazpacho bowls out of sheer exhaustion. The table looked glorious in its simplicity, with twelve

pots of sprouts and grasses set out in the middle—among them, fresh garlic, onion, parsley, alfalfa, sunflower, wheat, mung bean, and soy. Next to our forks were tiny scissors and we trimmed our supper. . . .

While the rigorous schedule remained the same throughout the week, the emotional and physical pain did not. The body broke down immediately. Eventually, it became our brains that we had to deal with. On Tuesday, the soreness was excruciating; many of us went into fits of agony when we woke in the middle of the night and had to take three steps to the bathroom. We lived for our daily massage, but no sooner did we get to lie on our backs (it took me forty minutes just to mount the table due to severe muscle pain) than we had to go jog on the beach. It seemed relentless.

Wednesday was complete crack-up day. Still bone sore, we continued on but some of us had to let go and cry. We all understood that crying or cursing or vomiting, or whatever the release, was indeed okay and necessary. You had to let go of that tension to get on with the next level.

Because of the close group and smallness of the house, we started to lean (mentally and physically) on each other for support. We carried each other upstairs, encouraged each other, and boasted to each other about who was sorest and where. There was no room for personal competition, jealousy, or hatred. We were kept too busy and when we weren't we were too exhausted. Enough breaking down was going on within our bodies so that we didn't need any outer communication disintegration as well. I originally had cringed over having to share a room with a stranger, but I found having a roommate a help when times got tough.

Although we were weighed in every morning (and everyone lost an amazing eight to twelve pounds within five days), we never discussed it. By Wednesday, all we cared about was getting enough oxygen and wondering when and if the pain would ever subside.

The high events of the week were any meals at which Anne-Marie Bennstrom was present. She usually arrived unannounced and would silently float around the table kissing everyone and motherly ruffling our hair while dishing honest concern over our aches and pains. She would refer to us as her "little chickens" and within minutes had the entire table in the palm of her hand. Anne-Marie is extremely low key and refuses to take the power position of guru. Her attitude is one of if-you-like-what-I-say-fine-if-not-that's-fine-too.

"I always wanted The Ashram to be completely pure and balanced," Anne-Marie said. "And I wanted the group small so that they could get the most benefit. I wanted it to be an organic family and not a regimented hospital or resort. You know we need to come to this type of a place not so much to lose weight but to restore our broken connection between ourselves, our inner selves, and with nature. I couldn't care less if you lose ten pounds—you can gain it all back in a week when you leave anyway. It's your mind that needs the nourishment."

"If your mind is awakened, your body will follow. And sometimes these fight-for-survival experiences can shake you into a newer sense of reality. Why do you think nowadays so many people are taking vacations having to do with daredevil sports

(Continued on page 151)

HEALTH NOW

(Continued from page 133)

Problems

There is concern about hypertensives who are not getting needed medication, but not all hypertensives need it:

"No one knows the effects of forty years of treatment with our present drugs," Dr. Wright said. "In a young person, you should first try to lower weight, reduce salt, omit alcohol, and maybe give mild sedation. Of course, seriously high pressure you have to treat actively at any age." What's serious? Latest NHLBI recommendations: people with diastolic pressures over 105 need prompt care. Those with readings between 90 and 104 may try lifestyle changes, but need drugs if normal levels aren't reached in three to six months; some doctors medicate within this range.

Antidepressants

Benefits

These appear to compensate for chemical deficiencies linked with depression by reducing the availability of nerve-signaling chemicals. One way the body normally rids itself of excesses: they are reabsorbed by the same nerves that produce them. One drug group, the tricyclics, interferes with this soaking-up process. A second disposal method: an enzyme, monamine oxidase, inactivates the chemicals. A second antidepressant group, the monamine oxidase inhibitors, slows inactivation. The added chemical-messenger supply increases nerve activity, a boost thought to be responsible for mood lifts.

The drugs are considered most helpful for depressions having no obvious cause. "But," said Peter E. Stokes, M.D., professor of medicine and psychiatry at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, "those depressions seemingly due to external events may also be helped. The apparent reason for a depression isn't always the actual one."

It is now thought that mood dips may stem from several possible chemical deficiencies. Some depressed persons may lack noradrenalin; others, another chemical, serotonin.

Risks

Intensified nerve signals may bring erratic heart rhythms, also likelier in diseased hearts. Tricyclics can cause low blood pressure, most threatening in the elderly or those with pre-existing significant cardiovascular disease. Monamine oxidase inhibitors can also lower pressure, but carry risk of sudden soars if certain foods, such as some cheeses, are eaten.

Problems

Disagreed on: length of post-recovery treatment. The trend will probably be toward lower doses for a longer time.

Antianxiety/sedative/sleep-inducing drugs

Benefits

Some drugs in this group: the benzodiazepines (including Librium, Valium, and Dalmane); barbiturates Equanil and Miltown. "It is commonly but erroneously thought that benzodiazepines are minor tranquilizers and barbiturates are sedatives," Dr. Shapiro said. "But both classes of drugs are antianxiety/sedative/hypnotic drugs whose effects are related to dosage." In small amounts any drug in

this group eases anxiety without impairing alertness (though users are warned against driving). Larger quantities of all bring sedation, which means drowsiness and interference with such higher brain functions as thought, emotion, and memory. Still greater doses bring sleep.

Risks

Impaired function, tolerance, and addiction are known threats of such older sedatives as barbiturates. Whether patients taking benzodiazepines face the same dangers is not fully agreed on. Said Dr. Shapiro, "Valium breaks down into three other active chemicals that stay in the body one hundred hours. Those who take it may become subtly obtunded and addicted. Sudden drug stoppage may cause extreme anxiety, irritability, and other disturbances which are often unrecognized withdrawal symptoms. The drug may be continued needlessly because doctor and patient think the anxiety is a return of old symptoms." Increasing amounts of medication may also be needed to get results.

Choices

Some feel only brief use of any sedative is appropriate. Others approve a more long-term medication with low daily doses. Many say sleep medicines are overused. "These should be taken on a short-term basis for sleep problems brought on by severe physical or emotional trauma," said Dr. Stokes.

Oral drugs for diabetes

Benefits

Two drug groups may lower blood sugar with a pill instead of an injection in those able to produce some insulin of their own. One group, the sulfonylureas, coaxes insulin from sluggish pancreas cells; a second, the biguanides, appears to lower carbohydrate stores, so less insulin is needed.

Oral drugs only help with adult-onset diabetes. Juvenile diabetes, a total insulin lack which doesn't always start in childhood, won't respond. Harold Rifkin, M.D., professor of medicine at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, said: "In most instances, the drugs are not needed. Seventy-five percent of adult-onset diabetics are obese. Medication should be considered only after weight loss. Patients should also be checked for infection, oral-contraceptive use, and emotional stress, all able to raise blood sugar. If, after eliminating problems, there are still symptoms, a doctor must decide between insulin and oral drugs." Sulfonylurea reactions, rare but possible, include blood-count abnormalities, a form of hepatitis, and allergic response. Biguanides, more apt to cause trouble, can bring gastrointestinal discomforts. Danger: these drugs can produce severe toxicity, particularly when patients have such conditions as heart attack or stroke.

Problems

A large-scale study unexpectedly concluded that those on oral diabetes drugs faced a high risk of death from cardiovascular disease, and diabetes complications weren't prevented. Though some consider the study valid, it has been attacked. Several objections: death rate was high at only four of twelve study centers; both drug groups produced the same number of fatalities, despite different modes of action; variables weren't carefully recorded or accurately fed to the computer. The FDA has issued a warning, leaving final say to doctors. ▽



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MILAN: WHERE THE ACTION IS . . .

(Continued from page 109)

city where people can really work, and everything we need in our business can be found around Milan, which is the one direct link to Northern Europe."

The Milan phenomenon is more than positive for Jean-Baptiste Caumont: "It has put us in direct contact with buyers and the press, and that could never have happened at the collective shows in Florence." "It is positive because the atmosphere in Milan is serious, professional, and stable," says Giorgio Armani, leading designer of sportswear "Italian style." If it is true, as sociologists assert, that fashion always veers towards the "winner," or the successful, and if it is true that for as long as Italy has been on the map the economic strength of the north has invariably originated in the south, here is the opinion of Gianni Versace, a southerner, born into the fashion business (his mother owns the most elegant international boutique in Reggio Calabria), who hit the limelight at an early age: "Milan fits into a modern context; it has become the fashion capital because it was the only city offering the ideal design/industry/press combination; Milan is the most socially-conscious city." Walter Albini, the only Milanese exponent in the group, hardly needs to testify in favor of his own city, which has appreciated even his boldest creations. But to substantiate further this chorus of approval, here is what two outsiders, Fendi from Rome and French designer Muriel Grateau (currently at Mario Valentino's), have to say: "It's the only

international city in Italy and the most important business center, so it naturally became the capital of fashion."

So much by way of introducing the "magnificent nine," singled out as the leaders of the Milan phenomenon: but what are the fashions these designers propose? Although they differ widely in terms of character, social background, and approach, they share certain basic tendencies (such as a serious creative commitment, a high level of workmanship and materials, and an emphasis on accessories) and form a mosaic which, through its variety, offers buyers one of the most interesting and unique markets.

"Elégance," says Jean Baptiste Caumont, in a tone of voice strongly reminiscent of De Gaulle when he said "France." But his style is closer to the masculine/sporty/tailored look with a certain Chanel chic—a style unveiling new colors, details, and cuts each season, all perfectly coherent throughout his three collections: the men's line, the women's line, and the knitwear. Krizia also produces three collections: Krizia, Kriziamaglia (knitwear), and Kriziababy (children's wear). The style of it all is hard to define: Mariuccia Pinto might be happy as a cat with nine lives to live simultaneously. As such, her style is a happy mélange of the classic and the eccentric (chiné and neutral sweaters, but miniskirts over tights); the stark and the fanciful blended with a pinch of sexiness.

No one but the Missonis could have invented the put-together, coordinated/uncoordinated look—a style that is in perfect keeping with their authentic originality, "the quintessential knit," says Rosita Missoni, with a mind to emphasizing knits (rather than knitwear in general) as their

main area of concern: this year's is the reversible, one-color dress, soft and hairy as fur on one side and slinky as satin on the other—the ultimate twenty-four-hour dress.

"I design the kind of clothes I myself like to wear," says super-slim and chic designer Muriel Grateau, whose taste in clothes is refined, light, and feminine with an occasional dab of folklore.

Wavering between Tunisian folklore and Chanel at its chic-est, Walter Albini's look ranges from harem pants to casual three-piece suits, which he was the first to re-edit in a refined selection of colors, cuts, and fabrics. Another pioneer with an admirable eye for choosing fabrics is Giorgio Armani, whose masculine/sporty look characterizes both his day and evening wear.

Casual and with a special emphasis on suits is the Basile style renowned for its spencer jackets. A range of different fabrics, a touch of folklore, this year with a Mittel-European flavor and a colorful feminine note in blouses, shirtdresses.

"A fashion that is alive," says Gianni Versace. "Dresses in motion," he adds, by way of defining his casual and eminently youthful styles. Details (such as his Renaissance embroideries), soft fabrics, and the combination of leather and velvet or chiffon are all part of his extremely personal, wearable, and flexible designs.

The firm of Fendi, pioneers in ready-to-wear furs, first introduced on the market the so-called "poor furs," relatively unknown until then, fashioning them as perfectly as if they were fabrics. "Our work," says Anna Fendi, "involves a continuing research into the different ways of treating skins, colors, and the various details such as boots and belts, blouses, skirts, and trousers that are an integral part of our design."

PARIS: NEW DESIGNERS, NEW IDEAS . . .

(Continued from page 106)

where and how to wear it."

Agnes B., who has been designing for over ten years—at Dorothée Bis, V. d. V., Limitex, and Pierre d'Alby—is the sleeper of the group, way, way ahead in her thinking. She feels very strongly about the role fashion plays in one's life: "I made my own boutique because I want to make the kinds of clothes I love—things that look old and personal, that look like old friends. I hate anything too new or fashionable. I am horrified at the idea of having to renew a group of clothes twice a year—when I was a child, I hated having to put away my summer clothes and take out my winter ones, and vice versa. It is unnatural and upsetting to women who have only a small part of their lives to spend on dressing themselves." Her way, one simply weeds out and adds to a closet that stays stable with basic clothes all year 'round—a wool jacket with cotton jeans, linen with tweed, tweed with lace, white shoes in winter. Agnes's shop, rue du Jour in Les Halles, is indicative of her and her thinking: "I live here all day. I give work to friends . . . and all the girls work half-time so they, like me, have time to live."

Anne-Marie Beretta is the granddaughter of a shepherd. She feels close to the signification of this, though she herself is a chic Parisienne. She loves natural, wide

shapes in beautiful wools and cottons that move on the body and are often caught with a double length of leather belt. In their rue St. Sulpice boutique, Anne-Marie and her husband are in close contact with the women who buy her clothes, explaining the new proportions and helping women to relate to them. She believes a boutique atmosphere is necessary to create the mood of her way of dressing. There is an anonymity to department stores, she feels, that makes shopping difficult, and so much choice that women have trouble relating to the clothes.

Chantal Thomass is thirty and has been working since the age of twenty: "I have grown up with my collections. When I started, my husband was at Les Beaux Arts. We took some sketches to Elie Jacobson at Dorothée Bis, and I made them up myself, using fabrics I bought retail. Now I do two big collections a year. I like to design for women like me; women who work, are young, and who love color. All my clothes are wonderful when they're mixed up and changed around. I wish people didn't copy the way magazines do the photographs. The young girls with little money come in and buy one or two things and put them on with their white jeans or shorts or whatever—I love that. The thing I hate the most is the 'panoply' of certain designers—you recognize the designer immediately; you don't even see the woman."

Jean Claude de Luca has the color and style of his mixed French and Italian background. He started at Givenchy as an assistant "to learn the métier" and jumped out after several seasons. He, too, went to

that kind Elie Jacobson of Dorothée Bis and, for years, worked to perfect his own style and to free himself from the prerogatives of his couture training. He admires Saint Laurent but feels that he is trapped in the structure of the haute couture and couture ready-to-wear. Jean Claude wants his clothes to be worn alone or mixed up, and always has a pair of jeans in mind as a bottom to one of his shirts, or to wear with his jacket and wide, natural, rough linen or wool coats. He loves such noble fabrics as cashmere, but takes them out of their uptight image and does a wide, unstructured bathrobe to wear with leather or jeans.

Issey Miyake is one of the Japanese who has flowered in the Paris inspirational climate: "I love New York and would love to live there, but I know I would never work. It is so exciting and exhilarating. I get my energy and inspiration there, and come to Paris to work out my collections. I love the body, the theater, mystery, but I want my clothes to be used by the person and never worn in a prescribed way. My show is my theater, but my clothes are to do whatever the wearer wants. I always think of the collections I did in the past and the colors that will follow from season to season and mix with the things I did before. I make my own clothes and love my coats on men. In fact, if someone only bought one thing from me and taught me a new way of wearing it, I would be happy. . . ." Like all these new designers, Issey is equally at home in Paris, New York, Hong Kong, or India. The ease with which they live in the whole world—using a plane as though it were a taxi and

Milan is primarily renowned for its "fashion sportswear," which, unlike other sportswear, blends the "masculine/feminine" look into a spicy cocktail: a seemingly casual, yet extremely refined approach to clothes; a look where luxury is cleverly concealed and elegance stems from contrasts; a fashion well-suited to the city's traditions but also to the current social/political climate. The Milanese are down-to-earth and like to deal with concrete things, but they are also on the lookout for new ideas which may be turned to their advantage; their pockets are full, but they are always willing to dip into them; they cannot, and do not, wish to appear aggressive or provocative yet they could never relinquish a certain degree of luxury or sexy-charm. They might even pass unnoticed in the streets, now that they've given up wearing showy fur coats and their flashier pieces of jewelry (though they continue to collect these). But when they step into a restaurant or into friends' houses (those same houses once renowned for their traditional Lombardic hospitality, now bolted up like prisons), they still like to create a stir. Such is fashion.

Hence the leather jackets, borrowed from the policemen or aviators of the '30's and further exacerbated by Hitlerian boots, conceal extremely feminine Casanova-type blouses, all frills and lace (see Versace). Just as Krizia's rough quilted capes are draped over fitting and bare woolen lace blouses with an occasional touch of marabou, linings are often more refined than their exteriors, which explains why everything is reversible. Even an extremely classic tartan blouse such as Giorgio Armani's has a hand-embroidered scalloped collar. Then there are the colors, which are soft and

tender and the wide range of fabrics, from the corduroys and printed velvets to the featherlight faille, from ultra-soft cashmeres to rough cottons.

Then, the accessories, naturally. All this is part of Milan fashion: women in boots, since boots, or rather spats, are the star accessories of the 1978 collections—long spats shrouding the legs like tights and hugging them above the knees like stockings with garters; military spats with metal buckles; quasi-kitsch boots with pastel flower embroideries which become plausible when worn with straight, sober sportswear (see San Lorenzo); slim high-heeled boots and sturdy rubber-soled boots; plus delicate suède boots dyed in myriad shades of dusty "Roman rooftop" pink, colors that were the main success ingredient in the Fendi collection. The only alternatives to boots are tights and thick woolen socks, coordinated and uncoordinated, like Missoni's—Tyrolean socks, tartan socks, and jacquard socks in subtle 1925 designs. Hovering between the "austerity" of the times and a rough/casual/tailored look; between Muriel Grateau's Tartar folklore and Walter Albini's profane-Russian creations with icons printed on the front; all wrapped up in Fendi furs fashioned to look like delicate wood inlays, or hidden beneath Krizia's warm quilted jackets and Basile's overcoats; competing with the men, in Armani's and Caumont's jackets and tweed layers; gathered up in Missoni's new capes like Byzantine madonnas, or unhampered and free in Gianni Versace's not-so-casual leather or jersey outfits, the women created by the "Milan phenomenon" will step out confidently into the real world.

—TRANSLATED BY
GINETTA ALHADEFF

traveling light—is an important part of their lives.

Thierry Mugler is a loner. He will take off for Africa or India for months at a time, alone, with one pair of jeans in a sack. An ex-dancer with a completely individual feeling for shape and color, he uses his sense of theater and ballet to work out the themes for his shows. The clothes, however, can be pulled apart and, when seen on racks in his showroom, are the most sage and real pieces one could ever want. For his new boutique on La Place des Victoires, he designed the mannequins and jewelry—everything very luxurious but *brut* (gold threads in rough linen, for example). Thierry and Claude Montana speak to each other every day but never discuss a collection. There is no competition among these designers; they all admire each other and feel secure in their own lives and work—Jean-Charles de Castelbajac asked Claude Montana to wear a couple of things in his show; Issey Miyake gave up his morning practice run in the Salle Wagram when he heard that Claude needed a place for his show—the team feeling here is terrific.

Claude Montana's life hasn't changed in all the years he has been working. His fabrics are natural wools and silks and special tweeds that he has made up in Ireland. Leather is his big love, and his sense of color is extraordinary. He works out intricate hair and makeups for his shows, and all his friends come and help put the collection together. His latest was considered by many to be Claude's most interesting collection yet, new-looking and

wearable. His leathers are expensive, but even at high prices they're selling. He hopes someone will invest in one of his jackets, but has some very inexpensive T-shirts and beautiful wide silk shirts. . . . Again, the same story; he proposes clothes . . . the selection and mixing are up to the person who buys them. And, like his colleagues, he, too, lives simply, sees a few friends, loves music, dancing in New York and at Le Sept in Paris, and wouldn't change his life for all the money in the world.

Jean-Charles de Castelbajac's clothes are more recognizable than many other designers' in this group. The bright rainbow stripes continue in collection after collection. The blankets and dishrag clothes are legend, and the story of the friend who had a blanket factory and how he now does blankets in Castelbajac colors is the talk of the industry. . . . Jean-Charles broke out of the traditional mold by finding new ways to use industrial fabrics and materials for clothing. Now he even makes industrial clothes for workers, which, in turn, are bought by "civilians," just as we all buy from the Army-Navy surplus. Castelbajac is hotly contested in the Paris Fashion Jungle; no one is indifferent to him. He, though, is indifferent to all put-ons and people who refuse to open up and break away from traditional ways of doing things. He himself broke away from a super-bourgeois background . . . now, between jaunts on his motorcycle, he stays in a quiet Paris hotel and finds new ways to show that clothes can be worn for beauty, sport, and comfort—all at once. ▽

THE ASHRAM

(Continued from page 148)

or 'Outward Bound' programs? We don't take enough physical risks . . . we are too afraid of ourselves. We must learn that we are no longer the stream, we are the ocean."

Anne-Marie and her staff work hard at not letting the guests feel as if there is a planned regime. "We like to set the temperature according to the group. And we interview all guests very carefully before they come so that we know that they are physically okay enough to go through it. It's also why we encourage coed groups: it makes for different minds, more color, variety, and interest. We will always push you here, because we don't want you to feel the limits. Instead, we want you to feel what it's like to operate, on your own, past that point. To show you that you can do it once your mind is flowing with it."

Anne-Marie is especially fond of the yoga classes given in the dome. "I call it the magic of 'dome power.' I love giving yoga classes in that structure and introducing people to their being which, by the way, has no weight or measurement, really. At The Ashram we do push you from one physical and emotional level to another very quickly, but it makes for the biggest impact that way. Here people really do understand the term 'bodymind.' And by Thursday, most of them understand that to feel hungry is to be divine and just that realization sets their bodies up an octave range."

By Thursday, and certainly by Friday, we were all operating on an easier, freer downhill slope. Our muscles were recovering nicely: we had boundless energy, and had inherited a Swedish accent complete with "Yaaa" for yes (a Catharina influence) and were laughing continuously (Anne-Marie calls that The Ashram "Divine Madness"; actually, it's more a sign of over-oxygenation). By Saturday, we were uncontrollable as we each weighed in and got remeasured (an average twelve- to seventeen-inch loss top-to-toe) and got rechecked on the bike. I huffed and puffed in at age forty-one. Not bad, dropping almost twenty years in five days.

The weight and age test wasn't what made us all rejoice. As we sat around crunching our final freshly mowed lunch, we shared our thoughts of having gone through a particularly tough but rewarding week . . . we all had experienced some of the worst physical pain, a lot of personal fear, and a healthy dose of emotional toxemia as well. But we made it in one piece and certainly stronger than when we came in. Somehow we all felt that, yes, we had gotten in touch with some new sense of aliveness which had nothing to do with "beautifying our bodies" but with cleaning up our minds.

As Anne-Marie said, there was no guru to award us any graduation degree or daffodil at the door on the way out. We had only each other and our goodbye promises to "stay strong," not to mention our selves and our newer purer bodies as the fruit of our labors. But most important was the virtuous feeling that we all had actually survived to tell about a week at The Ashram. So Mia, John, Paul, George, and Ringo, why don't you all go and eat out your hearts and flowers. [Editor's Note: The Ashram takes six people a week, at \$700 each. Write: The Ashram, P.O. Box 8, Calabasas, California 91302.] ▽

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become an assistant manager. To a woman who has spent years achieving a certain professional status within a company, the diminution of an identifying label can be particularly painful.

Back to our examples. Marsha, the young advertising-space representative who was offered the lucrative, but otherwise crumbly, neighborhood, turned down the job even though it probably would have meant a much higher income—perhaps \$100,000 eventually. She simply did not think it was worth it *personally*. She refused to risk her well-being and peace of mind simply for the additional money. Nordeman would have applauded her decision.

Phyllis, the marketing executive with a cosmetics firm, turned down the vice presidency because it would have meant too much time away from the family, and her children were still quite young. "Not many men would have the guts to do that," notes Nordeman.

Linda Morelli, the personnel-agency executive who wanted to go out on her own, did so. She is extremely successful now, but her marriage has collapsed. "There are a lot of reasons why marriages fail," she says. "In my case, I guess my career contributed. Some men simply cannot handle the fact that their wives are successful."

Nordeman's comment: "The marriage probably was shaky to start with—but there are many men who can get jealous of their wives' successes, and the idea of their competing in a man's world successfully is hard to stomach."

Brenda, the lawyer in her mid-thirties who was stuck, got into a women's self-help group through a friend and was forced to see herself objectively for the first time in years. She was a physical wreck—which reflected her whole outlook. She went on a diet, bought some clothes, changed her hairstyle, began an aggressive job search. Within a year she landed a job with a law firm starting at \$60,500, with the possibility of earning a lot more.

"There are a lot of men who never get out of a rut like that. She had all the equipment but was down on herself and in a wrong spot. She did the right thing," notes Nordeman.

Lynn Gilbert adds: "We deal with both men and women executives, and maybe I am prejudiced, but I think that women are inherently more aware of what the risks are of succeeding in a career. This is both a plus and a minus. They are less apt to become disillusioned and less apt to become disappointed or frustrated. But they are also less likely to take chances—and less likely to succeed because of that caution." ▽



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- 861 ☐ VENTANA—a year-round country inn located in Big Sur, California

We're sorry, but VOGUE to GO cannot answer any personal questions or requests.

RUSSIAN BEST

(Continued from page 110)

world around her, and outside Russia. As a visitor from a literary milieu unknown to her, I intrigued her. We became good friends.

Over the years, Bella grew as a writer. She was admitted to the Writers' Union as a mere translator, but her first slim volume of verse, *Struna* [The (musical) String], which appeared in 1962, was a literary event. Hers was a fresh voice, full of nuances, unmarred by Soviet clichés—a single musical chord, but one with rich resonances. Bella wrote in the tradition of the great Russian women poets of the 'twenties, Akhmatova and Tsvetayeva. After decades of politicized literature, this was precisely what Russian readers yearned for.

I often saw Bella in Moscow in those years. She changed husbands, but they all belonged to the Soviet artistic establishment. In practical matters, Bella was helpless, vulnerable; her husbands helped to protect her from the hardships of Soviet daily life. On the other hand, as a poet, because she limited herself to what is called in Russian "the feminine themes," she managed to avoid direct political pressures.

The era when Anna Akhmatova was ostracized for being a writer who was "part nun, part whore" had ended in Russia with Stalin's death. It was now possible to be "confessional." The fact that certain intimate details still had to be withheld because of censorship only added intensity to literary self-discoveries. Bella's confessional tone, because it is so authentic, put her into the mainstream of modern poetry, along with Robert Lowell, Sylvia Plath, and Anne Sexton. It gave her an enormous following in Russia.

Bella was often ill in the late 'sixties, years which witnessed a renewal of cultural repression in the U.S.S.R. She retreated into depression and nervous breakdowns, yet she lived on while many of her contemporaries, seemingly stronger and better adjusted, succumbed to political harassment. As a writer, despite her apparent fragility, Bella managed to preserve her independence. She was, and is to this day, published in the Soviets.

Last spring, one of Bella's dreams came true. She came to New York; she had at last been authorized to travel in the United States. I discover that, on her first visit to the U.S.A., Bella Akhmadulina is still the poet of Yevtushenko's description. At forty, with her creamy skin, her dark slanting eyes, and a slim figure that shows off to perfection a Paris-made velvet pants suit, she is more beautiful than ever. The new poems she recites are exciting. Many of them deal with the difficulty of speaking out—but then Bella does speak out, and well. She remains an impassioned friend, sorrowing at the indignities that have lately befallen so many Russian artists and poets.

Having been entertained by Bella in Moscow time and again, I could at last give a party for her in Connecticut. Aware of the uncertainties that surround the movements of Soviet citizens traveling in the West, my husband and I invited to our house in the country only a few close friends, all involved with Russian literature.

On the appointed evening, however, the guest of honor and her husband, stage designer Boris Messerer, do arrive at our house in the depths of a Connecticut birchwood. It is twilight. The weather is evoca-

tive of one of Bella's best poems, "Rain"; soft rain is falling onto the woods.

As soon as Bella comes into the house, a miracle takes place. It is as mysterious and as natural as a flower opening. As she hands me a bunch of anemones and iris, it seems to me that it was only yesterday that we last saw each other. Our conversation, about Moscow, about the Russian poets we know in common, is as warm and open as ever. Only when we mention to each other the respective ages of our children do we realize that nearly ten years have passed since we last met. Bella says, "You must understand that it is my readers who have sustained me through these years. In Russia, poetry is as important as ever to the people. I feel loved and needed."

Bella's charm affects our guests at once. Hers is a nineteenth-century kind of seductiveness, a finely balanced mixture of restraint and provocativeness that has long disappeared from our streamlined lives in the West; it is appealing in much the same way that Svyatoslav Richter's slightly old-fashioned piano style is appealing. The atmosphere becomes festive, the talk is about art and Russia. We all know that things are bleak there right now, yet there is some good news, too—new theatrical productions, more tolerance for nonconforming artists. The dinner is marked by an elaborate exchange of toasts. Mutual friends in Russia are remembered. We drink to Nadezhda Mandelstam, the heroic author of *Hope Against Hope*. In her melodic, low voice, Bella recites a poem in homage to Nadezhda's husband, the great Russian poet Osip Mandelstam, killed during the purges of the 1930's.

Her slanting eyes half shut, her head bent, Bella resembles a grieving Byzantine figure. Her poem is an evocation of Mandelstam's proverbial love of sweets. For those among the guests who are not fluent in Russian, I give an impromptu translation of this whimsical yet deeply serious work, in which Bella mourns not only Mandelstam but also her own inability to help the Mandelstams of today, those creative souls crushed by an autocratic society.

This evening, after the guests have departed, I sit alone at the long dinner table. I look at Bella's red anemones and blue iris and think about the secret strength of flowers, which die every winter and grow back and blossom again in the spring. And about the secret strength of Bella Akhmadulina, a woman and a poet who in harsh times in a harsh country has survived and flourished. ▽

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, yardages, details: pp. 140-141)



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9860



9832

The dirndl. Vogue Pattern 9707. Sizes 24-30. For 25" waist, short version: 2½ yards, 36" fabric; long version 2¾ yards, 45" fabric. \$3. Canada, \$3.30. **The blouse.** Vogue Pattern 9860. Sizes 8-16. For size 10 blouse: 2½ yards, 40/42" fabric. \$3. Canada, \$3.30. **The blazer.** Vogue Pattern 9832. Sizes 8-16. For size 10 blazer: 1½ yards, 58/60" fabric. \$4. Canada, \$4.40.

ACCESSORY DETAILS

Page 75: 2. Bloomingdale's. 3. Bergdorf Goodman. 4. Henri Bendel. 5. Henri Bendel; Claire Pearone. 6. Bergdorf Goodman; The Carriage Shop. 7. Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus. 8. Bloomingdale's; Dorso. 9 and 10. Bergdorf Goodman. 11. To order, Bergdorf Goodman. **Page 92:** Mufflers, Geoffrey Beene for Jewel Case, Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. **Page 94:** Cara Croninger necklace, at Julie: Artisans' Gallery, N.Y. **Page 95:** Mary McFadden cuffs, Bonwit Teller. **Page 97:** Mary McFadden necklaces, Bonwit Teller. **Page 104:** Ted Muehling earrings, Henri Bendel. Sandals, Maud Frizon, New York. **Page 105:** Hairpins, Ted Muehling. Sandals, Halston for Carolini. **Pages 106-107:** Chantal Thomass for Ter et Bantine. Coat, \$140. Blouse, \$45. Pants, \$180. All, of angora jersey. September, Henri Bendel. **Anne-Marie Beretta.** Wool burlap dress, \$155. August, De Noyer; Ultimo. **Jean Claude de Luca.** Lamé and viscose pyjamas. Top, \$95. Pants, \$100. Late July, Lord & Taylor. **Thierry Mugler.** Suède tunic, \$200. Bloomingdale's; Ultimo. **Jean-Charles de Castelbajac.** Jacket, \$245. Henri Bendel. **Agnes B.** Blazer, \$70. Skirt, \$60. Sweater, \$60. Pierre D'Alby. **Issey Miyake.** Wool knit coat, \$465. Wool sweater, \$150. "Suède" pants, \$285. Late August, Dianne B.; Hattie. **Claude Montana for Ferrer y Sentis.** Wool tweed coat, \$375; and skirt, \$185. Cotton corduroy vest, lined in cotton canvas, \$150. Wool sweater, \$70. Cotton undershirt, \$150. Late August, Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. **ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.** **Pages 108-109:** Walter Albini for Trell. \$640. Aug., Saks Fifth Avenue; Lou Lattimore; Eaton's, Canada. **Giorgio Armani.** Wool jacket, \$390. Blazer, \$410. Skirt, \$175. Flannelette shirt, \$130. Late Aug., Bergdorf Goodman; Hattie; Ultimo; Charles Galloway. **Jean Baptiste Caumont.** Cotton corduroy blouson jacket and pants, \$515. August, Saks Fifth Avenue. **Aldo Ferrante of Basile.** Cotton corduroy coat, \$460. August, Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's. **Anna Fendi.** Squirrel coat edged in Mongolian lamb, under opossum vest reversing to Mongolian lamb. Coat and vest, \$6,000. August, Bergdorf Goodman; Bonwit Teller, Chicago; Holt Renfrew of Canada. **Mariuccia Mandelli of Krizia.** Quilted eiderdown crêpe georgette coat, lined in swansdown, \$750. Crêpe georgette evening dress, \$340. Bergdorf Goodman; Sakowitz. **Tai and Rosita Missoni.** Tweed knit cape, \$150; skirt and sweater, \$400. Bloomingdale's; Kaufmann's; Nan Duskin; Hutzler's; Bullock's, Westwood. **Muriel Grateau for Mario Valentino.** Brown suède coat trimmed in Mongolian lamb, \$1,275. Dress, overskirt, and accessories, \$1,075. Late August, Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Hattie; Sakowitz; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. **Gianni Versace for Callaghan.** Angora wool jersey dress, \$300. August, Altman's; Lou Lattimore. **Gianni**

Versace for Complice. Leather jacket with opossum collar, \$825. Wool pants, \$110. September, Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Claire Pearone; Lou Lattimore; Neusteters. **ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.** **Page 126:** Bill Kaiserman for Rafael. Quilted vest, of cotton slicker cloth, \$107. Wool sweater, \$95. Cotton corduroy pants, \$125. Late Aug., Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Globe sunglasses. Muffler, Elliot Gant for Handcraft. Rafael Sanchez bag. Gloves, Gracious Home. **Page 127:** Top: White cotton velours pullover, \$90. Donald Pliner for Right Bank Clothing Co. **Page 129:** Top: Ariel for Hays Designs. Rayon/silk top (\$46) and pants (\$40). Henri Bendel; Bullock's. . . . Below: Fernando Sanchez teddy, see page 131. **Page 131:** White cotton teddy (Dacron/Surf batiste), \$36. Fernando Sanchez, at Bonwit Teller; Swanson's on the Plaza; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's Wilshire. **Page 134:** Bangles, Andrew Hatfield for Kruger Gallery. Trimfit pantie stockings. Geoffrey Beene shoes. **Page 135:** Pendant: C.&C. Bethanby for Simlauro. Eva Graham bangles. **Page 136:** Left: Earrings, Daphne de La Grandiere. M&J Savitt bangles. Sylvia Agostini belts. Bloomingdale's. Bag, Rafael Sanchez. Julianelli shoes. Hanes pantie stockings. . . . Right: Bangles, Terrafirma. Shoes, Charles Jourdan. Hanes pantie stockings. **Page 137:** Adrian earrings. Necklace, M&J Savitt. Bergdorf Goodman. Belt: Calvin Klein for Omega. Lord & Taylor. M&J Savitt bangles. Box by Sarsaparilla. **Page 138:** M&J Savitt earrings. Sash: Calvin Klein for Omega, Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin. **Page 139:** M&J Savitt earrings. Calvin Klein for Omega sash, Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin. Cuffs, Andrew Hatfield for Kruger Gallery. **Page 140:** Pendant, C.&C. Bethanby for Simlauro. Bangle, Andrew Hatfield for Kruger Gallery. **Page 141:** Hairpins, Elizabeth de Borah. AIX earrings. Terrafirma bangle, Henri Bendel. Bobby Breslau bag, Bloomingdale's. **Pages 142-143:** 1. Julianelli. Bonwit Teller; Bullock's Wilshire. Electric Sok. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. 2. Golo. Sept., Bloomingdale's; Garfinckel's; Higbee's. Givenchy Warmers for Round-The-Clock. Altman's; Hudson's; Bullock's. 3. Round-The-Clock. Gimbels, New York; Stix, Baer & Fuller. 4. Pennaco. Bonwit Teller; Bullock's. 5. Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon. Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's. 6. Trimfit. Macy's, N.Y.; L.S. Ayres. 7. Ferragamo. Ferragamo Shop; Montaldo's. Bonnie Doon. Altman's; Hudson's. 8. Joan and David Couture. Ann Taylor; Nordstrom. 9. Calvin Klein. Late Aug., Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.; Eaton's, Canada. 10. Electric Sok. Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin. 11. Trimfit. Bonwit Teller; Strawbridge & Clothier. 12. Electric Sok. Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Sakowitz. 13. Trimfit. Bonwit Teller; Strawbridge & Clothier. 14. Electric Sok. Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. 15. Electric Sok. Henri Bendel; Sakowitz. 16. Electric Sok. Ann Taylor; Joseph Magnin. 17. Evins Shoes. I. Miller; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Hanes, at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's. 18. Halston for Carolini. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Sakowitz; Robinson's, Beverly Hills.

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A TALE ABOUT RAIN

(Continued from page 147)

The lady of the house whispered:
Mark you,
you still have got to answer for all this!
I laughed:
I'll answer without prejudice.
I find you quite disgusting. Let me through.

I looked so wretched passersby stopped in amazement.
I kept saying,
Never mind. Leave me alone.
I'll be all right. Even this will soon be gone.
I was kissing a drop of water on the dry pavement.

The naked skin of the earth began to wince,
and the skyline around the city was turning pink.
The weather forecast bureau, plunged into panic,
has not promised any rainfall ever since.

—TRANSLATED BY
GEOFFREY DUTTON AND
IGOR MEZHAKOFF-KORIAKIN

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Visit New York, A
City Rich in History;
The Center of Many
Timely Events. Abundant
in Museums, Theatres,
Restaurants and
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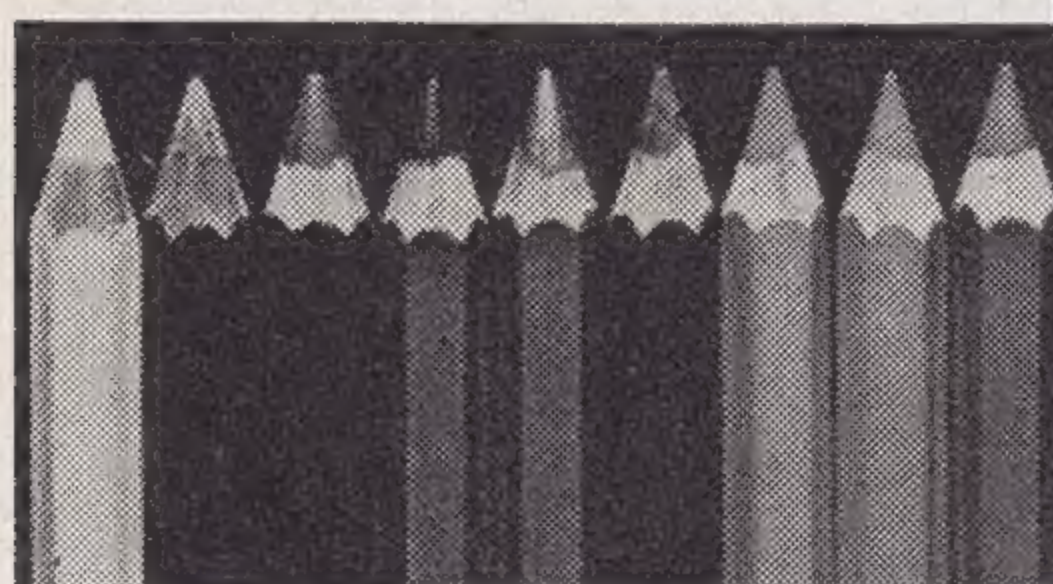
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VERY MODERN MARTHE

(Continued from page 116)

the original Jenny, Weill's widow Lotte. She hates "the drivers, hairdressers, interviews" and told Rex Reed, "I'm an actress. I don't give a damn about being a movie star." Marthe's playing it straight.

Straight from a dozen films and more than fifty parts on stage in Europe before she ever headed west: At fifteen, after a broken knee ruled out ballet, Marthe won a scholarship to the Stanislavsky School in Munich; since then, she's done everything from heavy German drama to playing a princess working as an *au pair* girl in *La Demoiselle d'Avignon*, one of the most popular soap-series ever on French TV.

When Marthe came to Paris for her first movie role, opposite Yves Montand, she didn't speak French. Less than a year later, she was onstage there starring in *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg*. For the film *Marathon Man*, she had another language to learn—English. When reviewers of *Marathon Man* and *Black Sunday* hung heavy on Marthe's far-from-perfect pronunciation, her reported response was, "How many languages do *they* speak? I speak four."

The American press has also been stuck, somewhat, on the subject of Marthe's son, Alexandre, born six years ago to unmarried Marthe and director Philippe de Broca—de Broca, with a following here much longer and stronger than Marthe's; his movie, *King of Hearts*, played one Cambridge, Mass., movie house for five years. Marthe's puzzled by the rapt motherhood attention. She takes French-speaking Alexandre with her when she travels: in New York trots him off to and picks him up from school each day. She goes to ballet class, is into cookies, not coke, and is searching for a house in Manhattan. She talks to her plants.

And, at thirty-one, seems to have everything. But "everything" isn't necessarily Marthe's way to measure life. In Paris, Marthe explained to Vogue's reporter, Georgina Oliver:

"In my life, there are two Befores and Afters. First, there is Switzerland and my parents. They gave me a perfect childhood,

too perfect perhaps, as afterwards I was totally unequipped for life. When I started acting at age nineteen, I expected the whole world to be like them. I was always getting hurt and exploited, unlike some of my contemporaries who were already quite tough. That was both good and bad luck.

"Then, there is before and after my son. That was tremendous luck. He is the only thing I am really proud of."

Loneliness? "My son saves me. I am an extremely depressive type, or, at least, that is what I used to think. Over the past few months, I have worked with many celebrities. At the heights of their careers, they should be happy, and yet you cannot imagine how wretched and lonely they are.

"There is an element of loneliness in my life, and I think that accounts for my depressive tendencies. When you keep smiling because you don't want to be a burden, people are quite astonished to learn that you get depressed. I think it comes from being completely in charge and responsible. There is a good side to it. You feel very free when everything you own and do has been earned through your own effort. . . .

"Of course, there is someone in my life whom I am deeply fond of. Otherwise, I couldn't live! But sometimes I hear a voice inside me asking to be completely looked after by someone, just for awhile.

"It's true that I feel a little lost occasionally, as though I did not quite understand what was happening to me. And luck does play a part. But basically, there is no secret beyond hard work. So far, I have made no concessions—personal or professional. Maybe that is lucky. I have not had to yet."

This spring, before Marthe went back to Paris, she and Al screened a rough cut of *Bobby Deerfield* for friends. *Deerfield* is a movie romance, Al's first; people are dubbing it "a grown-up *Love Story*." Marthe plays a hip, charming, very attractive character—a woman with a great sense of daring about life.

Bobby Deerfield will be released this fall, but stills are already circulating. Most intriguing are the shots of Marthe—ascending—in a gorgeous helium-filled balloon. ▽

FLASH FOODS

(Continued from page 124)

■ INSTANT POTAGE SAINT-GERMAIN GLACÉ (Cold Cream of Pea Soup)

four to six servings

1 package frozen peas
2 medium (or 1 large) potatoes, boiled, peeled, and cut into chunks
2 cups beef or chicken broth (or 1 cup each)
1 cup cream
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
2 tablespoons finely chopped fresh mint or tarragon (or 2 teaspoons dried)

Do not defrost peas; keep potatoes, broth, and cream cold. Break frozen peas into chunks. Put broth and cream into food processor or blender, then add peas and potatoes. Blend till a smooth puree. Taste, add salt and pepper. Being very cold, the soup probably will need a little more salt than you think. Serve at once, sprinkled with chopped herbs.

To make a light but sustaining lunch of this soup, add 1 or 2 eggs (or just an egg yolk or two) before blending.

■ INSTANT ICED MELON SOUP

four servings

1 package frozen melon balls
½ cup blanched whole almonds (or slivered almonds)
2-inch slice stale French bread trimmed of crust
1 teaspoon curry powder
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1½ cups buttermilk
Salt and pepper to taste
Garnish: a few fresh melon balls or slices, 4 sprigs fresh mint, and 1 tablespoon chopped fresh mint

Cut frozen melon balls into chunks. Blend almonds and bread at high speed in container of a food processor or blender till you have bread crumbs and chopped almonds. Reserving garnishes, add other ingredients, adding frozen melon last. Blend till smooth; serve at once with garnishes. ▽

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Run.